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THE SEDUCTION OF EVE

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BULLFIGHTING, DRUGS, HELL'S ANGELS

THE GREAT SNOWMOBILE EXPLOSION

"AN ASTRONAUT WILL DIE!"

PERILS OF OUTER SPACE

JANUARY
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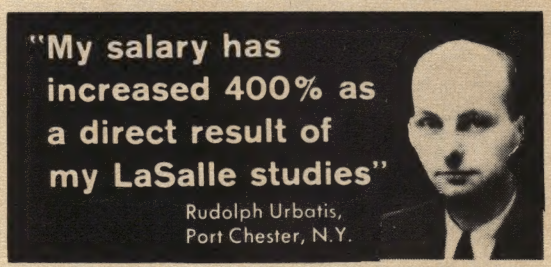

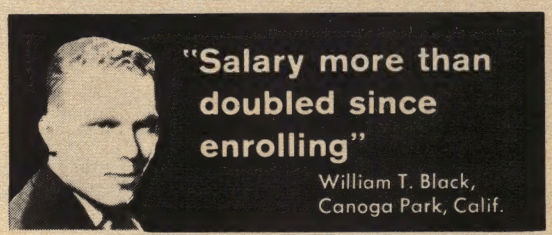

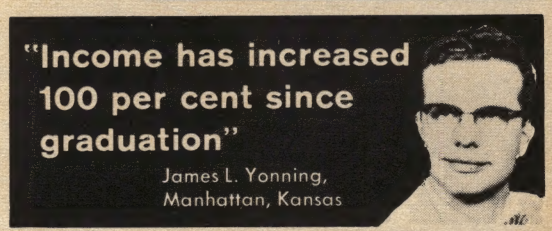

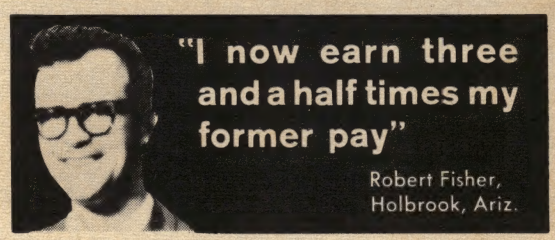

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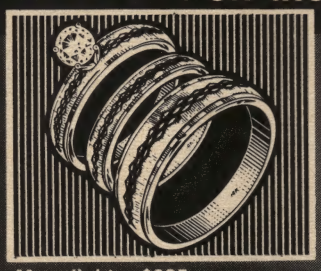

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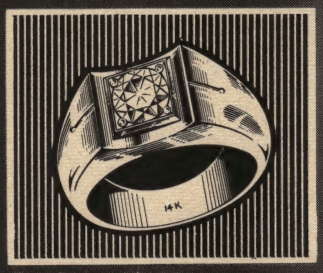

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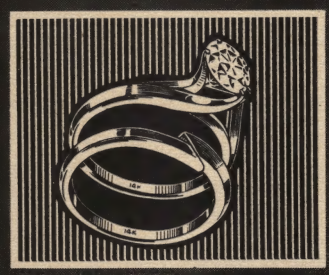

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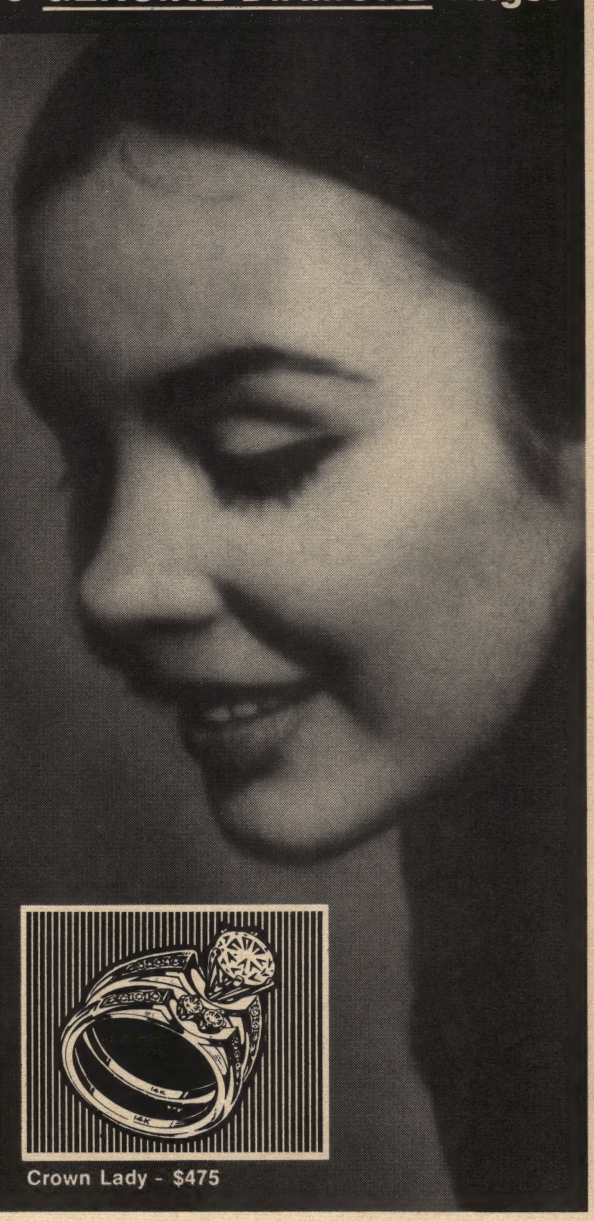

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FOR PEET'S SAKE

by GROVER PEET

Alfred had been married to lovely Arlene for less than a year and already he was beginning to suspect she was untrue to him.

Forced to leave town for the weekend on a business trip, Alfred explained the problem to his close friend, Wendell, and asked him to keep an eye on his wife while he was away.

Upon his return, Alfred demanded a complete account of Arlene's activities.

"Well," Wendell said, "the night you left a good looking guy came over to the house. Arlene got all dressed up and they went out to a night club. I followed them and saw them drinking together and dancing very closely. Finally around three in the morning, they got into a cab and I could see them hugging and kissing in the back seat. I followed them back to your house and watched through the living room window while they mixed more drinks and hugged and kissed each other some more. Then they went into the bedroom and they switched out the lights, so I couldn't see anymore."

"That's the trouble," exclaimed Alfred. "Always that element of doubt."

* * *

"I can't do anything about those pains in your leg," said the doctor. "It's just old age."

"That's ridiculous!" the man replied. "My other leg doesn't hurt a bit, and they're both the same age."

* * *

"Well, what's new at your house?" asked the four-year-old of his five-year-old friend.

"Who knows?" answered the little boy. "They spell everything."

The explorer had been captured by a band of vicious pigmy cannibals. Just as they were about to drop him into a huge pot of boiling water, he cried out, "Look here, I make magic!" With that, he whipped out his cigarette lighter and it burst into flame. "See," he said, "I make fire!"

The savages fell back in amazement. "It is magic!" exclaimed the tribal chief. "True magic . . . That's the first time I ever saw a lighter work the first time!"

* * *

The two couples were vacationing together at a resort hotel. They were playing bridge when a thunderstorm cut off the electricity and they had to retire to their rooms.

Arthur was quite religious, so before joining his companion in bed, he kneeled and said his prayers. He had just gotten under the covers when the electricity came back on and the room was brightly illuminated. To his shock, he discovered that he was in the wrong room with his friend's wife. He leaped from the bed, scooped up his clothing and was about to dash for the door when his friend's wife giggled and called from the bed, "It's too late, my husband doesn't pray."

* * *

The boss sent the new office boy out for a container of coffee and a Danish. He returned, set the coffee on the boss' desk and said, "Isn't this beautiful weather we're having?"

The boss snapped, "We? All of a sudden you're a partner?"

MAN'S MAGAZINE

"Look what that nice Mr. Glade gave June for working overtime last night."

DAFFYNITIONS: Baker: A dough nut . . . **Draft board:** The world's largest travel agency . . . **Fatty:** One who exceeds the feed limit . . . **Children:** Gimme pigs . . . **Good Old Days:** When kids used to cut classes instead of teachers . . . **Homework:** Skull-drudgery . . . **In:** The hardest thing to give . . . **Jealousy:** Poison envy . . .

* * *

A guy we know fancies himself an expert in ladies' fashions. Everytime his girl buys a new bra he insists on having a hand in it.

* * *

Husband to wife at breakfast:
"You and your suicide attempts. Just look at this gas bill!"

* * *

The group of coeds were annoyed with the professor of anatomy who told racy stories during class. They decided that the next time he started a story, they would rise as a body and leave the room.

However, the prof got wind of their scheme and the next day, halfway through the lecture, he began, "They say there is quite a shortage of prostitutes in Paris—"

The girls glanced at one another, stood and started for the door. "Just a minute," said the professor. "I think you young ladies should know that the next plane doesn't leave until tomorrow morning."

* * *

New York City has more than its quota of nuts. The other morning, a man ran down the aisle of the subway train yelling, "I'm George Washington . . . I'm George Washington!"

Finally the conductor yelled, "Next stop Valley Forge!" and the nut got off.

* * *

An officer in the ancient Roman army was called away to the wars. Before he left, he locked his beautiful young wife in a chastity belt and gave the key to his best friend, saying, "If I don't return in a year, use the key. It is to you, my good friend, that I entrust the most precious thing in my life—my wife's purity and fidelity." He then galloped off to wage war.

When he was 10 miles away from home, he heard the clatter of hoofs behind him and his friend yelling, "Wait! Wait! You gave me the wrong key!"

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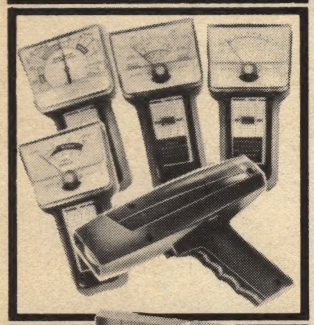

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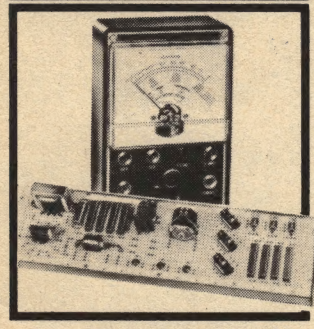

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ELECTRONIC—Math, mechanical drawing, formulas, electricity, electronic & printed circuit drafting, others.

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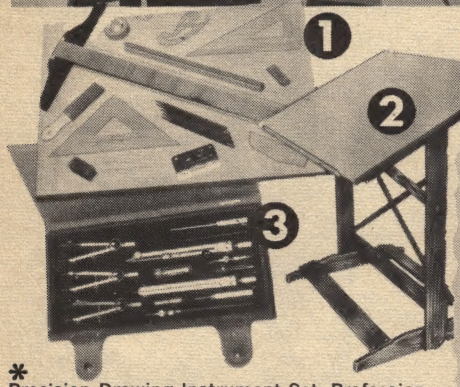

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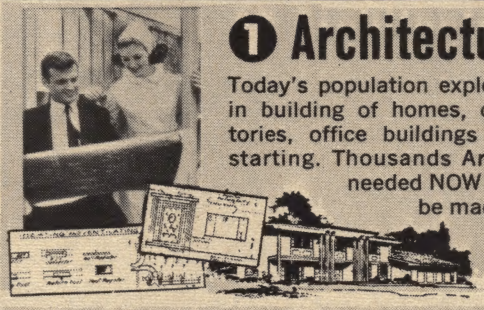

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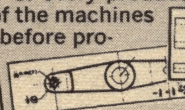

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Officer drags away youth injured during clash between 2,000 demonstrators and police.

the battle for People's Park—

BLOODY THURSDAY IN BERKELEY

by LEE DAUGHTH

Tension flared in People's Park. Young rebels picked up rocks. Cops loaded shotguns...Then came blinding, billowing tear gas—and death!

THAT FIRST SUNDAY they started to build People's Park, a friend from the underground press came to the truck I was leaning against. "This," he said, belaboring the obvious, "is gonna cause some mess."

"This" referred to the approximately 300 people who were then laying down a patch of sod amid a tiny, ragged grove of palm, pine and elm trees. A mood of prankish celebration prevailed as they worked, and talk that now that the erstwhile parking

continued on next page

Demonstrators and bystanders run from tear gas thrown by the police during one of the many confrontations over People's Park.

BLOODY THURSDAY IN BERKELEY

continued

lot had been "liberated" for the people, it was time to give it a name.

"Eldridge Cleaver Memorial Park," somebody suggested.

"He's not dead, man, he's just missing."

"The Lenin Peace Park."

"Oh, Jesus, shove the dialectics!"

"People's Park" was not even suggested. It's not every clear how it came to be called that at all, except maybe everyone got tired of saying "the people's park" and finally shortened it to a title that may cling to the little two-acre plot of land for at least the next generation, no matter what finally becomes of it.

Up to then, not much had ever happened to the now-controversial piece of property behind the campus-crowd hangouts and shops along Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley, California.

Until 1968, the land had been occupied by undistinguished homes of the kind that squat comfortably in most shady Berkeley residential blocks. The houses themselves were perhaps a bit more run-down than most because the owners had been reluctant to put money into property that had been earmarked for purchase by the University of California since 1956, and actually was bought in 1967.

OSTENSIBLY, the land was needed for new student housing. But then—as now—existing university housing was not being used to capacity.

By autumn of 1968 the property had been cleared of houses and other buildings, leaving a dusty and often muddy site that became a dumping ground for refuse and debris. Near the center of the property, an old foundation still yawned open, evidence of hazardous neglect. A scraggly stand of trees survived near the northeast corner.

But the most important terrain features were several old driveways that had been left intact and led to the unfenced property. Even before the wrecking crews moved on, the place had become a rutted, obstacle-strewn, but free parking lot.

And it remained so without a word of complaint from the university for 10 months.

Until that Sunday—April 20, 1969—when a self-appointed "park commission" of local people moved in on the land like a liberation army. Armed with shovels, picks, 300 pounds of sod purchased from funds collected by street mooching, and a rented bulldozer, they went to work and put in an assortment of plants — including a few of the people's favorite — Cannabis Sativa, a thin-leafed hemp known formally as marijuana and popularly as grass.

From then until May 15, People's Park became the popular and raucous gathering spot for young people light-headed with a spirit of revolution—but more in the style of Peter Pan than Che Guevara.

Young people with frizzy mops of hair and colorful, kaleidoscopic clothing came to the park reeking of incense in the afternoon, and stayed to pass out free joints in the evening.

Pretty chicks with long, straight hair came to sit cross-legged on the new lawn. Most of them wore tight jeans that stretched and pulled across their thighs. Their short-sleeved polo shirts revealed the new emancipation that makes brassiere salesmen turn gray.

Sometimes a couple made quiet love in a darkening corner under the small grove of trees.

The sizzling jingle of tamborines and the Afro-Cuban sensuality of bongo and conga drums paced the night and beat out rhythms into later and later hours.

During the day, and especially on Sundays, the park expanded and grew with improvised additions of plants, sculpture and playthings for children and those with children's spirits.

Nearby residents complained about the noise and sometimes about the sex. The university worried about liability for injuries, robberies, murders — or something else.

Within 11 days, the university, while conceding that the area was sorely in need of more park and recreation space, nevertheless asserted its claim, announcing that it intended to build soccer fields on the site.

My friend in the underground called me on May 13. "We got word they're going to move on the park with bulldozers in the morning," he said. "The people won't let that happen—the crap is starting."

Leaflets, pamphlets, underground newspapers and FM radio stations warned that the university was about to "rip off" the park from the people. An 11-member park negotiating committee met with Chancellor Heyns on May 14 to demand that at least a portion of the park be preserved. The negotiations broke down the same day, and the ultimatum went out: Get out of the park; the property will be fenced on Thursday morning, May 15.

The party started early Wednesday night. People passed around jugs of Red Mountain wine and sweet joints of grass. A couple of chicks writhed in a turned-on dance to the rhythmic music, and the dark closed in deeper on the last-night frequenters of People's Park.

At dawn there were a few hundred people squatting there in a dulled vigil. Some slept, others talked quietly around one of the two fires built during the night . . .

"You are hereby ordered to leave this property at once!" the Berkeley cop announced over his bullhorn. A tough platoon-sized contingent of uniformed officers backed up his order. The police

wore their riot gear—surplus Army helmets with liners, long riot clubs and olive-drab sacks strapped to their legs, containing the old-style tear-gas masks.

Most of the people poured out of the park and spilled on to Haste Street in the half-light of dawn.

A handful didn't leave. One young man lay on his side in a posture of passive resistance. "C'mon," the cop said, "move it!" The kid just lay there. Two more officers came over and grabbed his arms. He didn't say anything as he was dragged off to the wagon.

THE police lined up along the edges of the park, clubs at port-arms position. A bulldozer backed down the ramp of its flatbed carrier and noisily growled into the park. Small knots of people watched as postholes were dug for the fence.

"Bastards!" one young man spat out. "Pigs!"

At noon, the crowd for the daily Sproul Plaza rally numbered about 2,000, most of them ready for action, milling about in anticipation of what was to come.

"Hell, let's go," mumbled a youth with shoulder-length blond hair pulled away from his face in Apache-fashion, with a headband.

Michael Lerner, of the New Left Forum, was speaking: "If the idea of people deciding what to do with their own park catches on, it will bring down capitalism, and the establishment can't stand that," he shouted.

The crowd roared back in approval. Excitement began to charge the air—an atmosphere of rebellion, of revolution, of adventure. But it was the same Peter Pan revolution—a foray into excitement that might end with some heads busted and some arrests and windows broken and some good action scenes on the six o'clock news. There might even be time to watch it on TV if things got started right away.

Dan Siegel, the serious president-elect of the student body, walked to the microphone on the steps of Sproul Plaza. "Let's go down and take the park!" he screamed to the crowd.

They turned with whoops and wild yells—the Indians after Custer, Pancho Villa swooping down on Federales, Che blasting out of the Bolivian hills. The battle for People's Park was under way!

James Rector left his house in San Jose a little later than he had planned. He had to move briskly to find himself a good vantage point. Rector had a Zapata mustache that was beginning to show some inclination to become Fu Manchu. It drooped under his nose and sagged around the corners of his mouth, giving him an almost perpetually grim expression.

Aside from his clothes, the mustache was Rector's only badge of his generation. His black hair was long and stringy, but only collar-length in back and respectable enough in most of the drab San Jose bars he visited.

The black leather coat he wore that day would have been hot in San Jose, but felt comfortable in the Bay breezes that cooled that May morning in Berkeley.

James Rector, 25, twice busted on burglary raps, once convicted and currently on parole, parked his old sedan on one of the quiet, shady streets south of the campus. Now he would go to the noon rally at Sproul Plaza, four blocks away.

For a moment, he thought about the .22 rifle he had in the trunk, but decided to leave it and the shells where they were. They would be safer there, and easy enough to get to if he wanted them. He continued (*Continued on page 88*)

Protesting park take-over, coeds go topless. Many taunted Guardsmen with nudity.

In a well-coordinated maneuver, Guardsmen trap marchers in a downtown parking lot.

Youth grimaces with pain from wounds received when police opened fire on rioters.

"SMILE, YOU'RE

This kind of lovemaking was perversely exciting, lying with a man who was not interested in girls. She was doing the work, all the coaxing, and it was oddly pleasurable to know everything was being secretly photographed!

"SOUNDS TERRIBLY KINKY," Penny said in Alex's office that afternoon.

"It could be very rewarding," Alex pointed out.

Penny looked at Alex. "What do *I* get out of it, Alex? You can't expect me to go bed with a fag just for pleasure?"

"Good girl." Alex smiled. "I knew I'd made the right decision picking you. You're like me, Penny. You're smart. You know what you want and you make sure you get it. Of course there's something in this for you. How would you like to be the next Fraicheur girl?"

Penny whistled. *(Continued on page 72)*

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ON CAMERA!"

by SIMON COOPER

by LEN GUTTRIDGE

FAMILY KILLERS

Violence is on the rise in America, but in its most appalling form, the perpetrator is not a doped-up mugger or a Mafia mobster. He is a parent or a child stalking and then slaughtering his own family en masse.

NOTHING ALONG PALISADES AVENUE gave warning of the nightmare about to begin. June 25, 1969, was one more sticky summer day in Jersey City, smokestack smog spewing from 600 industrial plants, massing in a noxious cloud above mean river-front streets and spreading across the Hudson to blanket Manhattan spires.

Before the horror to come, laughter rang as usual on Palisades Avenue, laughter in Cuban and Puerto Rican accents as juveniles played among the weeds of empty lots and sandy banks, dodging around junked cars, hopping over assorted litter—green bottles, battered dolls, stinking fruit crates, a squashed baby buggy . . .

Three Torres children swung gaily past Tony's store, calling a greeting to the proprietor, Anthony Germanotta, who beamed back at them. His smile faded after they'd gone prancing and skipping up the sidewalk to number 347. Germanotta didn't know that within hours number 347 would become a charnel house. But he was aware, like most Palisades Avenue neighbors, of how spunkily and hopefully the Torres kids were striving to overcome their environment, to grow into valuable

continued on page 18

Police arrest Rafael Torres after he babbled on phone: "I don't know what I'm doing...I've killed Maria, my baby...my family."

Infidelity spurred David Hoskins (center) to concoct weird plot to escape detection, then to burn down house with wife, children inside. He listened to dying screams.

FAMILY KILLERS

continued

citizens.

Their determination was especially pathetic. They weren't the only kids struggling for escape from the teeming urban trap, but they labored under an additional burden—*a father's pathological violence.*

"Rafael Torres is dangerous! To allow him bail is to beg for big trouble!" That is what Captain Walter Drew, of the Hoboken Detective Bureau, had said the previous February, after Torres and a brother had been indicted for the killing of Jose Ortiz outside a Hoboken tavern. The bitter feud which spawned the shooting had developed long before the Torres family moved from Hoboken to Jersey City in 1968. But Drew based his warning on Rafael's blood-smirched police record:

In 1961: less than two years after emigrating from Puerto Rico: arrested for shooting a Brooklyn youth . . . *suspended sentence.*

In 1965: charged with beating his 17-year-old daughter Maria so savagely that she was hospitalized. When Rafael's wife refused to sign a complaint against him, the charge was reduced to simple assault . . . *six months probation.*

In 1968: indicted for spraying an argumentative bakeryman's backside with slugs from an automatic pistol . . . *case before grand jury.*

TORRES suffered fierce outbursts of rage—that was for sure. But there were other things, too. They proved that he was a walking powder keg. His fear of incarceration in a jail or mental hospital, for instance, had him frantically climbing the walls. His wife, Maria, assuaged his terrors by signing him out of Trenton State Hospital after Cesar Ortiz, the slain man's brother, testified that Rafael was more of a bystander, and that Rafael's brother had fired the fatal shot.

Despite Captain Drew's warning, Rafael Torres was released on bail. He was able to post it because the small grocery he'd opened at the back of his home on Palisades Avenue was doing modestly well. His kids were pitching in to help renovate it, going to Tony's store for lumber to make new shelves, brightening the walls with fresh paint . . .

People on Palisades Avenue were praying that the Torres family would make it, at least for the kids' sake. True, the Ortiz rap hung over Rafael, but there was talk that he might beat it. Then all he'd have to do would be to keep a grip on himslf, concentrate on his business, and forget the old family quarrels in which the younger generation hadn't the slightest interest.

But neighbors didn't know the intensity of the torments that were fated to turn Torres into a tragic killer. They didn't know that he'd never gotten over his grief when Carmen, a favorite sister, died of burns from a fire in their Hoboken home two years ago. They could not know the fitful agonies of his stomach ulcers.

The older children tried to ease their father's fevered mind with affection, and to cloak their humiliations beneath a cheerful brightness. And they cherished optimistic dreams for their future. Maria, 20, was scheduled to graduate the next night, June 26, from the Accredited Evening High School. She planned to be a nurse, perhaps one day a brain surgeon.

The night before she had played "Miss America" in the International Night skit put on by seniors in the school's final week.

Wednesday evening, June 25: Rafael has been busy in the store all day, quiet but apparently content . . . ready with a smile when Juan Ramon, his 14-year-old son, draws his father's attention to the red and white sign hanging limply over the house next door to greet a son returning from Vietnam: *Welcome Home, George.* Whatever demons possess Rafael are locked up for the moment, betrayed by no outward sign, no storm warning. *But they are stirring and writhing, ready to run amok . . .*

The throb of the waterfront factories ceases. Across the river, derricks still heave and clang. Dusk, then night, envelopes Palisades Avenue. Rafael Torres, Jr., is staying overnight with his grandmother at number 248. In number 347 Victor, 11, dozes on a makeshift bed made up of two overstuffed chairs. Four girls from 7 through 17 — Lilly, Anne, Fay, Carmen — sleep in one big bed. Their mother is in the parents' bedroom. Juan Ramon is in his. Epy, 19, and Maria, the two oldest girls, occupy another. Maria's neatly-pressed graduation gown is hanging in her closet. She will never wear them.

Shortly after midnight, Rafael Torres begins to stalk his sleeping family with a baseball bat and a hunting knife . . .

Some wake up, try to flee. Maria reaches the hallway entrance to her mother's bedroom before swiftly crumpling under the flailing swoops of knife and bat. Epy staggers to the hall, shrieking, and is dragged back to die in the kitchen. Juan Ramon scrambles from bed and races downstairs only to stumble into his father's grasp and feel the knife blade sink into his belly. He manages to climb the stairs and lock himself in the bathroom, less aware of the spurting pain in his abdomen than of the unforgettable vision of his father's tortured face, eyeballs swiveling . . .

Rafael Torres is babbling on the phone to his mother. "I don't know what I'm doing, Mama . . . I've killed Maria, my baby . . . Oh, God, Mama, I've killed my family . . ."

In a bedroom at his grandmother's, Rafael, Jr., stiffens as he hears the old lady's piercing wail downstairs. Seconds later, still in bed, he hears the inrush of neighbors and relatives, a frenzied chorus of words about his father killing his mother, a brother, all six sisters. Rafael tells himself it's a bad dream. *Grandmother will wake me soon, and I'll tell her all about it . . .*

Then she comes in with his Uncle Ramon, both crying, and Rafael—now painfully aware that it is no nightmare, springs to the door, screaming and sobbing for his family . . .

VIOLENCE IN AMERICA: a grimly familiar phrase, by now a cliche. For most Americans, it connotes militant demonstrations, campus riots, crime on the streets. These manifestations have increased, true enough, but we hear so much about them mostly because we can talk about them. However brutal, they can be discussed in a detached, even philosophical manner because, in general, we don't feel very intimately involved.

But we're overlooking violence in America in its most appalling form! We're ignoring the horror story in which the monsters and victims are neither muggers nor Mafia mobsters, but Mr. and Mrs. Average American and their sons and daughters.

Family butchery: The facts are grotesquely appalling. They strip bare the symptoms of a sick society and make it all too obvious that distinguishing the sick from the healthy is often a sheer impossibility. And family butchery is not a rarity. In greater numbers than ever before, fathers and mothers, boys and girls, in every section of the United States, are slaughtering their own kin en masse.

Says England's Doctor Donald West, of the Cambridge Institute of Criminology, after studying murderers brought to trial on both sides of the Atlantic: "The actual criminal class is comparatively small. Family murders predominate. Often the (family) murderer's motives are altruistic. Under the delusion of a future without hope, and the inevitability of catastrophe overtaking his nearest and dearest, he decides to annihilate them to spare their suffering. It is becoming one of the commonest forms of murder."

Indeed it is. In the United States, at least 38% of all homicides occur within the family (and 40% among "friends"). At the American Psychology Association's 1967 convention, held in Washing-

ton, DC, five psychiatrists specializing in a study of "the final act of alienation" reported that the psychological causes of family bloodletting spring from a variety of factors, including the structure of our society, sexual abuse, personality conflicts between members of the family, and pent-up emotions.

PENT-UP emotions, fears and physical pain—all played a part in the Torres family massacre. If Jersey City police hadn't reached him in time, Rafael Torres might have included himself among his victims. The family killer often climaxes his butchery with suicide. As Doctor West says, "The sufferer from psychotic depression becomes so convinced of the utter hopelessness of his and his loved ones' misery, death attracts him as a happy escape."

For Charles Bray, a flour-mill worker from Napa, California, the frustrations making his future unlivable were mostly marital. The act which snapped his last shreds of self-control was his wife's filing suit for divorce. The next day, December 20, 1968, he shot each of his six children, age 3 through 16, in the back of the head, doused their bodies with gasoline, and set the house afire. Then he stood on his front lawn and, with his home a funeral pyre behind him, he turned his .22-caliber rifle on himself.

Some causes of family slaughter demonstrate that intellectual brilliance is no barrier to family butchery. Donald Swallow was a member of Mensa, an international organization composed of people brainy enough to score at least 133 on the Stanford-Binet Intelligence test. Mensa claims that its members have IQ's higher than 90% of the general population. Swallow was a wage analyst for a drug company, and an acknowledged brilliant mathematician.

But there are problems more difficult to solve than complicated equations.

On February 24, 1967, in his home on Staten Island, New York, Don Swallow strangled his two small sons with nylon stockings and his wife with a nylon cord. Then he slashed his wrists in an unsuccessful suicide attempt.

Mike Belluscio, of Absecon, New Jersey, district manager for a soda-bottling company in Atlantic City, was "a real nice guy" to all who knew him. In the usual baffling pattern of such cases, material deprivation as a factor for tragedy didn't exit. The Belluscios lived in a $40,000 Colonial house. But there had been fitful domestic tension and, according to one report, Belluscio was angered with a son over some Halloween trick-or-treat prank. When explosive pressures build up in the brain, such minor incidents can spark disaster. Early on November 1, 1967, Belluscio prowled through his 10-room home with a .22-caliber rifle and shot his wife and three children to death. Afterward, he dialed the police, calmly announced what he'd done, then pressed the gun barrel against his chest and jerked the trigger.

WHEN Lizzie Borden allegedly took an ax to her father and mother in 1892, she entered American folklore and became the heroine of many popular ballads and learned essays. But if Lizzie was indeed a family killer, she pales to insignificance alongside today's American children. In one-third of all murders committed by juveniles in this country, the victims are their own fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers. Some psychologists believe that, no matter whom a child murders, his rage is actually directed at his parents. In our affluent society, the parricidal young are unquestionably on the increase, ready to kill with gun, Bowie knife or baseball bat, seizing on any of a wide range of pretexts, from a mother's criticism of homework to a father's refusal to hand over the keys of the family car.

The youthful killer isn't likely to be a boy or girl with obvious aggressive tendencies. Says George Bach, professor at the Institute of Group Psychotherapy in Beverly Hills, California: "Most young murderers of their family are found to be shy, never lose their temper. Even after the event they remain calm, unemotional. These are the 'supercoverts'—persons who suppress aggressive instincts — and they outnumber murderers who display aggression by three to one."

No hint of aggression, no sign even of discord. That's what neighbors said about the Wolcotts. Doctor Gordon Wolcott, 56, was a biology professor at Southwestern University in Georgetown, Texas. Wolcott's distinguished career had included 10 years as a cytologist with the U.S. Public Health Service. The family was close-knit and went everywhere together, including church. At 1:30 AM on August 5, 1967, using the popular .22-caliber rifle, Doctor Wolcott's 15-year-old son Jim pumped seven fatal shots into his father, mother and sister before going out on the highway and hitchhiking to the police station. The police found no motive, the boy couldn't provide one, and all that the tragedy seemed to prove was that the family that prays together sometimes slays together.

When such sickening and apparently senseless tragedies occur, psychiatrists are challenged to come up with explanations. Doctor Joseph Satten, of the Menninger (*Continued on page* 48)

Grandmother (r.) cries at funeral (below r.) of daughter, son-in-law, 10 grandchildren—killed by 2 others in family (below l.).

BOOK BONUS

the Seduction of Eve

by ***JEANNE REJAUNIER***

The new girl may have been the hottest model in town, but she kept giving men the coldest shoulder . . .

EVE PETROANGELI'S HANDS TREMBLED as she read the letter:

Dear Eve,

We have received your snapshots and inquiry concerning a career in modeling. It is the policy of the Ryan-Davy Agency to hold interviews with prospective new material on Mondays and Tuesdays between 3 and 6 PM. If you will phone us for an appointment, we will know when to expect you. Looking forward to meeting you soon,

Sincerely,

Charlene Davy and Rex Ryan

"Thank you," she whispered. "Thank you, St. Jude."

"Was that the mailman, honey?" her mother called.

"Mom, I got it! I got it! They want to see me."

"Come in the living room," said Maria Petroangeli. "I left my glasses there. Oh, Eve!"

Mrs. Petroangeli finished reading and burst into tears.

"My novena to St. Jude worked."

"Honey, I told you, ever since you lost all the weight, there's no one can beat you in looks. Oh, Uncle Nappi will be thrilled!"

Eve wished her mother hadn't mentioned her uncle. He worked so hard, and what had he ever had in life? Nothing but dullness and drabness—just like her mother and father.

Her mother wiped her eyes and said, "I wanted to be a model when I was your age."

"Why didn't you do it, Mom?"

continued on next page

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THE SEDUCTION OF EVE

continued

"I married your father."

"What do you think he'll say about this?

"Honey, I'll handle your father. Everything will work out. I want you to have everything I didn't have. Go call the agency now and make an appointment."

TWO

The Long Island Railroad train took Eve from her house in Floral Park to Manhattan.

The commonplace appearance of the small building in which the Ryan-Davy offices were located surprised Eve. The office walls were covered with photographs, many of them of models Eve recognized.

A male voice said, "Goodby, Carrie," and a ravishing tawny-haired girl walked through the outer office, calling after her, "By, Rex. Thanks."

My God, Eve thought, *if this is a model, if they all look like that, do I stand a chance?*

A tall man came to the threshold of the nearest door. "Eve?" he asked.

"Yes," Eve replied timidly.

"Hi" — the man strode toward her with an outstretched hand — "I'm Rex Ryan. I recognized you from your pictures. Won't you come in?"

Rubbery-legged, she followed Mr. Ryan, who owned Ryan-Davy Agency along with Charlene Davy, into his small private office.

His desk was piled with papers and photos. More photos, a galaxy of faces, peered down from all four walls of the room. Eve almost didn't hear Mr. Ryan tell her to sit down.

"Now then..." Mr. Ryan began, "Can you get into the city at any time?"

"Yes! I mean, as soon as I graduate from high school. In two weeks."

For what seemed like several minutes, he was silent scrutinizing her. Finally he said, "You're a good commercial type."

"You mean I—can be a good model?"

"Absolutely. You've got great potential. The major task at hand is getting you a book."

"A book?"

"That's what a model's portfolio is called. She carries it on her rounds. It's filled with a variety of 11 by 14 poses."

"It sounds like it'll cost a lot of money."

"DONT worry, honey, we know photographers who'll test for nothing. Some agencies want to build up their files of stock photos. You sign a release entitling them to sell the photos anywhere they want, and in exchange for your time, you get copies of the pictures. Then there are new young photographers, just starting out, who need to build up their own portfolios. It's an even exchange: The model gives her time, the photographer gives his pictures. But now I want you to meet Charlene, who'll give you a list of photographers who do test shots. The very next thing we have to see about is your name—too Italian. Good thing you don't look Italian. You look WPA—White Protestant American. So don't tell them you're Italian. You'll get more jobs that way." Rex Ryan smiled wryly. He pressed a buzzer and spoke into the intercom. "Charlene, Eve Petroangeli is here. I'm sending her in now."

Rex shut off the intercom and looked at Eve closely. "Don't expect work right away. We'll have to do something about your hair and makeup. Charlene can help you. Eve. I like your first name. Eve is perfect. Sensual and primary. Innocent, earthy. It's *you,* and that's how we're going to sell you. But, first things first: The next door down, this side of the hall—Charlene's expecting you."

Dazed by her good fortune, Eve moved down the hall to Charlene's office, where two huge, exotic-looking dogs rose from the floor. "Hi, dear! I'm Charlene Davy. Step around the mutts and come sit down."

As she approached, the dogs retreated toward their mistress, and one eased a large paw onto Charlene's lap.

"Down, Warren!" Charlene ordered.

Eve stared at the sight before her. Charlene Davy was a bizarre specimen of a woman, oozing energy from the tips of her long, gold-tinted nails. Eve was sure Charlene must once have been a great beauty; she handled herself as if she were used to being catered to.

"My dogs are quite well behaved," Charlene said. "But let's talk about you."

AFTER Eve replied to questions about her age and background, Charlene said, "You have a thing or two to learn about clothes, posture, makeup and poise. Did anyone explain who does what around here? . . . No? Well, I'm the one who grooms our people."

She rose and extracted some cosmetic items from a filing cabinet drawer. Eve's face was a bit too round. By careful shadowing, however, Eve was given the desired oval effect, which, Charlene assured her, would be even more so in photographs.

So heightened were Eve's strong points that her face now commanded instant attention. Happily, she stared at herself.

"Well?" Charlene asked.

"I love it — it's — it's fantastic!"

Charlene picked up a sheet of paper, which she held out to Eve. "The client list. Stop in and see everyone you can. Some of the names are catalog houses," Charlene explained. "But most are independent photographers. They're the people you want to see first to get your book together. Then you'll have to have a composite made."

"What's that?"

"A group of pictures showing you in various poses. You can use these for TV commercials and photography both. Now one more thing—"

"Yes?"

Eve ran from modeling job to modeling job—and kept running away from men.

"SOMETHING important: your voice. You have a trace of New Yorkese. We can't send you out to read for commercials until you lose the regionalism. When I find someone who has a quality," Charlene said, "I go all out for that person. I'm willing to devote the time to improve you — if you're willing to work like holy hell."

"Oh, yes, Miss Davy," Eve said. "I want to improve."

"Good. And don't call me Miss Davy. The name is Charlene. Now then, I'd like to hear you read. But not today."

Selecting some paperbound play editions from a shelf, Charlene said, "Go home and work on these. Then come back in about a week. Nowadays models have to be able to handle lines for commercials."

Eve accepted the scripts, then shook Charlene's extended hand.

It all seems so easy! Eve thought, starting toward the door. "Thank you; oh, thank you, St. Jude," Eve said to herself as soon as she was out in the hallway.

THREE

June moved swiftly for Eve Petroangeli — now Eve Paradise.

Charlene had said that sometimes a newcomer would have luck and be hired, book unseen. So, heart beating, she took a deep breath and entered the door marked "Farrow and Tudor, Catalog."

Jack Farrow saw Eve first and said, "Come on in, honey, I'm Jack and this is Meg Tudor." He was cradling a phone in one hand.

"Eve Paradise, from the Ryan-Davy Agency."

"Hi, Eve." Meg smiled. "Rex has told us all about you."

"Finished." Jack slammed the receiver down. "Just a sec, Eve, honey — I'll be right back."

He rose, and Eve noticed that his trousers were very tight. Watching him stride toward the door, she was both fascinated and embarrassed to see almost every muscle of his thighs and buttocks move with the clinging fabric.

"While Jack's out peeing," Meg began confidentially, "let's talk about you. There's somebody I want to have test you for us — Franco Gaetano. Have you seen him yet?"

"No."

Without so much as a further glance, Meg reached for a phone and dialed. "Franco? . . . Hi, lover, good to hear your sexy voice. Do me a favor and test a girl for me. She's young, sexy and adorable, and she needs somebody exactly like you, baby, to initiate her — ha, ha — to push her buttons just right!" She winked at Eve. "Good," she said into the phone, "I'll have her call you next week. And Franco, sweetie, any time you get tired of your wife, Meg is *available.*"

Jack returned as Meg was hanging up. "Women!" he exclaimed. "Especially in

this business — they're all a bunch of nervous bitches. I think they just don't get enough sex."

Meg looked at Eve. "Don't pay any attention to him, honey," she said. "Soon as we can see some tests on you, we'll go from there. Come back and see us as soon as you've got your pictures, Eve," Meg said. "We're real anxious to use you, honey."

Maria Petroangeli smiled softly as her daughter entered the house. Sometimes it was difficult for Mrs. Petroangeli to believe this womanly young creature was her own Evelina: the pink and white baby, then the adolescent gourmand gorging in maniacal fashion on everything in sight — until, in a three-month period, she had gained 40 pounds and reached the 197 she was to maintain for over five years.

She had prayed a lot during her obese period. Mrs. Petroangeli had often wondered what her daughter was petitioning for and if her requests were granted. Then, a great change had come over Eve; she had lost over 70 pounds and was now so slender no one recognized her.

"Uncle Nappi sends his love!" Eve called as she went upstairs to wash for dinner. He can't wait to see my new pictures."

"Neither can I, honey!"

But, at dinner, Eve's father was not enthusiastic. "How's the modeling going?" he asked with obvious sarcasm.

"Fine, Pop. Charlene says I ought to have my book by the end of July."

"Well, I still say you should get a good secretarial job," Joe Petroangeli said. "Hundreds of girls try modeling every year — thousands of them. And most of them fail and end up prostitutes—"

"Joe, please—" Mrs. Petroangeli said.

"Models are all tramps. We've raised Eve to be a good Catholic girl. Do you think I like having her go into that environment?"

"Joe, I have faith in Evie. She's always been good — and that's the way she'll stay. Joe, it's not like you think at all. Everybody says she can be successful."

"The best way for her to do that is to marry a good Catholic boy and settle down in Floral Park where she belongs."

THAT night, as Eve lay in bed, her mother came in.

"Don't worry about Pop, honey," she said. "I can handle him. Your father's a wonderful man, honey. But he doesn't understand the kind of dreams a young girl has. You're a beautiful girl, and you deserve the best. But we mustn't hurt Pop, Evie; he's done the best he knows how to do."

"Okay, Mom."

FOUR

"I brought you a sandwich, Uncle Nappi."

"Sandwich?" The old man was lathering a customer. "Sandwich is not what I'm waiting for from you, Evie."

Eve sidled up to her uncle. "I've brought you *that* too," she said. "Surprise!"

"A picture?" The old man was ecstatic. "I'm gonna put it up right on the mirror where everybody's gonna see what a beautiful little niece Nappi Petroangeli's got."

How she wished she had a blow-up to give Uncle Nappi. Why was it taking so long? All the other models at the agency had such a collection of pictures. It shouldn't be taking her so long to get started.

"I had lunch with Uncle Nappi today," Eve announced at the table that evening.

"What did he have to say about the way you look?" her father asked. "I bet he didn't like having you in the shop wearing all that makeup.

"He didn't say anything at all about it."

"Well, what do you want to bet he doesn't like having you come in looking like that?"

"I look fine!" Eve insisted.

"You look like a clown. Those false eyelashes are ridiculous."

"I told you, Pop, models all wear them."

"Honey, your father and I liked you better before," Mrs. Petroangeli said. "Before you were sweet, simple, and girlish. I'm sure the modeling people would like you better if you'd be your *real* self."

Eve grimmaced. That wasn't her real self — this was. She would do exactly as the agency told her. Charlene and Rex were directing her life now.

SHE realized how fortunate she was that Ryan-Davy was starting her out, for hundreds of unsatisfactory hopefuls, she knew, were given the brush-off weekly. Now if only she'd get her 11 by 14 pictures soon, and start working!

FIVE

Eve arrived at Franco Gaetano's studio at the end of the day, when he'd finished his assignments.

"Look, baby," Franco said soon after the shooting began, "you're awful stiff. You've got to loosen up. Watch me."

He shook his arms, his legs, his head. "Now you do it, honey," he said.

Eve mimicked the series of rapid twitching movements.

"Don't worry about it, baby! The important think is to stay relaxed. Think of feathers, think of a cloud.

After they'd finished a series of full-lengths, they proceeded to head shots.

Franco stared at her thoughtfully; then he said, "Go into the dressing room and take off your blouse and bra. Tie a scarf or towel on your bazooms. I'm only shooting up to here"—he indicated a line on his own chest — "but I want a very long gazelle line."

Eve did as she was told, emerging from the dressing room wearing only a skirt and towel. She was embarrassed, but to her surprise, the embarrassment was mixed with feelings of recklessness.

"I put on some music, kid," Franco said. "It'll get ya in the mood."

Eve took her place under the lights. She couldn't help noticing how Franco's jeans clung to his hips and bulged at the crotch. Funny, she hadn't noticed before.

Franco's pelvis swayed in time to the stereo music. He clicked the shutter. "Great!" He clicked again "Beautiful, honey! Now you're giving me what I want." Click followed click in rapid succession. "Oh yeah, baby, now you're doing it! . . . Now you're really doing it, baby! . . . Great! . . . Wild! . . . Groovy!

Eve felt like she, too, was swaying. She felt herself burning, surging, felt as if the blood were being driven from her, as if her whole being was emerging out of itself.

Suddenly Franco stopped and turned away. "Go put your clothes on," he said. "We'll take a cigarette break." All at once he seemed detached, removed.

While she was posing for him the two of them had seemed merged in a mutual love affair. Now the spell was broken. Eve got dressed and, fully clothed, returned from the dressing room and sat down next to Franco on the couch.

Before she knew what was happening, Franco leaned over, lips parted, breath audible, and moved his tongue across her mouth.

"Hey!" Eve exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

His arm had firmly pinned her. "Oh, baby!" he crooned, and his tongue swept behind her hair, into her ear.

Weakly, stupidly, she protested, "I—I don't like that."

He grabbed her roughly.

"That's not fair!" Eve wiggled free.

"I dig you. You're a wild chick." He shrugged. "You can't blame me for wanting to ball you."

Later, riding the Long Island Railroad back to Floral Park, Eve turned the experience over in her mind. No man had ever told her he wanted to *ball* her before. In fact, she had never even heard the expression. But its meaning was clear enough. *He wanted to ball me,* Eve kept thinking. He wanted to ball me.

Still, she didn't understand the confused feelings that Franco Gaetano had roused in her. She wished there were someone, perhaps a girl friend, she could talk to about it.

"Hi, honey," Rex greeted Eve after a day's rounds.

"This girl's looking better every day." Charlene smiled. "Did you hear about our little friend here?"

"What?" Rex asked.

"With Franco Gaetano. We'll really be anxious to see those tests he did. He said the chemistry between them was fantastic."

"Chemistry?" Eve asked. "What did he mean?"

"Honey, that's what either happens or doesn't happen between a model and a photographer."

Eve felt her face redden. What had Franco told the agency?

"It's all sex," Rex said. "Absolutely *every*thing is sex!"

"My goodness," Eve said, feeling weak.

"Don't be embarrassed, honey." Charlene laughed. "You're going to have to get used to it if you're going to be a successful model."

Sex, Eve thought later as she rode to Floral Park. Sex. So *that* explains the funny feeling I had.

FRANCO GAETANO had done some absolutely sensational photographs of Eve. Trembling with excitement, Eve had almost run to the agency.

"Oh, baby, these are wild!" Rex exclaimed.

"Fantastic, Eve!" Charlene said.

"This girl's going places. I knew it from the start," Rex added.

"You've got enough of a book to start work now," Charlene said.

"From here on," Rex said, "you're going to be working; wait and see."

It won't be long now, Eve thought; I know it won't be long now. Thank you, St. Jude.

SIX

Eve Paradise had begun making money, mostly by hand and leg modeling and by posing for record covers. Now Charlene wanted to submit her for a television commercial.

"Well, who else have we got, Rex?" Charlene said. "Can you think of anyone who's a sexy, voluptuous 18-year-old blonde besides Eve Paradise?"

"Charlene, you know I have faith in Eve's *potential;* we're grooming her for big things, but she's not *ready* yet."

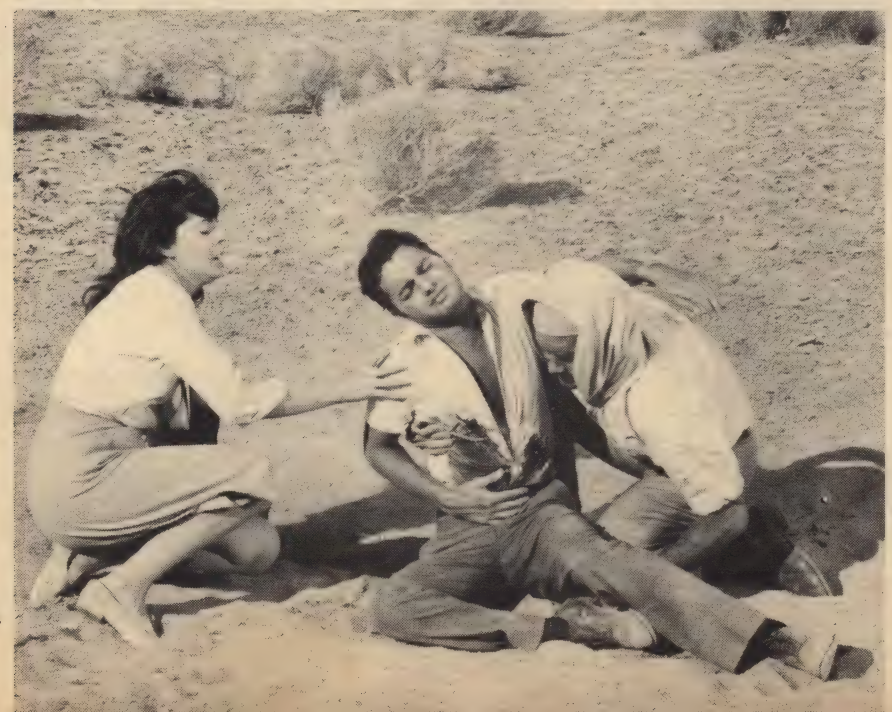
"You think Eve can't handle herself on an interview?"

"I know damned well she can't. Not yet, anyway. (*Continued on page* 62)

THE SAL MINEO STORY

"I'LL DO ANYTHING ONCE!"

Whether he is checking out Hell's Angels complaint about police, fighting a bull or getting hurt—for real—on set, Mineo invariably finds himself in thick of action.



"I like to be where it's at, to find out what's happening and try it myself," says Sal Mineo. "I'll try anything once – short of murder." To date, "anything" has meant bullfighting, joining the Hell's Angels, taking drugs!

by STEPHEN LEWIS

MOVING IN A seemingly endless line, the Hell's Angels, many of them with their "Mamas" seated behind them, sped down the California highway. Motorists, wary of the incidents that can occur when the Angels find their way blocked, pulled to the side of the road, waiting for the cycles to pass. The Angels moved forward without stopping. There were to be no incidents—they were just out for a ride.

Suddenly the piercing sound of police sirens cut through the noise of their bikes as three police cars, dispatched from the nearest town, rushed toward the motorcyclists. The Angels sped on at first, ignoring the cops, now riding parallel to the Angels. Then without warning, the police cars veered to the side of the highway, forcing several of the Angels off the road. The gang stopped.

"Okay," a cop said, getting out of his car. "You're disturbing the peace, and you resisted arrest."

His fellow officers, hands tensed near their holsters, stood behind him as he took his ticket book and pen from his pocket.

"You're troublemakers," he said as he surveyed the bored and amused faces of the Angels. "And you're not making *(Continued on page 54)*

5 MILLION AMERICANS IN A SEXUAL HELL

Nobody is more tortured sexually than the alcoholic–male or female. Many, from fear of impotence, are driven into such deviations as exhibitionism, voyeurism, child molestation.

by DR. HOWARD NEWTON

HE WOKE UP MORE DEPRESSED than usual, but couldn't recall why. The nausea, the pain behind the eyes, the dry burning in his mouth were familiar enough. Getting up, he went to the bathroom, closed the door and quietly removed the bottle he had hidden inside the toilet tank.

He replaced it after a generous drink. Filling the washbasin with cold water, he immersed his face and held it under. Freshened by the shock, he toweled himself as he urinated. Then, staring down, he tugged experimentally for almost a minute. Nothing. A guy who once had been able to make love three times a night!

He flushed the toilet disconsolately, reached for the door-knob, and hesitated. Relifting the tank lid, he once more fished out the bourbon and took another swallow. He returned to the bedroom feeling better.

Gladys was sitting up in bed. He looked at her uncertainly, sensing the hostility. "It's early yet," he said. "Go back to sleep."

"You bastard," she said. "You rotten—"

His jaw went up. "What the hell's eating you?"

She shrank back as he re-entered the bed, folding her arms across her bulky, heavily nippled breasts. "I suppose," she hissed, "you're gonna say you were too drunk to remember what you done last night?"

"So I gave Junie a slap on the ass while she was bending over to change channels. Big deal!" Gladys' 14-year-old kid sister was visiting them for the summer.

Gladys got mad if he so much as looked at her.

"And that's *all* you remember?"

(Continued on page 94)

by **LEONARD THOMPSON**

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND miles from earth, Apollo 10 astronauts Tom Stafford and Gene Cernan jockeyed "Snoopy," their fragile lunar flying machine, across the barren, pock-marked face of the moon—a mere 50,000 feet below them. They had separated from their parent Apollo spacecraft, code-named "Charlie Brown," hours earlier to take a close look at possible landing sites for Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin, who would follow them in two months to make man's first attempt at exploring the surface of another world.

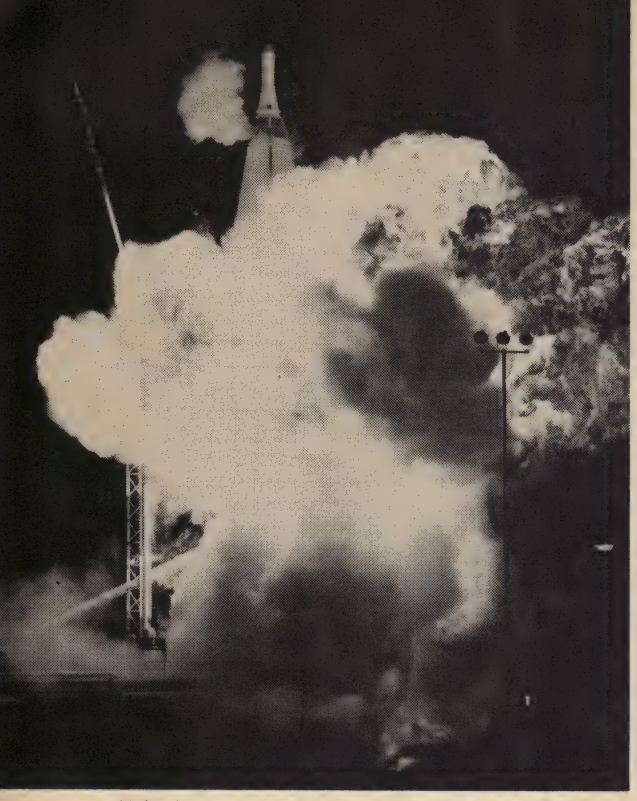
Stafford and Cernan were not to touch down, they were only to check out sites that scientists had pre-selected as being the most suitable for the July, 1969-scheduled landing.

The May flight by Stafford and Cernan was strictly a close-run, eyeball inspection. The two men had logged their findings and were now preparing to fire their 3,500-pound thrust ascent

continued on page 30

Be prepared—the astronauts are. Here is how one of them—or more—will die in the world's most expensive coffin, with millions watching on TV!

"AN
ASTRONAUT
WILL
DIE!"



Whether a rocket blows up on the launching pad or hundreds of miles in the atmosphere, the astronauts within are doomed.

"AN ASTRONAUT WILL DIE!"

continued

engine which would kick them into a higher orbit, where they would rejoin astronaut John Young, who was swinging around the moon in Charlie Brown.

All had gone exceedingly well up to this point. They jettisoned Snoopy's spent descent stage in preparation for the critical engine firing, when, without warning, the smooth-flying machine suddenly went berserk, pitching upward and then bucking out of control in a series of wild gyrations that shook and rattled the two space pilots as though they were caught in the grip of some invisible giant.

"Son of a bitch!" Cernan's excited voice crackled the vast void of space and was heard over hundreds of millions of TV sets around the world, where every word of this historic part of the mission was being carried live.

In the mission control operations room at NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center near Houston, Texas, flight directors eyed their electronic consoles, searching for a clue as to what had gone wrong. But there was little they could do. Cold fear—the looming vision of impending disaster—knifed at them as they listened over their headsets to the stark drama being played out nearly a quarter of a million miles away. Whatever the problem was, Stafford and Cernan would have to correct it themselves—and fast!

As the lunar module continued to pitch and rock, a nightmarish thought spread across the land—the thought of two astronauts crashing out of control on the bleak lunar surface, beyond the help of anyone on earth. Even if they survived a crash landing, they would have only enough oxygen to last a few hours. With no hope of rescue, they would be doomed to die in the most expensive coffin ever fashioned by man, and with the whole world watching on TV

Fortunately, at the last minute, Stafford managed to fight the craft under control after finding that a switch had been incorrectly set in the cockpit. Snoopy then rendezvoused with Apollo, and the three astronauts returned triumphantly home to the heartfelt cheers of people around the globe. Their courageous, trail-blazing journey made it possible for Armstrong and Aldrin to land and walk on the moon in the greatest exploratory step ever taken.

But the general public may never know how chillingly close Apollo 10 came to becoming a catastrophic event of international proportions. For the plain technical fact is that, as advanced as our space program has become, there are no provisions for rescuing astronauts in trouble. Once they blast off from Cape Kennedy and soar through the earth's atmosphere, they are on their own. If mechanical problems develop in orbit, enroute to the moon or anywhere else, the pilots are at the mercy of the fates, sailing their tiny ship on the vast, hostile sea of space.

Apollo 10 and 11 made it. The next time out could be different. In fact, with each succeeding manned flight seeking to outdo past ones in complexity and daring, the odds are becoming increasingly frightening, that such a catastrophe will occur soon. Then the grim headlines will trumpet loudly around the world:

"AMERICAN ASTRONAUTS KILLED IN SPACE."

PRECISELY how and when it will happen are unknown, but the shocking fact remains: We *will* lose one or more teams of astronauts in space, and it *will* happen in the very near future! It is inevitable. Just as there was a first train wreck and a first airplane crash, so too must come the initial space disaster.

Representative George P. Miller of California, chairman of the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, laid it on the line during a recent interview: "Every time we orbit one of those capsules it is unsafe for the people in it. We've made several successful passes, but one of these times we may not be so lucky." He went on to compare the manned space program with the testing of a new airplane, and pointed out that an average of two test pilots are killed in the birth of each plane.

The official government policy line seems to back up Congressman Miller's views. James E. Webb, former head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), maintains: "Of course no one says our program doesn't entail danger, grave human danger. We have always recognized, in developing any new environment, the potential loss of life. And, indeed, loss of life has always taken place. From balloons to airplanes, men have died learning about the air. The astronauts recognize the risk."

Most experts feel America has been lucky only to have had only one major space tragedy to date. It happened on the launch pad at Cape Kennedy on the evening of January 27, 1967. Apollo 1 astronauts Virgil "Gus" Grissom, Ed White (the first man to walk in space) and rookie Roger Chaffee were sealed in their craft for a "plugs out" test—a routine dry run-through of all systems and operational procedures, to verify their capabilities under simulated launch conditions.

Things had not been going too well, particularly with communications. Ground stations were having trouble getting through to each other and to the crew in the Apollo spacecraft. To the sometimes cynical Grissom, it was an annoying delay.

"Hey," he barked over the intercom, "how do you expect to get us to the moon if you people can't even hook us up with a ground station?"

At 6:31 PM, the countdown was about to be picked up again, when ground instruments showed an unexplained rise in the oxygen flow into the astronauts' space suits. There was also indication of movement by one of the pilots, perhaps Grissom.

Four seconds later an astronaut announced, almost in a casual voice over the intercom, "Fire . . . I smell fire."

Two seconds later Ed White's voice boomed loudly: "Fire in the cockpit!"

In the blockhouse, from where the

test was being directed, engineers and technicians looked up from their consoles to the television monitor showing the spacecraft. They were horrified at the picture being flashed. Flames were licking furiously inside Apollo, and smoke blurred the reception. No one spoke. The men were stunned, shocked into disbelief. Their eyes saw what was happening, but their minds refused to absorb it.

There was another wait of three seconds, and then came a hysterical shout: "There's a bad fire in the spacecraft!"

Inside Apollo, a mad scramble was going on as the three men tried desperately to open the emergency hatch that was their only hope of escaping the oxygen-whipped flames. It was White's job, seated in the center couch of Apollo, to turn a ratchet handle to unlock six lugs. Procedure called for White and Grissom to then lower the inner door to the cabin floor. After that, a press of a plunger would send the outer hatch flying. But this entire maneuver was timed for 90 seconds, and in practice the crew had never done it in the minimum time.

Twisting, tugging and scrambling frantically as the flames engulfed them, the three men tried desperately to work the ratchet handle. Several more seconds passed. There were sounds of frantic movement inside, and unintelligible shouting. Then came a horrible, bloodcurdling, shrill scream from young Chaffee: "We're on fire! Get us out of here!"

Fourteen seconds after the first report of fire, the cabin pressure inside Apollo reached a level of about 29 pounds per square inch and the spacecraft ruptured. Pad technicians had run toward it, upon hearing the first cry of trouble. But before they could reach the outside hatch release, bursts of flame and thick black clouds of smoke funneled out of the rupture, filling the room. One or two men got close to the hatch, but when Apollo cracked, intense, white-hot heat drove them back, crying and choking for air. It was like walking into an oven.

Technicians now feared two things: The command module might explode or the fire might trigger the launch escape system atop Apollo. This could set the entire service structure on fire. Natural instinct told the technicians to evacuate. But after they gulped in breaths of fresh air just outside the spacecraft area, they heroically fought their way back into the inferno.

About 90 seconds after the first fire report, visibility in the room housing the spacecraft was absolutely zero. A special tool had to be fitted into the hatch to open it. The heat was searing, and the smoke bit into the eyes of the men. They worked in shifts. One man felt his way to Apollo and worked the tool for a few seconds before being driven back. Then a second man would go in. Six men worked in rotation, endangering their lives at every step.

Finally, after more than five agonizing minutes, the hatches sprang open. Again, the men were driven back as more heat and smoke poured out.

It was a brave effort, but it was too late.

THE three astronauts were pronounced dead as soon as doctors arrived, at about 6:45 PM. White was lying in his couch with his arms over his head, in the act of grasping for the hatch. Grissom also had an arm extended. Chaffee was slumped in his couch. It was later estimated by investigators that the men probably lost consciousness about 15 to 30 seconds after the fire was initially detected.

Official death certificates listed the cause as asphyxiation due to smoke inhalation. The certificates did not, however, describe the terrible, flesh-searing agony Grissom, White and Chaffee suffered before they blacked out; nor did they mention the mind-snapping horror the astronauts must have experienced when they realized, in those ghastly few seconds as the flames consumed them, that they would never get out. Death was quick but it did not come easy, as any space official knows who has heard the playbacks of their tapes recorded screams.

The tragedy shocked everyone all the more because it was so unsuspected, occurring on the ground. Death in space, though, is both predicted and more or less accepted as being unavoidable sooner or later.

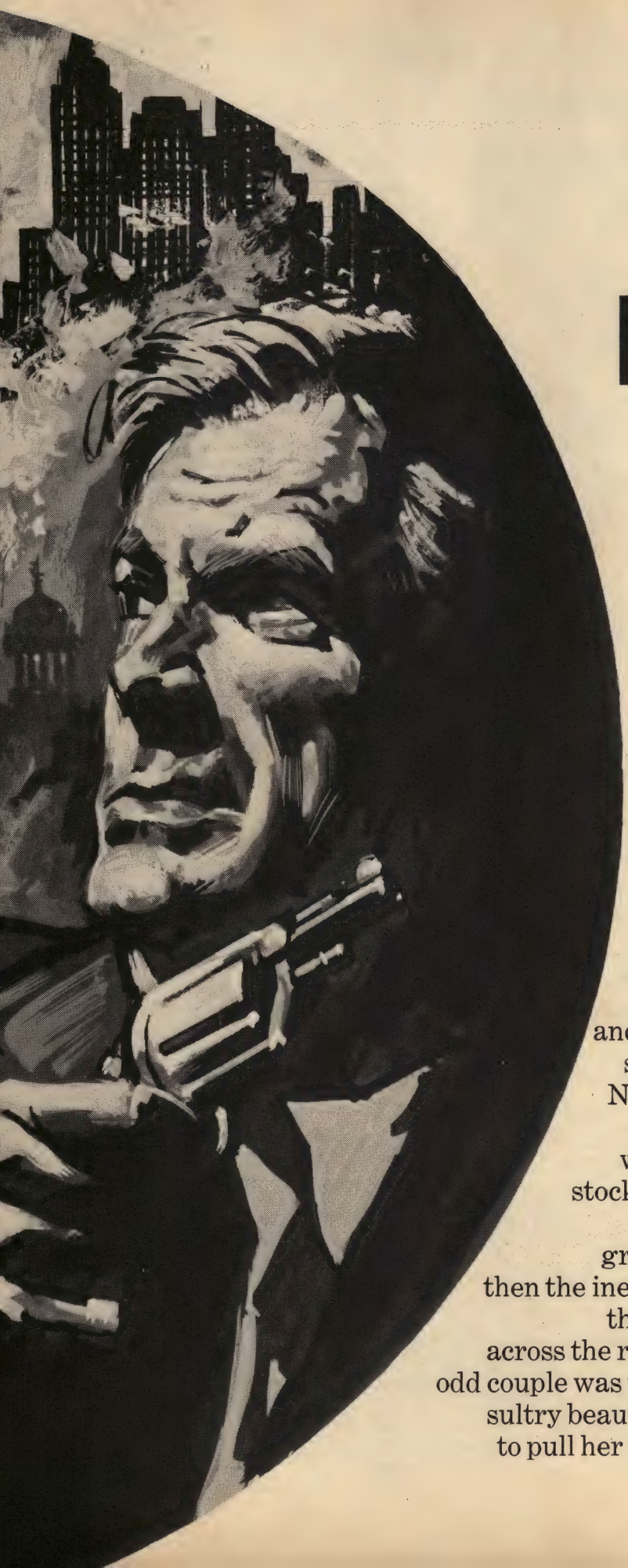
"It is nothing less than remarkable," one spokesman admitted recently, "that so many pioneering flights have been made without an astronaut getting so much as a hangnail." The success ratio is that much more fantastic if one believes the Russian reports that their space flights — with the lone, ill-fated exception of Cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov, who died when his craft spun out of control on reentry two years ago —have also been virtually accident free.

Many U.S. officials take the Reds at their word. Dr. Charles S. Sheldon, II, of the National Aeronautics and Space Council, said, "We have no knowledge that any other Soviet cosmonauts have ever died in space flight."

From other sources come conflicting opinions. Russian Colonel Oleg Penkovskiy is one of (*Continued on page* 84)

Ashes of Vladimir Komarov, first man to die in space, now repose in Kremlin wall.

Cernan, Stafford and Young (l.) almost perished when gyrations began; team of Chaffee, White and Grissom died in flash fire.



THE $2 BAWD WHO BECAME AN INTERNATIONAL SPY

THANKS TO HER INCREDIBLE MIND –AND BODY–MORE BATTLES WERE WON IN MATA HARI'S BED THAN ON THE BATTLEFIELDS!

by WARREN ELLIS

IT WAS A WEIRD SIGHT, even in wartime Paris. In this darkened cubicle in the blacked-out office building, the watchful man refocused his binoculars to bring the scene closer to his eyes. His lenses were focused on Suite 506-07 of the opulent Hotel Crillon across the street. Here, in lavish quarters usually reserved for tycoons and heads of state, a former Amsterdam streetwalker, was entertaining a man. Naked except for a pair of conical brass discs which concealed her breasts, she was delightedly riding on the back of a stocky, nude gentleman of middle age who was crawling on all fours, giving a grotesque imitation of a horse. Now and then the inebriated fellow would whinny so loudly that he could be heard in the small office across the road, where every sensual caper of this odd couple was under observation. The dark-skinned, sultry beauty who lived in the suite had neglected to pull her shades down. *(Continued on page 80)*

Shootout in Istanbul: DEATH OF AN LSD CZAR

U.S. and Turkish narcotics agents move in (l.) on Bouldin and mistress,

CORNERED BY TURKISH POLICE AND TWO U.S. NARCOTICS BUREAU AGENTS, GARY BOULDIN SHRIEKED AS HIS GUN SPEWED DEATH: "GO TO HELL, NARCOS! . . . IF YOU WANT ME, COME ON AND GET ME!"

by PAUL MESKIL

THE HOPPED-UP HIPPIE was nearing the end of his last nightmare trip. He stood on the roof of the sprawling Marine Terminal Building alongside the bustling harbor of Istanbul, and wondered vaguely what he was doing there.

He was blind in one eye, and the good one was squinted almost shut in the midday sun. The breeze off the water cooled his thin, intense face and rattled the love beads on his chest. He wore a wispy beard, shoulder-length hair, gold-rimmed granny glasses, a faded Mao shirt, bell-bottom pants and open-toed sandals. And he had a revolver in each fist.

Every few minutes, he pegged a shot at the boats in the harbor or the traffic in the streets below. The sound of screams and sirens rose faintly on the breeze.

A pretty, long-haired girl crouched at his side. She was weeping and almost hysterical with terror. "Please, Gary," she implored, "give yourself up. If you surrender, we still have a chance to get out of this."

The time was early afternoon on December 28, 1968. Back home in California, the Christmas trees were still decorated and their relatives were wondering what had happened to them.

Gary Ralph Bouldin, 33, and his 20-year-old girlfriend, Patricia Ann Seeds, had come a long way from San Jose—halfway around the world. And now they had reached the end of the line.

Bouldin, a former theology student, once dreamed of becoming a minister and spreading the word of God. Then he found a different religion through chemistry and became a maker, user and peddler of LSD and other mind-bending drugs.

That was the start of the psychedelic road that led him to the windswept rooftop overlooking Istanbul Harbor.

Clutching his guns, Bouldin stood there like mass-murderer Charles Whitman on the University of Texas Tower in Dallas. He felt like a giant, straddling the skyline between two continents.

He could see the needle-like minarets of the beautiful Blue Mosque, the Moslem shrine which is also a hippie mecca... the gleaming palaces of Topkapi, which once housed the ruling Turkish sultans and their harems . . . the ferryboats crisscrossing the Bosphorus between Europe and Assia . . . the traffic pouring across Galata Bridge over the Golden Horn.

But the one-eyed, two-gun desperado had no time to gaze at the spectacular panorama. Any moment now, they would come charging onto the roof after him.

"Bouldin—throw down your guns!"

Patricia Seeds. After shootout (r.) officer removes passport from LSD czar's bullet-riddled body. He was buried in Istanbul.

The voice came loud and clear through a bullhorn. An American voice. Bouldin ducked behind a chimney and pointed his revolvers at the rooftop door.

"I'm an American," the voice continued. "I'm here to help you. If you surrender, I'l guarantee that you and the girl will not be harmed."

"Go to hell, Narco," Bouldin replied. He knew without being told that the voice belonged to an agent of the United States Narcotics Bureau. And he wasn't surprised. Though he had never heard this particular voice before, he had been expecting it—or one just like it—for the past three years.

"Come down, Gary," the bullhorn voice commanded. "Drop the guns and come down. It's the only way. The building is surrounded."

But Gary Bouldin was no longer listening. His mind had wandered back to the Hashbury—San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury Hippieland—and the pushers and dealers who made it big there. People like Owsley the Creator, Superspade, Shob the Flute Player . . .

They were as much a part of Bouldin's scene as was the campus of San Jose State College, where it all began . . .

Bouldin first enrolled at San Jose State in 1960, intending to get a degree in theology. Later, he became a chemistry major, he lost the sight of one eye when some chemicals exploded during an experiment in the college laboratory. This accident helped convinced him that God was dead—or at least, not around when Bouldin needed Him.

While still in college, Gary got married and fathered

Police protect Patricia Seeds from angry crowd after four-hour gun battle. She was taken to headquarters and jailed.

two sons, but he broke up with his wife soon after graduating in 1964. She got a divorce, charging that he beat her, neglected his family and threatened to kill her and the children.

Around this time, Bouldin discovered the Hashbury district and its pot-puffing, pill-popping flower children. He started smoking marijuana and taking LSD trips. And he became a disciple of a hippie hero known to thousands of shaggy-haired acidheads and college kids as Owsley the Creator.

Few of his followers know his full name—Augustus Owsley Stanley, III—but it is well known to the U.S. Narcotics Bureau and police *(Continued on page 52)*

The Calendar Girls

photographed for MAN'S by Serge Jacques

MISS JANUARY: LADY BARBER IDA LAMBERT

IDA LAMBERT is a snippy little chick, a modern-day Delilah who works as a lady barber in the grooviest tonsorial parlor in Paris. She gets in everybody's hair, of course, but the customers are always quick to forgive her because they dig her trim and curvy 35-23-36 form. A little off the topless, anybody? ▲

continued on next page

MAN'S TALK

by JOHN E. SPARKMAN

WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES

EMBARRASSED NEW JERSEY POLICE ADMITTED THEY HAD ACCIDENTALLY LOCKED A GIRL IN A MEN'S JAIL. A doctor discovered the error when he came in to examine the prisoner...THE LATEST BIRTH CONTROL PILL NEEDN'T BE TAKEN DAILY. It's a large capsule which can be implanted directly in the wormb, where IT WILL RELEASE CONTRACEPTIVE HORMONES SLOWLY FOR UP TO A YEAR...The British colony of HONG KONG IS PLANNING TO ABOLISH THE LONG-STANDING LEGAL RIGHTS OF CONCUBINES—those pampered mistresses often chosen by a man's wife to live in the house and become part of the family... ONE DRUG TREATMENT FOR GONORRHEA—TRYPSOFLAVINE—SIGNIFICANTLY INCREASES THE SKIN'S SENSITIVITY TO THE SUN, to the point where small exposure can be serious.

INFORMED AND UNIFORMED

THE BRITISH ARE WORKING ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF A RADAR FILTER which would eliminate static low-lying objects like buildings and trees from the screen, MAKING IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR PLANES TO SNEAK IN UNDER THE RADAR...PRESIDENT NIXON'S off-year election PLANS CALL FOR A REDUCTION OF U.S. MILITARY STRENGTH IN VIETNAM TO 250,000 BY AUGUST OF NEXT YEAR, with most in a garrison or training capacity...ONE OF THE LAST OF THE RESERVE UNITS CALLED DURING THE 1968 PUEBLO CRISIS—the 1st of the 19th National Guard Tank Squadron from Burbank, Calif.—WILL BE HOME BY CHRISTMAS...Admirals are sighing that 1969 WAS THE WORST PUBLIC-RELATIONS YEAR IN NAVY HISTORY, with two serious fires, a sunken Polaris sub in San Francisco Bay, the Korean spy-plane incident, the destroyer disaster with the Australian carrier and the ignominious return to mothballs of the battleship New Jersey.

YOUR HEALTH

Research on animals shows that THE LIVER PLAYS A BIG PART IN THE BODY'S REJECTION OF TRANSPLANTED ORGANS, AND INJECTIONS OF LIVER EXTRACT CAN SLOW REJECTION SIGNIFICANTLY... DOCTORS ARE UPSET ABOUT THE COST OF L-DOPA, THE SUCCESSFUL NEW DRUG FOR TREATMENT OF PARKINSON'S DISEASE. It runs close to $2.50 a day for the life of the patient, or $900 a year...Swedish doctors report that THE CORRELATION BETWEEN SMOKING AND HEART ATTACKS MAY BE MISLEADING. Studies with identical twins there show that THE SAME INHERITED CHARACTERISTICS WHICH MAKE A PERSON PRONE TO SMOKING ALSO MAKE HIM PRONE TO HEART TROUBLE. It's not necessarily the smoke itself.

SPORT NOTES

NEW YORK GIANTS' PETE GOGOLAK—the "founder" of soccer-style football field-goal kicking in America—HAD TWO COLLEGE PUPILS LAST SUMMER AND EXPECTS MORE, as increasing numbers of U.S. kids learn that the method affords more distance and better accuracy...CHICAGO CUB MANAGER LEO DUROCHER RATES HIS YOUNG (23) LEFTHANDER KEN HOLTZMAN RIGHT ALONG WITH THE GREAT SANDY KOUFAX. Ken is 50-37 for his first four years in the majors, while Koufax was only 20-21 after four seasons and 36-40 after six, before he hit his stride in 1961 with an 18-13 record...SPENCER HAYWOOD OF THE ABA's DENVER ROCKETS DID NOT LEAVE DETROIT UNIVERSITY after his sophomore year OUT OF BOREDOM WITH STUDIES, BUT BECAUSE OF HIS IMPATIENCE WITH COLLEGE BASKETBALL, "Where three men gang up on you each game and you can't play normally, or one-on-one."

MONEY MATTERS

NIXON'S TIGHT FISCAL POLICIES HAVE NOT WON APPLAUSE ON WALL STREET, where the market began dropping after his election. "We're all spenders down here now," said one broker. "We vote Republican but the market does better under the Democrats" . . . Teenform, Inc., which makes bras for teen-agers, recently calculated that NINE-YEAR-OLDS SPEND $2,000,000 ANNUALLY ON BRAS...THE RESTAURANT FRANCHISE BUSINESS, led by Mickey Mantle in Southern fried food and James Brown in soul food ("Golden Platters"), HAS BEEN THE INVESTMENT SLEEPER OF 1969 AND LOOKS STRONG IN THE FUTURE...One tax counsellor has A QUICK EXPLANATION FOR THE OFT-NOTED BOOM IN "EXEMPTION BABIES" DURING DECEMBER: MOST MEN START FIGURING THEIR TAXES EARLY IN MARCH, AND THEY REALIZE THAT MARCH 31st IS ONLY NINE MONTHS BEFORE DECEMBER 31st and they better get moving if they're going to save that money.

CAR NOTES

ALL FOUR MAJOR U.S. CAR COMPANIES PUBLICLY PUT DOWN THE IDEA OF STEAM-POWERED AUTOS, BUT are promising Senate investigators they are HARD AT WORK ON POTENTIAL STEAM DESIGNS... Having held off on styling changes in its 1970 models, and suffering slightly in the sales race, CHRYSLER IS GEARING UP FOR MAJOR STYLE INNOVATIONS and a big sales assault in 1971 ...THE REASON CHEVROLET HAS DROPPED WRAP-AROUND FRONT BUMPERS FOR GOOD IS THAT THEY MAKE ANNUAL FACE-LIFTING on front-end sheet metal ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE without major expense...THE FORMULA 1 GRAND PRIX CIRCUIT IS NOW RED-HOT FOR FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE, and European auto experts predict it will be the latest sports car option within a few years.

CHANGING TIMES

According to a Swedish scientist, THE ASTEROIDS CIRCLING THE SUN BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER MAY BE A NEW PLANET IN THE PROCESS OF FORMATION. This would mean the solar system may someday have 10 planets...A NEW WAY TO MAKE COLOR TV PICTURES BRIGHTER IS TO COAT THE AREA BLACK AROUND THE LIGHT-PRODUCING DOTS ON THE SCREEN. This cuts down on the reflection of outside light, eliminating the need for the glass filter in front of the screen... The London Sunday Times reports that SOMEONE HAS GONE INTO BUSINESS COUNTERFIETING THE FAMOUS RED DOUBLE-DECKER LONDON BUSES...At last summer's music festival IN DALLAS, TEX., ROCK 'N' ROLL PERFORMERS AND HIPPIE FANS ALIKE WERE ASTOUNDED BY THE BENEVOLENCE OF LOCAL POLICE AND COWBOYS. THE TEXANS' MAIN OBJECTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS WAS not long hair, drugs or loud music, but NUDITY, which seemed to stir some deep religious feelings.

McLEAN
got to keep going!

THE GI WHO CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD

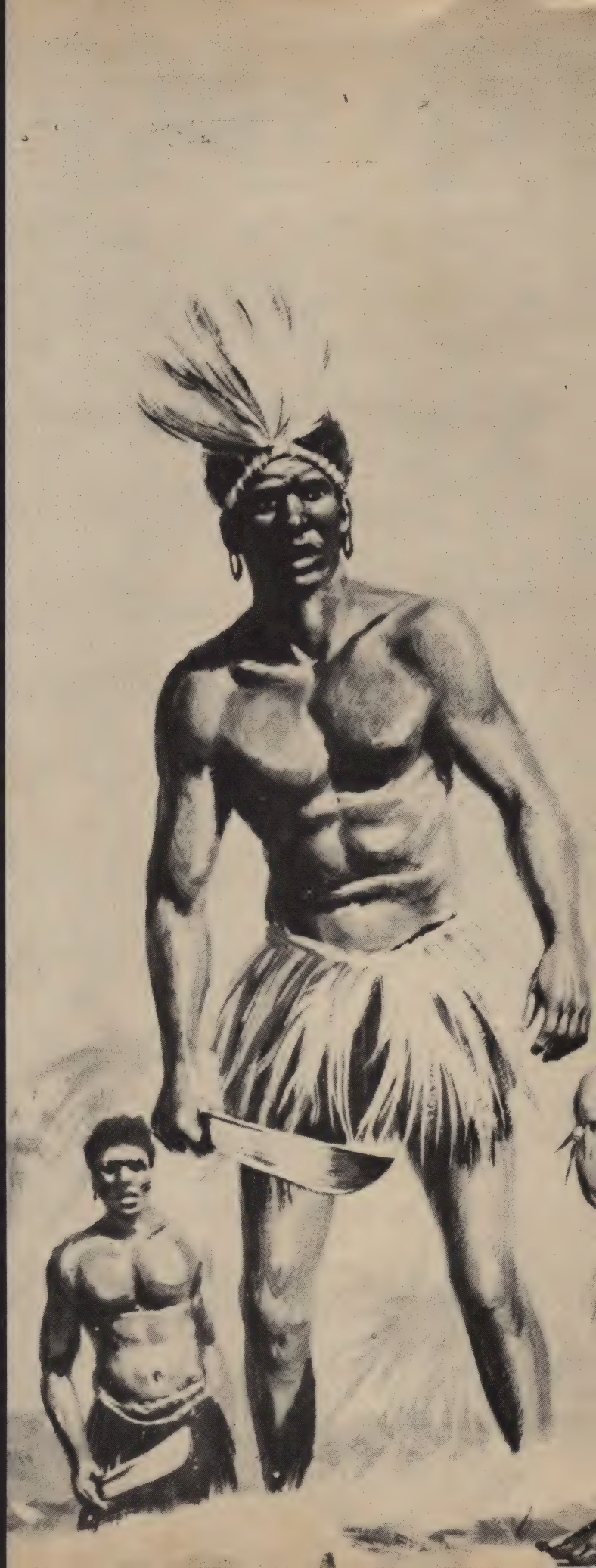
by DON ROBERTS

MUNDA POINT, NEW GEORGIA: Jerry McLean was pulling away from his strafing run on Bougainville's Kahili airstrip when he saw four Japanese Zeros paralleling the island's sandy beach.

"Tallyho!" McLean barked. He turned so violently that his wings were vertical to the ground. Locking behind a Zero, he raked it with .50-caliber tracers. The Japanese plane spouted flame, veered out of formation, and cartwheeled on the beach—exploding in a solid sheet of fire.

Marine Corps fighter pilot McLean, from squadron VMF-215 based at Munda Point on New Georgia Island, looked warily at his fuel gauge. Not enough gas! The last strafing run had been a luxury he'd permitted himself — compensation for being out of action for six weeks with near-fatal malaria. But now that he'd gotten into combat he'd spotted the Zeros at the worst possible time.

"I've lost the *(Continued on page 57)*



Shot down over Jap
territory, stranded without
food or water, McLean knew he had
to swim to the next island or die!
But racked with malaria, could
he make it? And if he did . . .
would the natives there help
him or turn him over
to the enemy?

Sportsmen, skiers, ranchers and policemen are joining the ranks of enthusiasts who say, "For fun, profit or sport, there's no business like snowmobile business!"

SPUTTERING FITFULLY, the little Cessna's engine began trailing smoke in the California sky. Pilot/owner Frank Davidson's passenger, Larry Ariego, gripped the window rim and glanced at the San Gabriel Mountains, less than than 1,000 feet below. Davidson's face went ashen as the prop suddenly hung dead. Except for the wind hissing through the struts, the only sound in the suddenly silent cabin was Ariego's heavy breathing.

"Strap in good and tight, Larry," Davidson said quietly. "We're going down."

"What, here? Hell, man, those are solid granite mountains down there! Can't we at least glide to the desert?"

"Not over Mount Baldy, we can't. And trying to turn back would cost us so much altitude that we'd just go down that much faster. This way, at least we can try to pick a spot for a crash landing. There was an early snow down there last week, so we'll go in at full flap and try to mush into a snowdrift. Here goes . . . hang on!"

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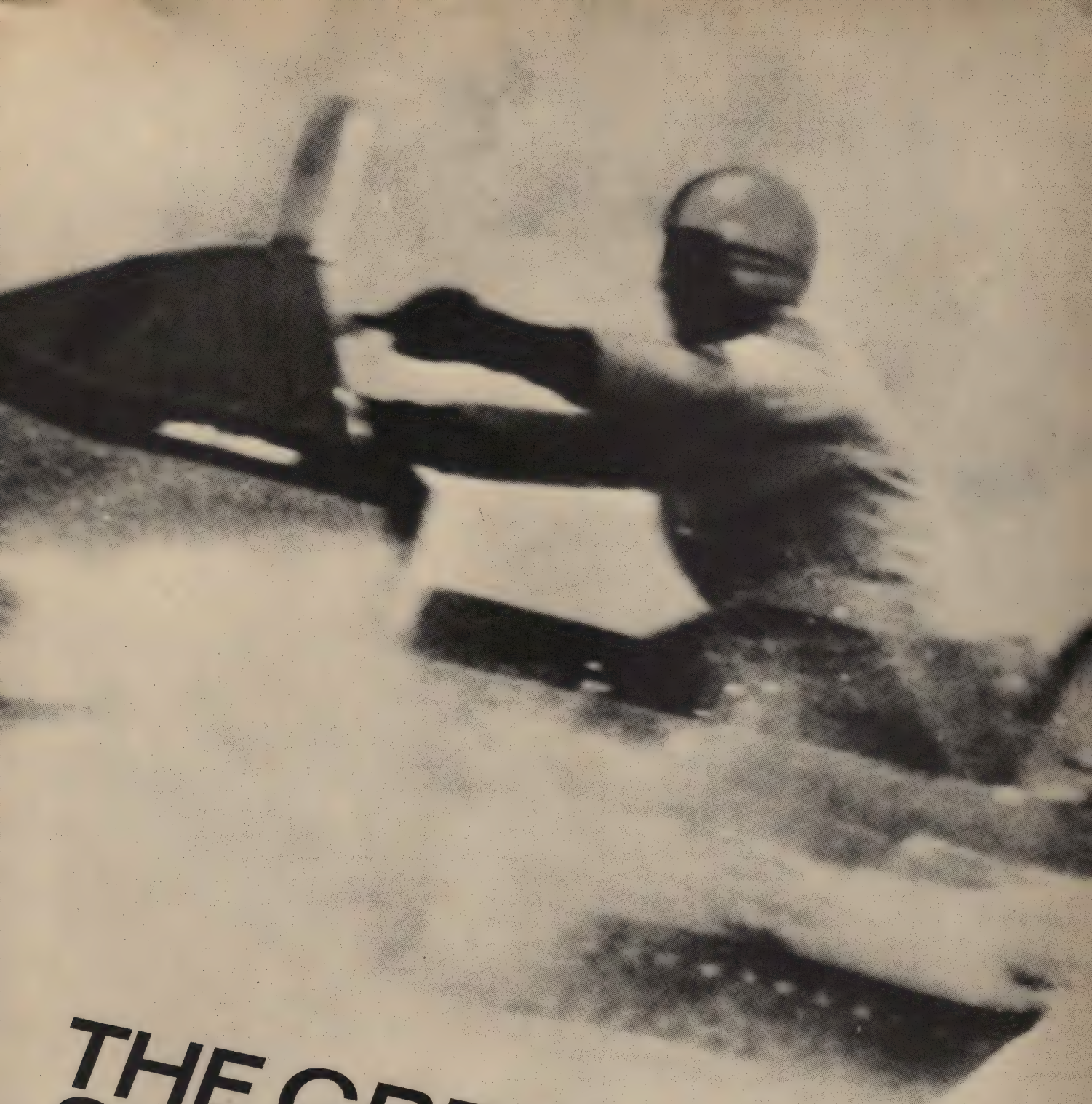


THE GREAT SNOWMOBILE EXPLOSION

by AL GRIFFIN

THE GREAT SNOWMOBILE EXPLOSION

continued

On the approach, Davidson brought the plane to almost a full stall in an effort to cushion the crash. But grasping underbrush tore at the plane's belly, and the leading edge of the starboard wing crumpled as it sheared a sapling. The plane slewed crazily and finally settled in a geyser of snow.

Davidson gasped in relief. "You okay, Larry?" he said.

"I guess so," Ariego said shakily. "At least, I don't think I have any broken bones." He looked out the window at the white-mantled desolation around them. "But where the hell are we?"

"On the eastern slopes of the Gabes, and as near as I can figure, about 10 miles from that ranger station we passed about five minutes ago. The radio is conked out, but trying to flounder through 10 miles of this snow would take us maybe a couple of days without snow shoes, so we might as well stay where we are. I'm sure that the Rangers saw we were in trouble, and they could have a ski patrol here within a few hours. Here, have a swig out of this thermos jug."

"What time you got?"

Davidson looked at his watch and shrugged. "It's 5:15," he answered. "But if nobody gets to us while there's still daylight, I've got some flares aboard. Relax."

Promptly at 5:38 a growing torrent of sound rent the silence. Davidson and Ariego leaped from the half-buried cabin and scanned the skies—but instead of a plane coming over the horizon, a sleek snow vehicle crested an outcropping and headed for the crash site. Within moments it roared up in a spray of white, and a helmeted forest ranger dismounted.

"Anybody hurt?" he called.

"No, we're okay," Davidson said. "Are you from the ranger station on the other side of the east pass?"

"That's right. I started out as soon as we saw you starting to go down." He patted the cowl of the ski-equipped vehicle. "Since we started using this baby, we can cover as much ground in half an hour as we could cover in half a day on skis and snowshoes. I'll use the CB radio to call in to let 'em know that we won't need the rescue cutter. Get your log and gear and hop on. This thing holds three."

The vehicle's engine thundered to life and they were off in a spate of flying snow. Halfway to the ranger station they were met by another man scooting towards them on a similar conveyance.

"I'M Jay Bresler," he announced. "I was out hunting over in the back mountains when I saw that plane heading in for an obvious crash landing, and I thought I'd come over to see if I could help."

"Thanks, but everything is under control," the ranger said. "How's the hunting?"

"Nothing yet," Bresler grinned. "But I've seen some good track, and I'm going farther in, now that I've got the machinery"—he patted his snowmobile —" "I've always needed to haul heavy game out of the woods without breaking my back."

"Those contraptions look like they're pretty practical," Davidson said admiringly. "Is this something new, or are there a lot of them around here?"

"Both," Bresler said. "And if you think that they're used heavily around here, you should see them in use in the resort areas like Lake Arowhead. They are so popular for sports use that they are getting a bigger play than the ski slopes and the ice skating facilities. In some areas they are outselling the

gets lineman to remote spot

helps Vermont officer to patrol

goes amphibious for touring couple

furnishes thrills for racing fans

Dunes Buggies and scuba equipment combined . . . right here in Southern California."

The phenomenon known as snowmobiling is unparalleled in the history of personal transportation. The snowmobile business is one of the fastest-growing young industries in the country. Sales have doubled every year since the industry began on an organized basis only five years ago, when fewer than 12,000 vehicles were produced by a handful of pioneers. There are now scores of manufacturers scrambling to get in on the remarkable sales explosion, and last year they produced over 200,000 units.

Lowell Swenson, who runs a company called Arctic Enterprises in Minnesota, made 1,100 snowmobiles in 1965 with 75 employees. During the 1968-69 season, Arctic built almost 20,000 and the payroll is now up to 900 people, which is pretty good for a town like Thief River Falls.

Alan Hetteen, of Polaris Industries, Roseau, Minnesota, watched his sales climb from a respectable $7,000,000 in 1966 to an astounding $25,000,000 last year. "Inasmuch as there are many more square miles of snow than of boatable water," he says, "I wouldn't be surprised if snowmobiles outnumber outboard motorboats in the not too distant future. Considering the mobility of Americans, the best estimates indicate that the majority of adults in the United States will have at least tried out a snowmobile by the end of 1970. From then on, the industry will *really* take off."

UNDERSTANDABLY, Hetteen is an optimist. In an effort to find out the reasons for the runaway popularity of snowmobiling, MAN'S sent a reporter to the early snow country in the Keweenaw Bay area, just south of Lake Superior. "Road" tests of various makes and models were conducted through the courtesy of William Hennefie, who runs a booming rental operation at Baraga State Park, west of L'Anse, Michigan.

The snowmobile looks like a cross between a toboggan and a motorcycle. Flexible dual skis up front are steered by a traditional motorcycle-type handlebar, where the left-hand thumb controls the brakes and the right-hand thumb, the throttle. That's it.

There are no gears to shift, no foot pedals. No license is required. MAN'S reporter took off on an initial "solo flight" after less than five minutes of instruction from Hennefie, and learned the intricacies of power cornering in less than half an hour (although not well enough to beat a 12-year-old girl who inveigled him into a race which cost him a hot chocolate.

Simplicity of the vehicle is undoubtedly an important factor in its booming popularity. It is easier to operate than the average riding-mower, so even a bright eight-year-old can do as well as his parents. Most winter sports, such as skiing and ice skating, require considerable training and practice, but almost anybody can learn to operate a snowmobile safely and efficiently in a single sunny afternoon.

Another reason for snowmobiling's popularity is that it can be a family sport of the first rank. Most models are designed for two people, with the passenger riding tandem behind the driver, as if on a motorbike. Special sleighs or "cutters" hooked up behind the snowmobile can tow extra passengers. Many families were seen at Baraga State Park with the mother riding backwards behind the father so as to face the cutters full of excited, yelling children.

MAN'S reporter got a real test of his "chicken blood" when he was invited to participate in the snow-country equivalent of water-skiing. The sport is adapted from the Scandinavian *skijoring*, where skiers are towed behind a galloping horse. In the snowmobile version MAN'S tested, the 35-foot towline and grab bar were from Hennefie's family boat.

NO crouching for a start, as in water skiing, is necessary. The snowmobile starts at a modest speed to get the skier used to the sensation, and about all he has to do is keep his knees slightly bent to absorb the trail shocks. As speed picks up, the towline tightens more than in water skiing, but otherwise the sport beats the water version hands down for thrills.

A water skier can be towed only at speeds fast enough to keep him from sinking, but any speed is applicable to mobile-joring, from five mph or less to 65 mph or more.

Even when going slowly, the sensation of speed is heightened not only by the proximity of the skis to the ground, but also by the closeness of trail-side trees and rocks as the skies zip past.

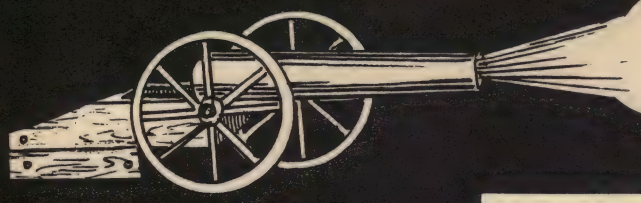
(*Continued on page* 77)

accommodates extra passenger

brings rescuers to injured skier

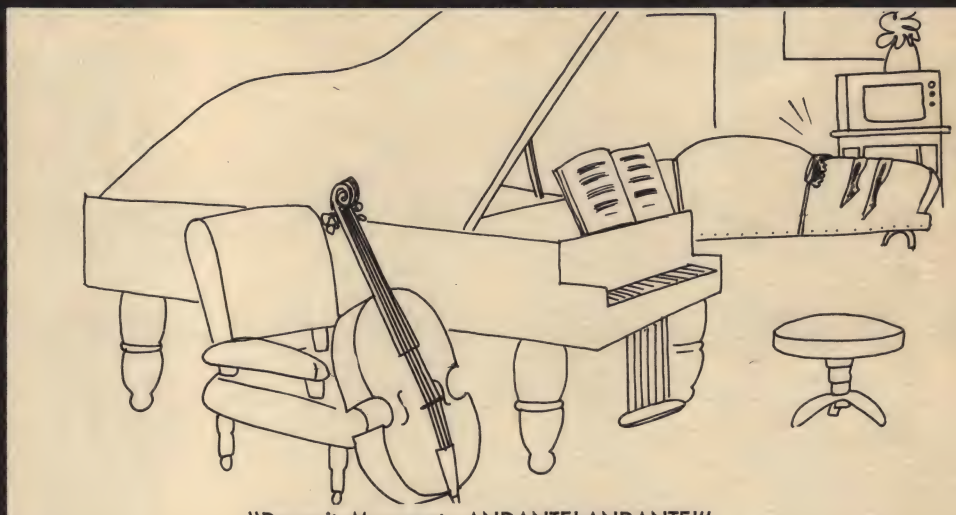
hauls feed to snowbound cattle

carries ice fisherman from one spot to another



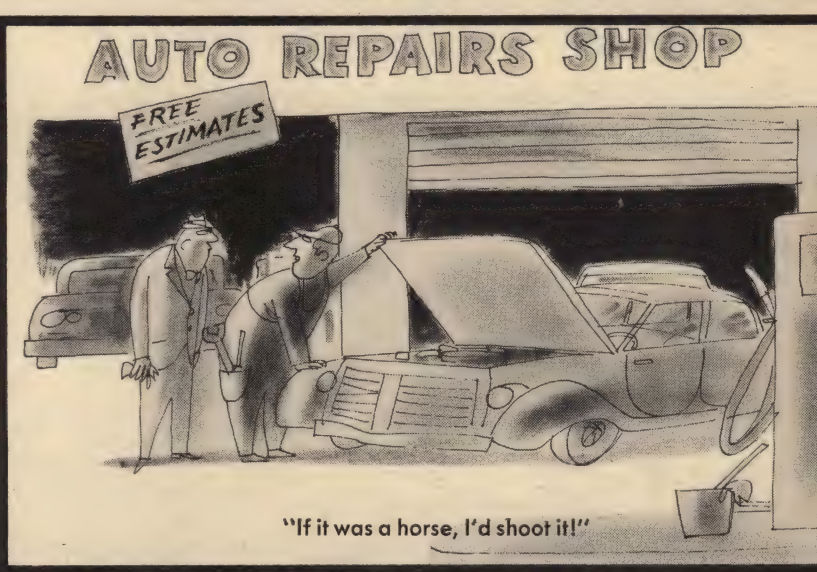
21 FUN SALUTE

ARTILLERY TO ART was the route of Lieutenant Czernowitz, a World War Two artillery officer in the Rumanian Army. After the war, Czernowitz became a cartoonist and illustrator (his work hangs in the Bucharest Museum of Art). In 1965, Czernowitz came to America, changed his name to Arno and continued his trade. These cartoons prove the ex-artillery officer is still on target! ▲



"Dammit, Margaret—ANDANTE! ANDANTE!"

"She suffers from irregularity—her husband is a traveling salesman."



"If it was a horse, I'd shoot it!"

"I sure hope you don't get the hiccups."

"Dear, the Man from Uncle is here!"

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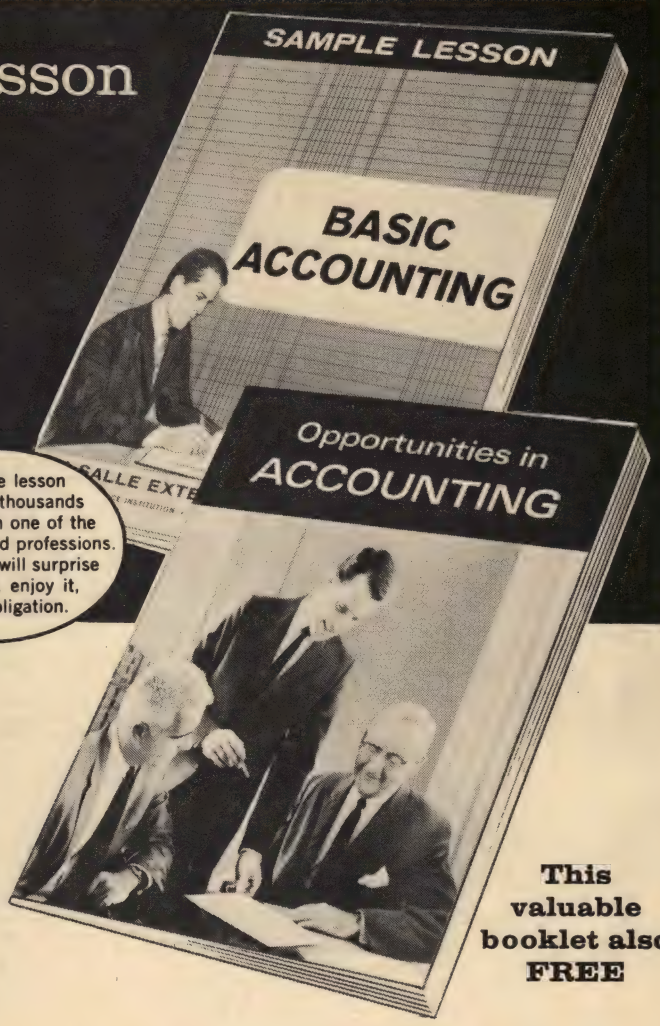

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Family Killers

(*Continued from page* 19)

Foundation Hospital and Clinic, has specialized in the study of seemingly motiveless murders. He has found that, in many cases, the killer's past history contains episodes of parental violence, extreme shyness, stuttering or some other speech defect. "Examination of the murderer himself," says Doctor Satten, "shows frequently that he had difficulty in distinguishing between reality and fantasy, and had a tendency not to feel angry or enraged in connection with aggressive action. Some showed ambiguous signs of organic brain damage. Such persons may pass as normal for a long time but are in fact human time bombs."

Doctor Lauretta Bender, of Creedmore State Hospital in Queens, New York, has concentrated her studies on 30 boys and girls from 5 through 15 who have been held responsible for the deaths of other persons. In Dr. Bender's opinion, severe mental illness could have been found prior to the act in about one-third of them, and dangerous behavior predicted. There were other surprising discoveries. Schizophrenia, organic brain disease or epilepsy was prevalent among the older boys. Younger children were more often implicated in arson and drowning, in situations where death could appear accidental and responsibility difficult to prove.

After the killing, many of the children suffered grief or depression and continued for years to be preoccupied with death and their own death-dealing powers. Guns or heavy objects were favored weapons, with knives a close third. While shootings in general appeared calculated and planned, murder by blows often started as an impulsive rage reaction and continued blindly, often long after the victim was dead.

The popularity of arson as a means of eliminating unwanted parents, brothers or sisters may, in part, be due to a juvenile fascination with fire. Law enforcement officers and fire prevention authorities aren't eager to discuss it, but a sizable number of rural families that perish in their tarpaper shacks during "accidental" fires may, in fact, be victims of an unknown arsonist among their kin. And, since large families abound in Appalachia and the rural South, murder occasionally becomes massacre . . .

Chuck and Ruby Bailey, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, had 13 children. Ruby herself had been one of 12, five of whom were dead, and Chuck's folks had 18 progeny. Chuck worked as a maintenance man for the Wood County Court, but the size of his family stretched his paycheck mighty thin. Still, as Sheriff Lee Bechtold and the Tygart School principal could have told any stranger to this livestock-and-industrial community in the Ohio River valley, the Baileys never looked for handouts, hadn't even been on the food stamp program. And, despite all those kids, Ruby Bailey always kept their one-story, six-room tarpaper house on 12th Avenue looking bright and neat.

What the locals say now over their hamburgers in Jimbo's Drive-In is that things wouldn't have happened the way they did if 15-year-old Susie Jane with her long legs and miniskirt hadn't begun dating her cousin Johnny, 19, who worked at the sawmill.

Susie Jane's parents had seen enough examples of close-kin inbreeding to conclude that it didn't help improve the stock. So, when the cousin gave Susie Jane a watch for a present, her mother took it from her and returned it. Susie Jane's father went further. "You gotta quit seein' Johnny," he growled at her. "If you don't, I'll make good an' sure by swearin' out a warrant for his arrest. And I'll have you packed off to some girls' school."

Susie Jane didn't tell him that she and Johnny had secretly become engaged two months before. Instead, according to a subsequent confession, she ran off to her brother Roger, 13, and quietly told him what she proposed to do . . .

That Saturday night, June 7, 1969, after the rest of the Bailey family were asleep, Susie Jane crept from her bed and awoke Roger. There was no sound but the distant hum and clatter in Jimbo's Drive-In, the steady chirp of crickets, and the equally rhythmic breathing of 12 slumberers — 13 if you counted Grandfather Obie Bailey, temporarily staying with Chuck after having recently been discharged from a hospital.

Susie Jane took a dishpan from under the kitchen sink, tiptoed outside, and siphoned gasoline into it from the truck her father drove for the county. Accompanied by Roger, she sloshed the liquid over the dining room with its nine chairs, then the front room, over the faded ornaments, the family Bible, the flowered wallpaper. She sloshed the stuff everywhere but in the bathroom.

Then Susie Jane lighted a paper bag at the kitchen stove and darted outside. A quick thrust of the burning paper through a broken window, and giant flames erupted within . . .

Grandfather Obie succeeded in clambering out the bathroom window, but when the fire trucks raced up, summoned by customers in Jimbo's Drive-In, the Bailey place was a roaring furnace . . .

"Those poor kids," Sheriff Bechtold was saying early Monday evening. He was thinking of how all alone Susie Jane and Roger must feel, having lost their family. The thought almost moved the sheriff to tears.

His phone rang. "Lee," came Assistant Fire Marshal Ed Roush's voice. "I been at the Bailey place all day, or what's left of it. You know my first determination was that a slow burn to ignition point, perhaps a smoldering mattress, was the situation? Well, now I don't think so. Too many severe-burn sites. There's clear indication an accelerant was used. Lee, that fire was set."

The sheriff's face tightened. He talked some more, than said, "Meet me at Car' Bailey's."

That's where Susie Jane and Roger had been taken, to their Uncle Carl's. Other Bailey relatives had gathered. They asked questions, sometimes falteringly, as if afraid of the answers. When the sheriff and fire marshal showed up the questioning became more intense . . .

Close to dawn, Susie Jane wept and talked. Both she and Roger were in the sheriff's custody on Wednesday, when they attended funeral services for their family. They didn't go to Bethel Cemetery on Elizabeth Hill, though, and were spared the sight of the caskets being lowered into the single long grave—six caskets, containing all that could be found of Chuck and Ruby Bailey and five sons and five daughters, from 6 months to 17 years.

A child's desire to kill his parents isn't as uncommon as we'd like to think. According to Doctor Karl Menninger, famed psychiatrist, "Every child has more than a few moments in which the only reasons why he doesn't swiftly dispatch his mother and father, sister or

"We could be having a ball on this cruise if we didn't have to bring our wives."

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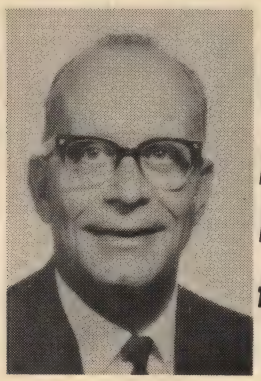

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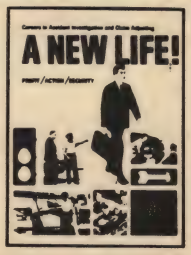

brother, or the whole lot of them, are at first, his lack of physical strength and later, the deterrent of conscience or fear." But the homicidal urge works both ways. The infanticide rate is soaring. The majority of cases involve obvious cruelty. More children are killed by abusive parents every year than die from leukemia, cystic fibrosis and muscular dystrophy.

But the alarming significance of the statistic showing that women outnumber men in child-killing is that too often the motivation is something far more common place than sadism. In many cases the child becomes a victim when the actual target of hate is an errant husband.

"Hatred, when it cannot be satisfactorily expressed towards the person who has given rise to it," says Dr. Menninger, is often transferred to someone else." Thus, when a woman feels hostile, useless or depressed because of a wayward mate, but too weak for direct action against him, she is all too apt to take it out on the kids. Wrapped in a dangerous mantle of melancholia, she stews in the juices of her own self-pity, becomes withdrawn, introverted . . . *and homicidal.*

The result is often a scalp-crawling war of nerves between a desperate wife and philandering husband, with the children's lives perpetually in the balance. After Denver Hargis, former U.S. congressman representing a district in Kansas, parted from his wife Charlene in July, 1965, she continued to phone him, threatening each time to kill Brenda June, 2, Debra Sue, 4, Michael David, 8, and Sandra Lee, 12, unless he abandoned his new love and came home. Each time Hargis assumed that he'd talked her out of it.

The "game" lasted three months. One weekend she visited his apartment to plead in person—and secretly pocketed his .25-caliber automatic pistol before leaving. About midnight on October 17, the ex-congressman heard her familiar, distraught voice on the phone again. This time it was no threat.

"Denver, I've killed the kids."

He was skeptical. "You're kidding, Charlene, trying to scare me."

"Sorry I bothered you." She hung up.

Minutes later she called again with the same grim news. This time Hargis called the police. A trooper who crowbarred open the patio door of the garden apartment in Laurel, Maryland, and peered through venetian blinds, saw a child's leg protruding from under the bedcovers. Mrs. Hargis had slain her children by shooting each one in the head.

This quadruple infanticide just north of Washington, D.C., was not a gruesome rarity in the suburbs of the nation's capital. The previous March, five miles away, a suburban housewife slew her three children and herself. And only two weeks later, the wife of a Falls Church, Virginia, school principal shot their four children and herself.

Charlene Hargis is now in an institution near her parents' home in Kansas Legal uncertainty plus psycho-medical confusion accounts for the fact that, in recent memory, no American mother has been put to death for slaying her offspring. On the other hand, fathers who butcher their brood run a greater risk of the electric chair or gas chamber.

Like Louis Monge, for instance, and Jose Suarez.

Monge disappeared for two months from his Denver, Colorado, home in 1961 then returned to his wife and 10 children claiming that he'd blacked out. During his absence, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, authorities had jailed him briefly for vagrancy. Otherwise his record was clean.

Monge found new employment as a household goods salesman, and demonstrated to all his neighbors on West 23rd Street that he was a devoted husband and father. He spent every weekend playing volley ball or ping-pong with the children, and was particularly fond of six-year-old Alan. No outward sign betrayed Monge's hidden fears. No one was prepared for the nightmare in the pink and green house opposite Merritt Memorial Church on June 29, 1963 . . .

With a three-pound hammer and a four-sided stiletto blade he killed his wife, 11-month-old baby and 4-year-old Vincent, washing each body and placing them side by side on a bed. He grew tired, but having gone this far, he couldn't stop now — *their were eight more to go.*

And the next was his favorite son, Alan . . .

The boy awoke as his father carried him to the basement. Monge hushed him back to sleep but he awoke again. He screamed *"Daddy,"* as the bar swooped down . . .

After that, his fourth killing, Monge knew that he couldn't complete the massacre. He called the police . . .

Monge wanted no long, drawn-out trial, nothing to prolong the ordeal of his surviving children. He craved a quick execution. But mercy has no function in the machinery of the law. On January 10, 1966, after repeated delays, Governor John Love of Colorado imposed another by staying all executions pending the outcome of the November 8 elections.

Monge was still on Death Row in the state penitentiary at Canon City, on April 25, 1966, when, 1,800 miles northeast, in a shabby six-floor brownstone in Brooklyn, New York, Jose Suarez entered his estranged wife's apartment and slew her and their five children, inflicting more than 100 stab wounds.

Suarez, like Monge, admitted his guilt.

But in the meantime, the U.S. Supreme Court had ruled that a defendant in custody must be apprised of his legal rights. Suarez hadn't been, because New York State laws didn't require it then. But the Supreme Court ruling was retroactive, and on February 20, 1967, the self-confessed family butcher walked out of the Brooklyn court, a free man.

One morning three months later, Louis Monge was strapped in the gas chamber chair and the door was sealed behind him.

As the rate of family-killing mounts, authorities are being forced to consider the phenomenon less as an unmentionable horror story than as an urgent, spreading social problem. One dilemma confronting the experts is how to avoid mistaking cold-blooded planning for mental breakdown under pressure. Often the two overlap. How can a killer himself know if his compulsions are purely criminal or tragically psychotic? Did David Hoskins know?

Initially, the setup resembled a traditional crime situation: the eternal triangle. In October 1966, Hoskins met a blonde named Esther Beckman and the two plunged into an illicit affair. The farming community of Kimball, Minnesota, knew Hoskins as a family man, a Sunday school superintendent and a member of a traveling church-music group called the Gospel Guitars. .

Hoskins felt his insides churn with guilt every Sunday, when he served holy communion. Though he'd just graduated as a Minnesota National Guard helicopter pilot, some of the old Bible fundamentalism drilled into him as a kid still lingered. He was haunted by the half-belief that if he persisted in his adultery, a bolt of divine lightning might strike him dead some Sunday before the altar . . .

He considered suicide. Once, after a tearful farewell to Esther at St. Cloud airport, he even tried to muster up enough courage to steer his chopper into some electric power lines.

The load on his mind grew heavier when the Fabri Tek Company, where Hoskins worked in St. Cloud, laid off its employes. Now Hoskins had money problems as well. He applied for a job as highway patrolman, but flunked the physical test. Hoskins, his wife Loretta and their four children lived on a rented "diversified stock" farm, but Hoskins wasn't working it. He grew moodier, unable to find employment . . .

August 17, 1967, began as the kind of day old Leo Hoskins liked. Leo's son David had driven over with Loretta, their 6-week-old boy, and their three girls, 7, 5 and 18 months. Leo's daughter, son-in-law and their four kids also came. The son-in-law helped Leo combine the oats and David bailed hay and sang gospel songs. Supper that night was noisy and gay. Afterward, Loretta asked David to go on home with the girls, saying that she'd stay behind to help his parents with the dishes . . .

When Loretta got home, Hoskin's had already put the girls to bed and was watching TV. She sat down beside him to nurse David, their only son. Loretta dozed, woke once to burp the baby, then dozed off again. Hoskins switched the TV dial from Johnny Carson to a late night movie—*Barabbas*, the story of the thief who escaped the Crucifixion. The film climaxes in a guilt-wrecked finale, in which Barabbas sets fire to Rome . . .

Hoskins turned to look at his sleeping wife. He remembered their wedding, on Saint Valentines Day, 1959, thought about their life together, their first pleasures, their later frustrations...

He turned back to *Barabbas*. Minutes later, he carefully released David from his mother's grasp and placed him in his crib. Then he found himself standing beside his wife with a rifle aimed just above her closed eyes.

He pulled the trigger.

Twenty minutes later the living room was doused with gasoline, and Hoskins was out back in the soybean patch attaching slip-knot loops of half-inch-thick rope to a pair of clothes poles. Then he raced to the garage, shoved another slug in the chamber of the single-shot rifle, tied it to the stove, attached a length of rope, and fired several test shots.

His object was to inflict wounds without telltale powder burns. Standing a dozen feet away, yanking each time on the rope, Hoskins shot himself in the right side and right shoulder. Clenching his teeth against the pain, he ignited the gasoline in his home, made it back to the clothes poles, and slipped his wrists into the loops . . .

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 11-13: UPI, WW; Pages 16-19: UPI, WW; Pages 24-25: American Intl., Pictorial Parade, UPI, PIX; Pages 26-27: Graphic House; Pages 28-31: UPI, NASA, WW; Pages 34-35: UPI; Pages 36-38: Galaxy; Pages 40-41: U.S. Department of Defense; Pages 42-45: Griffin.

The blaze devoured the living room and burst into the bedrooms. Hoskins was struggling frantically now, as if to free himself, but all he did was tighten the wrist loops. Then the pitiful screams from the house were lost in the crackle of flames . . .

Rural teen-agers heading home from St. Cloud saw the glow from three miles off. They gunned their jalopy to the fiery ruin, freed the blood-stained man spreadeagled in its crimson glare, and drove him to Bernie Mueller's Pearl Lake store.

"Oh, my God, Dave, What happened?" Mueller lowered the man he'd known for 20 years to the floor in front of a beer cooler, and started attending to his wounds.

"We heard a car door slam," Hoskins gasped. "Loretta and me . . . we were watching TV. I ran outside . . ." He shuddered, wincing. "A bunch of guys . . . 10, 12 . . . grabbed me, tied me up . . . set fire to the house . . ." He writhed suddenly. "Lemme go, Bernie, gotta get back . . . my wife and kids . . ."

But there was no more Hoskins home, and in less than a week there was hardly a sign that there ever had been. The debris was bulldozed away and fresh earth was leveled over the basement. No relic was left anywhere, except for a discarded doll's house—and the clothes poles.

All that remained of the Hoskins family — except David — occupied a single casket in Maine Prairie Cemetery, six miles north.

David Hoskins, confronted with evidence of his infidelity, confessed. He was convicted of second-degree murder and was sentenced to 40 years in Stillwater Prison . . .

Obviously, the rising torrent of such bloodletting might be checked if family disputes could be defused early enough. One experimental program just begun by the New York City Police Department and City College, under a $95,000 grant from the U.S. Department of Justice, involves training policemen to offer first-aid in potentially dangerous kinfolk squabbles. In the college's Psychology Center, a Family Crisis Unit has been established, where professional actors simulate family fights and police solve them as part of a specialized one-month course. One result of the project is that interracial police teams already are cruising in selected New York City precincts as round-the-clock Family Crisis Radio Patrols.

Across the country, school and health officials are showing concern. One young high school principal shocked by the high rate of family slaughter in his state was Robert Mayer, head of Leeds Ave. Elementary School in Pleasantville, New Jersey. Mayer was also a member of the Board of Directors of the Atlantic County Mental Health Association.

Especially alarmed at the prevalence of young slayers and suicides, Mayer had served as scoutmaster, operated the Little Indian Day Camp at nearby Somerville, and been a volunteer case worker for the Atlantic County Juvenile Court. He had also organized a workshop for juveniles under PTA sponsorship that earned him a commendation from FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover.

Early in April, 1969, Mayer was confronted with the complaint of a 9-year-old Leeds Avenue School pupil, a known "discipline problem," charging him with immoral conduct. On April 7, after his wife and three children had gone to bed, Robert Mayer killed them all with a .22-caliber revolver, and then fired a bullet into his own head. ▲

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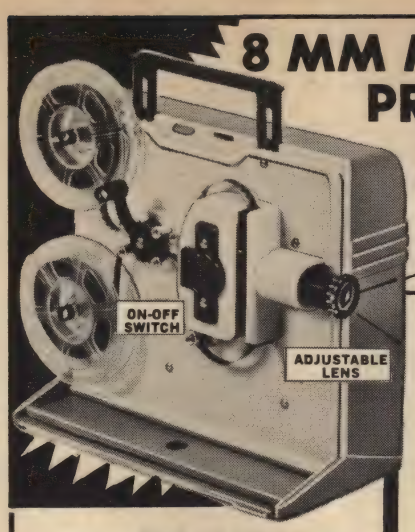

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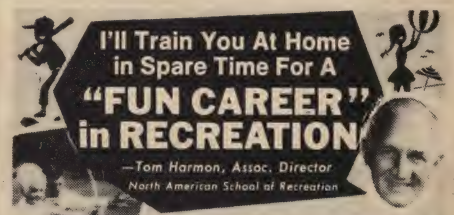

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LSD Czar

(*Continued from page* 35)

departments from coast to coast.

Owsley, now 35, is the black-sheep scion of an aristocratic Southern family. His late grandfather was a U.S. senator from Kentucky, and his father is a government official in Washington, D.C.

Raised in the horse-breeding, fox-hunting country of Virginia, he was expelled from the ninth grade of a private school in Arlington for "intoxication and bringing intoxicating beverages on campus." After graduating from Arlington's Washington and Lee High School, he joined the Air Force and served at Edwards Air Force Base in California.

He liked California so much that he returned after leaving the service, eventually becoming a student at the University of California at Berkeley. There he met a curvy coed who was majoring in chemistry.

Owsley and his new girlfriend, Melissa C—, set up housekeeping in a two-room apartment behind a vacant store in Berkeley. There they built a makeshift lab in the john, and Owsley founded a dummy firm, Bear Research Group. He used Bear Research as a front to purchase lysergic acid, the basic ingredients for LSD, from several chemical firms. Melissa had the technical skill needed to convert the acid into LSD capsules.

At that time, it was not illegal to sell or purchase lysergic acid, but the buyer was required to sign an affidavit that it was to be used for research.

Owsley and his mistress dropped out of the university in 1964 to devote full time to the drug manufacturing business. The LSD craze was then sweeping the country, and Owsley realized that there was gold in them thar pills. Within a year, he become the world's first LSD millionaire.

He turned out thousands of "Owsley tabs"—first white capsules, then bright blue ones, then a variety of colors with brand names such as "White Lightning," "Monterey Purple" and "Midnight Hour."

To advertise his products, Owsley often gave away free samples, frequently turning on hundreds of people at a time. He often received a standing ovation when he appeared at hippie gatherings. On one occasion, he sent an "LSD Bible" to some college rebels who had been jailed for a sit-in demonstration. They quickly located the LSD-saturated page of scripture, tore it up, ate it, and took off on an acid trip.

Though police raided Owsley's lab and picked him up several times for questioning, he operated openly until 1966, when new federal and California laws banned LSD.

By this time, Gary Bouldin had become one of his competitors.

With his knowledge of chemistry, Bouldin was able to set up his own LSD lab. He returned to San Jose State as a graduate student, planning to corner the campus drug market.

Police soon learned of this project and warned him not to try it. But according to narcotics detective, Bouldin sneered that California drug laws were "stupid and immoral." Although the cops suspected that he was making LSD in his home chemistry lab, they were never able to catch him in the act.

Eventually, Bouldin's drug research interfered with his studies, and he flunked out of graduate school. Then Bouldin and his new love, Patricia Ann Seeds, a baby-faced but maturely-built coed from Los Angeles, moved into a three-room apartment near the San Jose State campus.

Bouldin continued to make weekend trips to Haight-Ashbury, where he maintained contacts with several LSD salesmen, including John Kent (Shob) Carter, an unemployed flute player, and William Edward (Superspade) Thomas, the most important Negro dealer in the Hashbury. Narcotics sleuths received reports that Bouldin was supplying Shob, Superspade and other dealers with cut-rate acid that was almost as high in quality as the famed "Owsley tabs," but considerably lower in price.

In the spring of 1967, Owsley and Melissa drove across the country to peddle their wares in New York's East Village hippieland. They decided to visit Timothy Leary, high priest of the psychedelic drug cult.

State troopers stopped their car as they rolled along the scenic Taconic Parkway, about 40 miles south of Leary's rundown estate at Millbrook, N.Y. The cops pulled them over for a minor traffic violation, then noticed "a small substance wrapped in tinfoil" on the car floor.

A subsequent search of the auto and its trunk uncovered a $100,000 cargo of raw opium, LSD, goofballs, amphetamines, hashish, syringes, hypodermic needles and opium pipes. The troopers also found $11,000 cash in Owsley's possession.

Released on bail pending trial, the couple returned to California where more trouble awaited them. By this time, a crackdown on LSD was in full swing. Police and federal agents were hunting manufacturers of the now-illegal drug. And so were Mafia mobsters, who were muscling in on the lucrative racket.

In the summer of 1967, the big LSD boom ended and the bust began.

A Hashbury hippie told friends that LSD had made him "indestructible." To proved it, he jumped in front of a San Francisco commuter train and was killed instantly. Another acidhead plunged to his death from the top of a Marin County dam. Under the acid-induced delusion that she could fly, a naked girl walked out of the third-floor window of a hippie pad and died on the pavement below. Another girl blew her mind with LSD and never regained her sanity.

Shob Carter's blonde girlfriend read the headlines but didn't relate them to herself or her bearded, beaded lover. She figured that 24-year-old Shob would soon be as rich as Owsley, and that they would be able get out of acid and into matrimony.

On a warm, moist night in August, she and Shob squatted on the floor of his psychedelically-painted pad and carefully counted the day's proceeds. The LSD loot totaled $2,700—mostly in fives and singles.

The blonde left Shob's apartment next morning. When she returned that evening, she went screaming for the fuzz.

The place looked like a slaughterhouse.

There was blood everywhere—on the floor, on the overturned furniture, on the psychedelic walls. Shob lay sprawled on his back in the middle of the living room. He had been stabbed 12 times with a butcher knife. His money was gone—and so was his right arm, which had been chopped off at the elbow.

Also missing was Shob's battered black Volkswagen—known in the Hashbury as "Carter's Little Pill Wagon." An alarm was sent out for the car and a policeman spotted it the next day, 35 miles north of San Francisco.

The car, bearing plates stolen from another auto, was driven by Eric Dahlstrom, 23, a daredevil motorcycle racer. Beside him on the front seat was a blue airline bag. The cop opened it and recoiled in horror. It contained Carter's right forearm. Dahlstrom also carried a $2,657 bankroll which police said had been stolen from Shob.

Charged with murder, Dahlstrom calmly confessed to killing Carter after a nightmare LSD trip fueled by a bad dose that he had bought from Shob.

Dahlstrom told a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter that he went to Carter's apartment and stabbed him during a struggle. "He was convulsing as he went down," Dahlstrom said. "That's why I stabbed him some more. Maybe a little too much. I hadn't had life in my hands before like that.

Asked why he had cut off Carter's forearm, Dahlstrom replied, "The hand is a man's history.

"I'm a Cancer," he added in an astrological afterthought. "I'm not a hard person, normally."

Two days after Shob Carter's murder, two hikers noticed a sleeping bag dangling from a cliff 200 feet above the Pacific near Sausalito, California. They hauled it up, opened it, and called the cops.

Inside the bag was the bloody corpse of Superspade Thomas. He had been stabbed and shot while on his way to make a $40,000 LSD pickup.

"Watch for a sweep around right end."

Superspade's pals in the Hashbury theorized that he had been killed by Mafia gangsters who were trying to take over his business. Whether this was true or not, the rub-out seemed to bear the earmarks of a gangland ride. And it did succeed in driving other LSD dealers underground.

Bouldin was badly shaken by the murders of Shob and Superspade. When a friend called at his San Jose apartment, he opened the door with a gun in his hand.

"Sorry," Bouldin apologized. "But in my business you can't be too careful."

His confidence cracked still more in December, 1967, when Owsley was arrested again. By this time, Owsley had moved from his shabby Berkeley pad to a two-story mansion in fashionable Orinda, 35 miles east of San Francisco.

Federal agents raided his new home on December 21 and seized drugs worth $11,000,000 on the illegal market, including a half-pound of pure LSD and a half-pound of STP, an even more powerful hallucinogen.

Pat Fuller, western director of the Federal Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, said the house contained "a very sophisticated chemical laboratory."

Two weeks after Owsley's arrest, Bouldin also was grabbed by the long arm of the law. He was charged with forging a prescription for narcotics.

He had previous arrests for armed robbery, battery and practicing medicine without a license (a charge resulting from a batch of "cold medicine" he brewed in his home lab and gave to some neighbors who became ill), but got off with nothing more than a $50 fine on the battery conviction.

With police cracking down and the mob muscling in on the psychedelic drug traffic, Bouldin decided it was time to move to greener pastures. "The scene's finished here," he told a friend. "I'm splitting to Europe. That's where the action is now."

Soon after, Bouldin and pretty Pat Seeds left the country. They arrived in Madrid in February, 1968, and then joined a large hippie colony on the Spanish island of Majorca.

In the spring of 1968, the U.S. Narcotics Bureau received word that Bouldin was planning to become a major dope smuggler. He had been flashing a fat bankroll and making inquiries about the best places to buy hashish, raw opium and such opium-based drugs as morphine and heroin.

All European offices of the Narcotics Bureau and the police of several European nations were alerted. When Bouldin and his girlfriend turned up in Germany in the fall of 1968, their baggage was thoroughly searched. But no drugs were found.

Undercover agents reported that Bouldin contacted drug users and pushers in Berlin's hippie community. After a few weeks there, he bought a small car. Then he and Pat set out on the final leg of their odyssey.

Their destination was Turkey, the mecca of dope smugglers.

Almost 90% of all heroin smuggled into the U.S. originates in Turkish poppy fields. Turkey also is a major producer of hashish, an Oriental derivative of the marijuana plant.

One of the largest overseas offices of the U.S. Narcotics Bureau is located in Istanbul, and its undercover agents handle the bureau's most dangerous assignments. The Istanbul office has the highest casualty rate of any U.S. Narcotics Bureau office in the world.

"When our agents confront dope smugglers in Turkey," says a high-ranking Narcotics Bureau official, "there is almost always a gunfight."

Turkish poppy growers are required by law to sell all their opium to the government, which converts it to medicinal morphine. In recent years, however, as synthetic drugs have replaced morphine in many hospitals, the official price paid Turkish farmers for opium has dropped from about $12 a pound to approximately $5. So the poppy growers have begun selling more and more of their crop to underworld buyers.

According to federal agents who kept tabs on his activities, Bouldin arrived in Istanbul with $5,000 cash to spend on opium, heroin and hashish. He had no trouble finding all he wanted at bargain rates.

On December 19, 1968, a package from Turkey arrived in the San Francisco post office. The label on the parcel said that it contained a book. When a Customs agent examined the volume, he immediately noticed that it was heavier than it looked. He opened the book and discovered that the pages had been cut out and replaced with dried flowers and leaves.

Narcotics agents quickly determined that the book contained three pounds of Turkish hashish, worth several thousand dollars on the underground market. The man to whom the package was addressed said it was a "Christmas present" from his old pal, Gary Bouldin.

The San Francisco office of the Narcotics Bureau notified bureau headquarters in Washington, D.C. Then a message was sent to the Istanbul office, whose agents already had Bouldin under surveillance. Turkish police were asked to pick up Bouldin for questioning and eventual deportation to the U.S. on a charge of smuggling dope through the mails.

Shortly before noon on December 28, nine days after the hashish shipment arrived in San Francisco, Bouldin and his girlfriend parked their car near the Istanbul waterfront. As they got out of the car, a uniformed policeman approached and asked to see their auto registration papers.

The policeman was accompanied by a short, swarthy man wearing a sport shirt and slacks. When the young couple couldn't produce proof that they owned the car, the uniformed cop turned them over to his companion, who identified himself as a detective.

The patrolman returned to traffic duties, and the detective escorted Bouldin and Pat to the waterfront police station, near the huge Marine Terminal.

As they started to enter the station, Bouldin suddenly pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot the detective in the head, killing him instantly. Then grabbing Pat's hand, the dope merchant ran toward the terminal.

Police spilled out of the station and chased the couple, but were unable to fire because of the noontime crowds on the street.

Bouldin and Patricia fled into a restaurant on the ground floor of the terminal building. A waiter who tried to stop them was knocked down. Several customers jumped up from their tables to see what was happening.

Drawing a second revolver, Bouldin shot up the restaurant, killing two customers—an official of the Turkish Maritime Bank and a warehouse executive—and wounding at least a dozen others.

Before the pursuing police could reach him, he and Pat dashed through a side door of the restaurant into the terminal lobby. They took an elevator to the terminal's top floor, then ran up a short flight of stairs to the roof.

For four hours, the two-gun desperado held more than 50 cops at bay. When they tried to rush him, he killed a police superintendent and a detective, bringing the death toll to five—three cops and two civilians.

Two American narcotics agents sped to the scene and tried unsuccessfully to persuade Bouldin to surrender.

"Go to hell, Narcos," he shrieked. "If you want me, come on out and get me."

Finally, the police did just that. Officers in bulletproof vests kicked open the door and sprayed the rooftop with machine-gun fire.

Flushed from his hiding place behind a chimney, Bouldin came out with both revolvers blazing. Machine-gun slugs stitched a red line across his Mao shirt, and he staggered over to an air shaft, tumbled into it, and crashed to the basement.

He was buried in a Protestant cemetery on the outskirts of Istanbul.

Patricia Seeds, hysterical but unhurt, was jailed on a variety of charges, including suspicion of drug smuggling. Turkish authorities arrested several other suspected smugglers, including some Danish and Swedish hippies, Iranian tourists and a German travel agent. In the German's room, police found a wig, a false mustache and beard, some LSD, and a notebook containing a scientific formula for converting raw opium into heroin. The formula had been stolen from the Science Department of Istanbul University.

Investigators said that Bouldin had been negotiating to buy the formula from the travel agent. "That piece of paper," he had reportedly boasted, "will make me a millionaire." ▲

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Sal Mineo

(*Continued from page* 24)

trouble around here!" Suddenly the officer gasped—he had recognized a face in the gang.

"What are *you* doing here?" he asked. "You aren't one of them. You're Sal Mineo, the actor! What are you doing—making a movie?"

Sal exchanged a knowing smile with the members of the club. Adjusting his black Angels' cap, complete with chains and insignia, he turned toward the officer.

"These are my friends," he said. "I'm not making a movie, but I am writing a screenplay—about the Angels. They told me that they could get busted just for riding their bikes, and I came along to see if they were right. I guess they are."

"Now wait a minute," the cop said, perhaps sensing complications. "I don't want any trouble with you guys. Just keep on moving and we'll forget the whole thing."

"We'll keep moving," Sal answered. "But we'll remember that there's nothing to forget—except that you tried to bust us for no reason."

As the officer glared at Sal, the Angels mounted up and sped down the road.

Riding with the Hell's Angels is only one episode in the exciting off-screen life of Sal Mineo, a life driven by an unending thirst for adventure.

"I like to move," Sal told MAN'S in an exclusive interview. "I like to be where it's at, to find out what's happening and try it myself. Sometimes, I guess that means danger and excitement. I think the greatest danger of all is that I'll try anything once—short of murder."

Anything—short of murder—has included bullfighting, cycling, and drugs.

"I've learned," Sal says, "not to take people's word for things. You get too much attitude, too much bull----. I want to get the truth, and the only way I can get it is to experience things myself. Take the Angels, for example.

"Long before they started getting all the publicity, I got interested in them. They seemed like they'd be good material for a screenplay, and I like to write—novels, short stories and things—and I wanted to try a script about the Angels. I knew, though, that the only way I could do it would be to get to them myself.

"I spoke to some of the guys and I told them what I wanted to do. There had been a lot of crap written about them, and I was objective. They let me ride with them, and I did everything that they did. I went to one of their initiations, and it wasn't nearly as hairy as the publicity makes it out to be. The whole thing reminded me of a gang we used to have in the Bronx when I was a kid."

The gang in the Bronx, where Sal Mineo was born, was pretty wild itself!

"We were just kids," Sal recalls with a smile, "and we were always getting into trouble. It wasn't anything really terrible — mostly things like breaking windows, stealing small things for just the hell of it. But I bet if I tried it today, I'd get busted in a hurry."

In addition to his gang activities, Sal was a problem case at school.

"Sal is a bright boy," one grade school teacher wrote on his record, "with great potential. Too often, though, his energy is channeled in the wrong directions."

It was a rare week when Sal wasn't brought into the prinicpal's office for fighting—and on those rare weeks, he was usually brought in to meet police officers who wanted to question him about his gang's activities.

"I was a hood," Sal explains. "The school would call home, or the cops would, and my family couldn't stop me. Finally I got brought into court."

"This boy will be sent to a correctional institution," the judge told Sal's parents, "unless an alternative can be found." Social workers assigned to Sal's case felt he was causing trouble because he was bored, rather than emotionally disturbed, and they searched for a way to channel his energy.

"They told my mother that she should send me to a school in Manhattan where I could study acting. I'd never thought about it before, and taking singing and dancing lessons turned me off," Sal remembers.

Soon his resentment passed, and Sal began to take an interest in his classes. "They thought it would keep me busy," he remembers, "too busy to raise hell—and they were right."

His teachers felt that Sal had acting ability, and they urged him to get an early start on a career. A director spotted him, and he was signed for the role of the young king in *The King And I.* That show led to TV work — and to Hollywood.

"I was just a kid when I came to Hollywood," Sal recalls. "But I knew what I was doing. If I made a picture and it was good, I knew it. If it stunk—and some of them did — I knew that, too."

Many of Sal's films, most in fact, were good ones. Among them were *Rebel Without A Cause,* for which he received his first Oscar nomination, *Giant* and *Somebody Up Their Likes Me.* In *Rebel* and *Giant,* Sal starred with the late James Dean, one of his closest friends. Dean's tragic death in a car accident on September 30, 1955, so deeply affected Sal that he didn't see *Rebel* until 15 years later when Joey Bishop surprised him with a clip from the film when Sal was a guest on his show.

"Jimmy had a tremendous influence on my life," Sal says. "He taught me to be myself, to forget about what people wanted from me and to do what I had to do."

Sal, James Dean, Nick Adams and several other young Hollywood formed a clique during the Fifties, a clique that was scandalous to some. All of them shunned the usual Tinsel Town routine of parties and "being seen," preferring to spend their time at motocycle and car races.

So far as the public was concerned, though, Sal could do no wrong. He was one of the hottest stars in Hollywood.

That popularity, as is often the case, wasn't to last forever. By the late Fifties and early Sixties, Sal's career had gone into a sharp decline.

"I went through a time," Sal candidly admits, "when my name was mud in Hollywood. I'd always played a certain kind of role, a young troubled kid, and those roles weren't popular any more. I was getting older, and nobody wanted to give me a chance to try anything else. I found that when I wasn't working, I wasn't on the party lists either. I had a choice to make. I could sit back and feel sorry for myself, blaming Hollywood for having exploited me, the way some people do, or I could live. I decided to live and to forget about self pity."

Living, for Sal, meant following his urge for something new and exciting whenever and whatever it led him. He pursued a long-time interest—bullfighting.

"I first became interested in bullfighting when I was doing a TV show based on a Hemingway story," Sal says. "Yul Bryner was directing, and had me watch a lot of screenings of films about bullfighting, and I said to myself, 'Wow—I'd like to try that.' "

Sal met Luis Miguel Dominguin, the great bullfighter, and he got his chance. Sal found himself matching wits and strength with a 600-pound bull. Friends and spectators were nervous and worried, and they pointed out that Sal could get killed.

But if Sal Mineo was going to die, it would happen doing something he wanted to do. Basing his technique on the film clips he'd seen and the practical advice he'd received from Dominguin, Sal stood firm.

The bull charged, and Sal suddenly found himself lifted off his legs and thrown. It would have been enough to make most beginners quit, thankful that they hadn't been gored. But not Sal. He got up and the bullfight continued.

"I was knocked down a few times," Sal remembers, "but I was never gored. I wasn't frightened—not until I saw the pictures later."

A high point in Sal's career — and a second nomination for an Oscar, making him the youngest actor to be twice nominated—came with his role in *Exodus.* Sal visited Israel several times after the film was completed, visiting border settlements where clashes with Arabs were a daily occurrence. *Exodus* also introduced Sal to Jill Haworth, his co-star in the film.

"Jill," Sal says, "is a groovy chick. I really dig her. We were engaged for a while, and we still keep in close touch. My work keeps me on the Coast a lot, and she's in New York. But when we get together, we can just pick up right where we left off. It seems as if we didn't leave off at all."

Another of Sal's love affairs didn't go so well. In 1967, 20-year-old Susan Ladin, a girl he'd been dating, reportedly tried to kill herself when Sal stopped seeing her. She called and told him that she'd taken an overdose of pills, and Sal rushed to her apartment—arriving just in time to see the ambulance pull away. It was the first of two suicide attempts that Susan allegedly made because of her love for Sal.

"I felt terrible the first time," he recalls. "Really down. It's a terrible thing to think that somebody, some human being, tried to end his own life because of you. The second time she tried it, though, I got bored with it.

"When you play the same game twice, it loses some of the excitement. The whole idea of suicide, of that kind of self-destruction, really turns me off more than anything else. After that, I think I cooled it with having a steady chick."

Sal, however, was as popular with the opposite sex as ever. He posed for a nude portrait painted by Harold Stevenson, known for his portraits of El Cordobes and other bullfighters. Stevenson's portrait was so huge that it had to be shipped to Europe in gigantic panels for a Paris exhibition.

The Paris exhibit caused a sensation, and lines of women formed daily, all eager for a peek at their favorite. An elderly countess from Italy, well known for her collection of erotic art, reportedly offered a five-column sum for just one panel of the portrait—providing she had the right to pick the panel of her choice!

But portrait sitting, for Sal, wasn't exciting enough. He began hanging out on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip, getting

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involved in the hippie scene that was starting to grow.

As always, Sal made it plain that he was interested as a man — rather than as a thrill-seeking movie star. He found himself at parties, watching the Strip crowd turn on with pot and trip with LSD—and as always, Sal decided to try it himself.

"I took LSD about 15 times," he admits, "It was kind of trippy—I got into this whole intellectual thing. I tried mescaline, too, and it was pretty scarey. I saw that I wasn't going anywhere with it, so I stopped it. Now I can get higher *without* drugs. I can groove on my own thing.

"Stuff like LSD can be dangerous, I guess, but our attitude about pot is ridiculous. We know it doesn't hurt the body, and it's still illegal. Liquor can ruin your liver, really mess you up... but for some reason, that's okay. We should face the facts—pot should be legalized.

"It's like everything else. When you make a whole mystery out of it, when you create a taboo, people can't wait to try it. Once they know it's there, that it's available, they don't want it as much. I don't bother with drugs — my own thing turns me on more."

Sal's "own thing," at the moment, is a new career as a director. He directed the play *Fortune And Men's Eyes* in Los Angeles, and he brought his production of the play to New York early this fall.

"I was pleased to see the play get good reviews," Sal says. "It gave me a lot of satisfaction. I'd always wanted to direct —I remember how I used to watch directors and study their techniques when I was just getting started as an actor.

"I like this play because it has something to say about a subject I have very strong convictions about. As an American, I feel very guilty about our penal system. Sending a guy to the kind of jails we have is like sending him to hell."

"We have a right to punish criminals, to censure them. It's our duty, of course, to protect ourselves and society in general. But you don't help anyone by dehumanizing him, and that's just what happens when a guy gets sent to one of our jails.

"I've known people who experienced some terrible things in prison, and when I decided to direct *Fortune*, I went around to various prisons and talked to people. I came away with a realization that sickened me and made me feel guilty—guilty and ashamed. Murder is a crime, and with conditions the way they are in our penal institutions today, we're all guilty of mass murder."

Sexual, emotional and physical sadism were depicted in Sal's production, and although he had originally planned to limit his role to that of director, he found himself on stage in the leading role when one of the actors came down with a serious throat ailment that necessitated his leaving the cast a few days before the show was to open.

As a result, Sal starred in the play in Los Angeles as well as directed it. His performance, like his direction, was praised by the critics, although some reviewers found both his performance and direction shocking. Sal appeared in the play's controversial nude scene.

"The play is real," Sal says, commenting on the on-stage nudity, "and I've done my best to keep it real and powerful. Rather than using nudity for sensationalism. I've used it to tell the truth, to shock the audience into understanding what's happening."

"I'm sure that some people were shocked by the show—I hope they were. People aren't dumb. You can see nudity in the movies, in magazines and on the stage. The sight of a naked body, male or female, isn't that much of a novelty today, although some people try to exploit it.

"But the public, the audience, is smart. You can't expect them to buy a ticket just to see a naked ass. Once all the excitement about nudity is over, the sight of a fully dressed man and woman kissing on a movie screen will be a novelty —wait and see."

Whatever the future of films and the theater may be, Sal Mineo will be part of it. "I'm cooling it with acting for a while," he says. "There are some other thing I want to do."

The other things include movie-making, another interest of Sal's. He already has filmed a documentary about prison conditions, and has recently completed a screenplay on the subject which will be produced for Hilltop Productions, entitled *Midnight And The Moving Fist*. Sal will direct that film. He has received offers to direct for the major studios, but Mineo is reluctant to commit himself too far into the future.

"It took me a lot of time to find out what I wanted," Sal explains. "To find the one thing that really gives you satisfaction isn't ever easy. I like directing, because the director pulls everything together. He molds it, shapes it—and he can get his feelings across.

"You have to do what's best for you, and what you believe in—that's why I directed *Fortune*. I knew people would talk about me and the nudity. But the play meant something to me—something a lot more important than talk."

Like the rebels in his early film roles, Sal Mineo has fought a lifelong battle against tradition and the status quo. At 30, he has proven that his talent and determination are strong enough to withstand the tests that many Hollywood personalities fail.

As a teen-ager, Sal started on top with starring roles, fan clubs and the star treatment with which Hollywood pumps egos, only to burst them. By his middle twenties, Sal was considered a "late show" face in the movie industry, and the same studios and producers for whom he had made millions of dollars treated him like a forgotten man.

But Mineo hadn't merely been cast as a rebel—he was a rebel, and rather than be put down by the system, he chose to fight it on his own terms—and to win. After knowing what it means to be ready to accept any offer, Sal, today, can pick and choose—and he's chosen to concentrate on his new career as a director and writer.

"I can pick and choose," Sal explains, "because I've been through everything once already. That way I know what the choices are. My whole attitude has been to explore everything, and I was trying to find something I wanted to do, something important. Directing, for now, seems to be it."

Just how long Sal's new career as a director will last remains to be seen, but the chances are it will be until he finds something more exciting, more personally satisfying.

He's found part of that satisfaction in experimenting with "what's happening," following his love of excitement wherever it took him. Sometimes it brought him into danger, but always Sal went back for more.

While filming *Escape From Zahrain*, Sal was seriously injured when he and co-star Madlyn Rhue tripped on location, setting off a string of detonating caps used to stimulate machine-gun fire. Seriously burned, Sal was rushed to a hospital for treatment.

Studio officials knew that if Mineo wanted, he could have held up production indefinitely — something that injured actors have been known to do from time to time to "punish" the studios for carelessness.

Doctors urged Sal to rest, but their words of advice were still echoing when, after a brief recuperation, he returned to the picture, jokingly telling reporters that he "got a bang" out of the accident.

To Sal, it was a part of life—another experience to remember and to draw from as an artist.

In the same way, Sal Mineo has viewed the ups and downs of his life and the triumphs and failures of his career. Being up and being down, he feels, are both part of life, and living life to the fullest is his idea of "where it's at." ▲

"Yes, we'd like a bite."

Back From the Dead

(*Continued from page 40*)

other guys!" McLean thought aloud, his voice muffled by the oxygen mask. "I haven't got enough fuel to get home!"

The lean, black-haired pilot from Tacoma, Washington, banked violently again to a new course that would take him across the flak-ridden skies of Japanese-held Bougainville. In a corner of his vision he saw two Zeros maneuvering out over the water.

"What the hell happened to the third one? There's another Jap somewhere. He must be trying to—"

WHAM! WHAM!

Jerry McLean's F4U Corsair fighter trembled beneath him. His body lurched forward as the unmistakable impact of cannon shells blew out the metal armor plate at his back.

Black smoke churned in the cockpit. Sucking in a gulp of oxygen, McLean craned his neck to see the third Zero racing past his port wing tip. He easily distinguished the wide grin on the face of the Japanese pilot.

"I'm on fire!" McLean was knocked around savagely as the plane staggered in mid-air. The engine coughed, halted, and then came back to life. He felt raw heat increasing at his back as flames groped toward his seat, his clothing, his parachute.

Moments before, he'd been part of a four-plane "division" led by VMF-215's Major Harold "Rusty" Steele from Providence, Rhode Island—assigned to reconnoiter the huge Jap airbase on Bougainville and strafe its defenses. Now, his eyes watering from the smoke that surged around him, McLean could not even see the *sky*—let alone the other Corsairs from his outfit.

What a hell of a way to get it! Dizziness racked him. Was it from the smoke, or had he not recovered completely from the malaria that had kept him out of combat until today? He didn't know.

He ripped off the useless oxygen mask. If he didn't open the Corsair's big plexiglass canopy, the smoke would suffocate him. But if he did open it, the windblast might fan the flames at his back, engulfing him in an inferno.

What happened to the Zeros? They must be behind me, getting ready to—

McLean told himself he had no choice. His senses were dimming, his vision beginning to blur. The Corsair wallowed drunkenly through the air, course and altitude no longer known to the pilot. At the risk of triggering a flash fire that would consume him, McLean curled his legs around the control stick and reached up with both hands to discard the heavy glass canopy.

Wind rushed into the cockpit at deafening volume, battering him brutally. Still, the dreaded explosion of flames didn't come. Some smoke escaped and Jerry McLean filled his lungs with clean air, then turned to look around.

He was lower than he'd thought. He saw the shadow of the gull-winged Corsair racing across whitecapped sea just ahead. He'd left Baugainville behind and the Jap fighters were nowhere in sight.

Maybe they were low on fuel, too . . .

He saw no sign of his wingmen. Nervously, he tested the radio. "This is Blue Seal Three! I've taken some hits and—" He broke off in mid-sentence. His earphones were dead. The radio was worthless.

The fear gripping Jerry McLean's mind was that, of all the places in the Solomon Islands to go down, he couldn't

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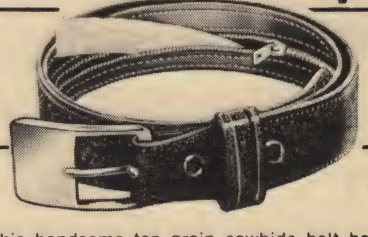

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have picked a worse spot. Behind him, Bougainville was teeming with more than 20,000 Japanese troops, and there wasn't an inch of ground where he could descend without being captured — that is *if* the enemy were in a mood to take prisoners.

His base at Munda Point, New Georgia, was more than 120 miles away—and the Marine flier knew his Corsair would not stay airborne more than a few minutes. Before, he'd worried about having too little fuel. Now he wondered if the gas fumes in his near-empty tanks would explode.

Rushing up at him from the sea ahead, the pilot saw the dense, varicolored jungles that shrouded the island of Rekata—not much better than Bougainville, really, since it, too, was occupied by Japanese forces.

There was supposed to be an island somewhere in this part of the Solomons where an Australian coast-watcher lived and worked for the Allies, but in his state of near-panic Jerry McLean couldn't remember where it was. His flying charts were a crumpled mess on the floorboards, beginning to ignite as fire continued to rage around him.

While he was trying to figure out what to do next, the decision was made for him. The Corsair's huge Pratt and Whitney engine belched smoke, began to run rough again, and then stopped—finally and inexorably.

The big four-bladed propeller came to a halt feet in front of McLean's face and he felt the nose dip as the sea rushed up to meet him.

They'll never even find me! They'll never even know how I went in.

McLean loosened his seat straps, rammed a hankerchief between his teeth to cushion the impact, adjusted the .45 automatic that dangled beneath his left armpit—and waited for the crash . . .

A Washington state dairy farm boy who'd raced motorcycles in high school, 22-year-old Lieutenant Jerome B. McLean had wanted to become a fighter pilot but hadn't figured on being a Marine. He was in naval flight training at Pensacola, Florida, just after Pearl Harbor when an administrative decision and a set of mimeographed orders transformed his entire class from naval aviators to Marine Corps airmen.

McLean seemed to have a jinx. In flight school he miscalculated on a night landing at Pensacola and piled up an expensive N3N-3 trainer at the runway's end, totally wrecking it and narrowly missing a fiery death. Then, when his Corsair squadron arrived on New Georgia to fight the Japanese, McLean began his combat career by catching malaria. Again, he came perilously close to death.

Now it was August 24, 1942, and on his first combat mission Jerry McLean was riding a blazing Corsair into the ocean. He never suspected that this was the beginning of one of the great survival stories of World War Two.

Just before impact, McLean yanked back on the stick and held the Corsair nose-up, trying to drag the tail first. It worked only partially. The fighter plane touched gently, then pitched forward and struck with a force that slammed McLean's face against the instrument panel.

Dazed and bleeding, he fought blindly out of the plane, dropped over the side into warm salt water, and inflated his life jacket. When he glanced around, he saw only the high blue tail of the plane sliding beneath the waves.

Do they have sharks around here?

McLean was never quite sure how he managed to discard his bulky parachute harness, back-pedal away from the sinking plane, and inflate his rubber life raft. It was late afternoon, but the searing glare of the sun was merciless. McLean mopped blood from his eyes, looked up at the blinding red ball in the sky and felt himself sinking into unconsciousness . . .

He didn't know it, but VMF-215 had suffered an additional loss at Bougainville. Waiting at New Georgia for four Corsairs to return, the Marine enlisted crews saw, instead, only two. A fine young pilot and close friend of McLean's, Captain John K. Ward from Syracuse, N.Y., had flown into another formation of Zeros and shot two out of the sky before they ganged up on him and pulverized his Corsair with cannon bursts.

Major Rusty Steele and Lieutenant George R. Conover, from Los Angeles—also in the battle—saw no sign of life when Ward's Corsair slammed into the ocean.

When Steel landed and bounded out of his Corsair, another "division" was warming up on the runway, ready for the final evening strafing run on Bougainville. Steele raced over to the Corsair flown by Captain Jack Mason, from Springfield, Virginia, climbed up on the wing in the propeller's windblast and shouted into Mason's ears:

"Watch out for flak and fighters over there! We've got two men down. I think Ward bought it, but McLean was limping away when we saw him last. He might have ditched near Rekata. I'm going to try to get off a rescue plane, but keep your eyes open in case you see him!"

Mason gave a thumbs-up signal, then took off. Twenty minutes later his four Corsairs passed over Lieutenant Jerry McLean's rubber raft at 15,000 feet en route to Bougainville—and none of the pilots spotted the unconscious man bobbing in the ocean.

It was long after dark, a moonless night, when Jerry McLean regained consciousness. His head spinning, he looked around. Desperately hungry, he devoured two chocolate bars he'd carried in his pocket.

Still, his head spun.

McLean threw off the discomforting flight helmet he still wore, groped around beneath himself, and found the raft's wooden paddle. He could just barely make out a suggestion of land in the darkness to his right.

He felt his face flush with fever as he began paddling against the strong current. Nauseous, he leaned his head over the side and threw up. He'd been so anxious to get back into action that he hadn't had a final checkup and now he was paying for it—he still had malaria.

For long hours Jerry McLean fought through a murky world somewhere between sleep and consciousness, his skull bursting, his mind functioning erratically. With a singleness of purpose more powerful than the fever, he fixed his eyes on that land mass and paddled.

At times he talked to himself. Kept on the edge of consciousness by the pain that rippled through his arms and shoulders while paddling, he experienced vivid hallucinations.

At one point he imagined that he was talking to his parents and brother back in Tacoma, Washington, that their home was bouncing up and down on wave crests, that he was begging them to help paddle. He had lurid visions of sharks orbiting around him . . . of Zeros chasing him with blazing cannons. Still, he paddled.

Got to . . . keep . . . going . . .

His moisture-fogged wristwatch read 4:30 when he sensed land on two sides. His raft was in a cove and he'd been paddling in circles, while the sound of breaking waves echoed nearby.

McLean slapped his face several times with the open palm of his hand. "Get hold of yourself!" he spat between clenched teeth. "Got to snap out of it . . . Got to keep trying."

He couldn't get the boat closer to land. Testing his muscles and reflexes, aware that the worst of the fever had passed but that he was weakened beyond normal limits of endurance, he slipped over the side and began swimming toward the dark mass ahead.

He came ashore, dropped to the wet sand — heart pounding — and looked around. A shadowy, palm-fringed jungle ran almost to the waterline.

"Japs!" he thought.

He yanked his .45 from its holster, dropped it, picked it up again, and began stumbling around on the beach. Mosquitoes buzzed around the bloody cuts on his face. After seconds, McLean realized his body wasn't strong enough to stand on land after he'd been afloat 12 hours.

Reasonably sure nobody was around, he plunged into the jungle and collapsed in a pine grove, curling his body foetus-like, still gripping the safetied .45. He fell asleep instantly.

The air campaign against Bougainville was no minor sidelight to the war in the Solomons, or to the larger struggle for the Pacific. It was the vanguard of the biggest amphibious landing yet—the boldest step on the long road to Tokyo. Marine Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift called the air action, "our first real offensive against the Japanese . . . the first proof, after our tentative foothold on Guadalcanal, that we were really on the attack . . ."

That night, a group of Army B-24 Liberators from Guadalcanal's Henderson Field continued the assault, dropping 500-pounds bombs on the Bougainville airstrip. The "black cat" night crews scanned their radio bands, looking for the kind of signal that would come from McLean if he'd crashed his plane on land and still had a working transmitter. There wasn't much hope, really—once a flier was down overnight, he was usually finished—so they weren't surprised when they heard nothing.

Sunlight woke McLean and he peered out from jungle cover, pangs of hunger

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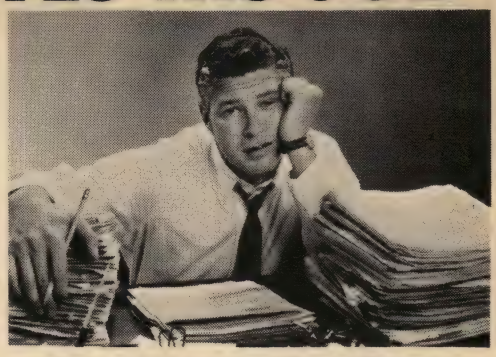

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gripping him. The fever was gone, but it took all his strength to stand.

His watch told him it was noon when he saw eight more Corsairs winging overhead en route to Bougainville—much too high to spot a lonely figure. "Damn!" he cursed.

After a quick look around, the lieutenant determined that he was alone on a tiny, uninhabited islet between the two Jap-held island of Rekata and Santa Isabel. Desperately hungry, McLean sapped his strength scaling a tree to knock down several coconuts. One of them broke open and he consumed its milk ravenously. Then he realized he had no way to crack the others. There was no hard surface on the sanding island.

"What the hell? If the Japs find me, they find me." He aimed the .45 at a coconut, squeezed the trigger, then gulped the milk.

The gunshot brought no reaction. McLean decided to save his other cartridges. Still weak, he walked around the islet, no more than 300 yards in diameter. No sign of life! He didn't find his abandoned raft, either, and he remembered too late that he'd had rations strapped inside the boat.

Almost on the verge of collapse, McLean somehow couldn't accept the idea that he was finished. He'd experienced bad luck before, but he'd never lost his conviction that he would find a way out. By late afternoon, he was on the west side of the islet, staring across two miles of water at a group of low, gray huts on the shores of Santa Isabel. He could see figures moving, and small boats bunched in the water—but he couldn't tell whether they were natives or Japanese.

There's got to be a way! he told himself. *Somebody over there might help me if . . . but I'm not strong enough to swim two miles.*

He'd reached a point of diminishing returns and he knew it. He couldn't continue without rest. But each time he rested, he would have less strength when he awoke, and finally the time would come when he wouldn't be able to stand any more.

But even if they *were* Japs over there on Santa Isabel, he had to reach them. The alternative was a slow, lingering death by thirst or starvation.

Twenty-four hours after being shot down, Jerry McLean again collapsed in the jungle to sleep—telling himself that he'd sleep only a short time, that he'd try his desperate swim in the cool of darkness.

It was dawn when he woke again.

Captain Michael R. Collinger of the Royal Australian Navy, the coast-watcher at nearby Totamba, made daily VHF radio checks with the U.S. bases at Guadalcanal and New Georgia—and it was on this night of August 25, 1942, that he received the names of several missing Marine Corps pilots, including Jerry McLean.

Typical of the brave intelligence officers who lived and worked behind Japanese lines, 43-year-old Collinger had run a copra plantation in the Solomons before the war. He spoke the pidgin language of the islanders and he'd resigned himself to life in a shack, on the uninhabited cape of a Japanese-held island—where he had the company of his native workers, his books and his radio transmitter. Collinger had helped several downed airmen find their way home and, more importantly, had pinpointed Japanese naval movements in the area.

Collinger didn't think he would ever see McLean. When a man had been down that long, he was either dead or captured. The Marine flier had probably been found by natives who were friendly to the Japanese.

The night the coast-watcher feasted on roast pig and some dark Australian beer from his dwindling cache, then went to sleep early. From the many flights of planes he'd heard overhead, the invasion of Bougainville must be imminent.

McLean had spent all of the 26th on the uninhabited islet, cringing beneath his Mae West and flight jacket, suffering from the most intense chills he'd ever experienced. Again, hallucinations had besieged him. He'd imagined himself in an Arctic snowstorm. The chills had drained his fast-declining strength and made him too weak to search for food or drink. And now he'd recovered partly —only to be attacked by fever.

The fever had returned, skull-splitting. He'd decided to try the swim anyway. There would never be another chance.

The current was carrying him adrift. Floundering in the salt spray, fighting for bouyancy as he swallowed huge, sickening gulps of ocean water, Jerry McLean saw the native village on Santa Isabel rapidly moving to the right as the tide carried him away from it. *Got to find the strength,* he thought. *Got to . . .*

Now it felt as if his arms were being wrenched from their sockets. His heavy boots were trying to drag him to the bottom, but McLean couldn't risk getting rid of them. His stomach heaved from the intake of salt water as McLean reached out with his arms and kept fighting for his life.

A motor launch appeared to the left,

low against the sea, halfway between McLean and the island. McLean's eyes locked on a fully-uniformed Japanese soldier haunched on the bow, looking the other way, scanning the Santa Isabel shoreline.

He didn't even think about his waterlogged .45. Heartbeat pounding in his throat, he dived into the crest of the next wave—the salt tearing painfully at his eyes, his nostrils, his mouth.

They can't miss me! I'm big as a barn door out here!

When his head broke surface again, his lungs gasping for breath, McLean had a full broadside view of the boat going past. Two more Japanese and several natives were bunched around a Nambu machine gun on the fantail, apparently playing some kind of card game. The boat wasn't more than 100 yards away!

Now McLean did reach for his .45, but he couldn't keep his balance in the water while trying to remove it from the holster.

One of the Japanese looked directly at him! McLean could make out the man's features.

Then the boat was past and the Marine pilot realized, incredibly, that he hadn't been seen!

He wasn't able to watch the boat as it continued past the native huts he'd been aiming for. Again, the sea hurled against his body and again he swallowed mouthful after mouthful of the deadly, nauseating salt water. Flailing and fighting for balance, barely able to keep himself afloat, he realized he was maving *away* from the island—back to where he'd started!

If I don't find the strength now, I'll never do it again.

It was no use. Santa Isabel was drifting farther away every moment.

That was when the drone of aircraft engines echoed in his ears and McLean looked up to see eight Grumman F6F Hellcats, cruising in perfect formation not far above. They were almost directly overhead and McLean realized from their straight, level course that they hadn't seen him — hadn't even noticed the Japanese boat. McLean stared up at the fighters and experienced his most crushing sensation of loss.

He'd had a fleeting mental vision of the Hellcat flight leader, peeling off to lead an attack on the Japanese boat—while radioing for a rescue seaplane to come and pick him up.

But the Hellcats vanished in the distance, homeward-bound from another raid on Bougainville. McLean's sense of defeat—of ultimate heartbreak—was total.

Then he became aware of voices behind him, and of chunky, sunburned natives reaching from an outrigger boat to pluck him from the sea.

That night, August 27, Captain George F. Sanders, from Pawhuska, Oklahoma, the operations officer for Corsair squad-VMF-215, sat inside mosquito netting at a rickety desk on New Georgia and began a painful task—writing to the families of Marine aviators who were casualties on Bougainville.

Sanders paused in the midst of his work and asked Major Steele, "What do I say about Jerry McLean? Is he 'killed in action' or 'missing in action'?"

Four days had now passed. "You know," Steele replied, "that guy has a lot of guts. He doesn't know when to quit. If it were anybody else—"

Both still hoped, somehow, that McLean was alive. It wasn't impossible. Other Marine aviators, including casualty-reporter Sanders, had been shot down and then rescued after long periods.

Still, the regulations were clear. A man missing more than 72 hours was supposed to be reported as killed.

"I don't know," Sanders said finally. "Maybe I'll wait another day or two, just to be sure—"

A group of native fisherman took Jerry McLean to a hut on Santa Isabel, fed him potatoes, fish and green crabs, and forced him to lie beneath blankets while they hung his flight fatigues out to dry. McLean still hadn't spoken to them. He'd traded glances with the biggest of the group, a hulking, almost pitch-black islander who was obviously their leader — but he couldn't decide whether the man was friendly. Feeling his strength return as he held down the meal, McLean gestured at himself with a finger and muttered, "Me your friend. Me American."

"We speak English," the big native said. "You were about to drown when we found you. Rest now."

"Listen, I'm an American Marine, a pilot. If you can communicate with my people, or help me signal a plane—"

"It is impossible to signal. You will have to wait." With startling abruptness, the man stood and left McLean alone in the hut.

The Marine couldn't control the sudden anger that seized him. It wasn't right, he thought, to get this far but not know what would happen next . . .

McLean refused to sleep. When darkness came he lay still, thinking about home and his flying buddies, wondering if the native had gone to report him to the Japs . . .

They left him alone that entire night and finally he succumbed to his exhaustion. He woke in late afternoon to see the huge native looming over him.

"We will move you. But there are many Japanese. We will wait a little longer."

"I don't understand—"

"Do not ask. We cannot tell you anything that will help our enemies if you are captured later."

"So you *are* against the Japanese?"

No answer. McLean just couldn't get anything out of the man. That afternoon, a native woman salved the lieutenant's badly cut face with a foul-smelling substance he couldn't identify. Then another meal was served and McLean slipped back into his clothing, now dry and clean.

He was still angry. When he asked if he could go outside and walk around, the big native said no, he would have to wait—and again, he was left alone.

When they came again at about midnight, Jerry McLean was ready for the sight of Japanese soldiers. He was determined to fight if necessary. Damn if he'd be captured after he'd come this far.

But no Japanese came. Several natives, including a woman and a young boy, helped McLean stand and offered him yet another meal of crab meat and coconut milk. "We are taking you on a canoe," the big man said. "It is very important to be silent. You must understand this. You must not make a sound."

"Listen, you *are* on our side, aren't you?"

"We are your friends. Now, silence."

They bundled McLean aboard an outrigger similar to the one that had scooped him up earlier. A low barrier of clouds hid the starlight as two men straddled him and began rowing out against crashing waves. McLean barely had time to clasp the hand of the huge man who'd rescued him—and whom he would never see again. "Thanks," he whispered.

Then the two boatmen were taking him out into the cove, the outrigger rising and falling on waves with violent force. McLean was certain the boat would capsize any instant.

He didn't know whether it was motion sickness or malaria which attacked him now, but again he was violently sick. Several times he vomited as the boat shot up and down on the surging ocean. Silently, the two men continued rowing.

Nausea overwhelmed the weakened lieutenant. Again, he went through a

"I bring it with me every visiting day . . . It gives him the prestige he enjoyed at the bank."

period of semi-consciousness — sometimes drifting into a blurred world of gray murkiness, other times snapped awake by the furious pitching of the boat.

Feverish again, McLean reminded himself that these men were risking their lives—and the lives of their families, their fellow villagers—to help him. He had hallucinations of himself in the cramped cockpit of a Corsair, diving, triggering the gun switches—getting his revenge on the Japanese for what they'd done to these people and to himself.

If I ever get back, he told himself, *I'm going to make the bastards pay.* It was a characteristic thought. McLean just didn't know when to quit, and he could not accept the idea that he was finished.

He drifted into unconsciousness some time during the long, grueling six hours it took the two oarsmen to paddle from Santa Isabel to the dark cape that protruded from Totamba.

Another outrigger had gone ahead. Coast-watcher Captain Michael Collinger was ready with pork, potatoes, coffee —and a cold bottle of beer. When they brought McLean up to the coast-watcher's shack, McLean pumped the big Australian's hand and muttered, "I'll be damned . . . I'll be goddamned."

"Heard about you," Collinger said, equally delighted to have somebody other than the natives to talk to. "You must be awfully stubborn. A lot of people seem to think you've been killed. There'll be a Dumbo (PBY Catalina seaplane) to pick you up tonight. Meanwhile you'll have to spend the day here."

"It'll be a hell of a lot more comfortable than I've been," McLean grinned. "What day is it now?"

Twenty-ninth. You've been missing almost six days. Think you're strong enough to drink a beer?"

McLean later said it was the most delicious bottle of lager he'd ever tasted. He and the Australian spent the day drink, politics, women, the war, almost talking at gunfire pace, discussing food, anything that came to mind. McLean was almost sorry to leave that night when a PBY Catalina set down at Totamba to carry him back to his New Georgia airfield.

He arrived just as the ops officer, who hadn't gotten the word, was finishing a letter to his parents to report him dead. In a sense, McLean had returned from death itself. His buddies in VMF-215 immediately christened him with a nickname he would wear throughout the war—"Hard Head," a tribute to his iron-willed refusal to give up when all the odds were against him.

After a brief recuperation, McLean was back in a Corsair cockpit venting himself on the Japanese. ▲

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Major Jerome B. McLean went on to become one of the Marine air legends of the war, like his fellow pilots Greg "Pappy" Boyington, Joe Foss, Marion Carl, and others who wrote history with gunfire in Pacific skies at the beginning of the long road back.*

McLean eventually became CO of fighter squadron VMF-223, earning battle laurels from Bougainville, Tarawa, Saipan and Iwo Jima. He became one of the few Leatherneck air aces with nine Japanese planes to his credit. On a night mission over Iwo Jima, McLean's Corsair was last seen riding a trail of enemy tracer fire down toward a gun position that had challenged him. He won a posthumous Navy cross for his contributions to Marine aviation, including his remarkable survival after being shot down on his first mission.

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Seduction of Eve

(*Continued from page* 23)

"This is necessary for Eve, Rex. If she gets this job, it can mean a lot to her, and to us too. I have faith in Eve. Listen to me on this, Rex."

"A deodorant?" Eve's mother shook her head in disapproval. "I don't like the idea, Eve, appearing on TV in front of the whole nation advertising an objectionable product."

"But, Mother—" Eve's face fell.

"And wearing a *negligee* besides."

"But, Mom, I thought you wanted me to be a model—you said—"

"Dear, I'd be thrilled if you got a modeling job where you could be yourself, where you could be sweet, simple and girlish. But this sort of thing—it's not you and it's wrong."

When her father came home, he shook his head and said,"Deodorants are an unmentionable product, involved with unpleasant odors from the body—"

"You see, dear," her mother said, "it would be embarrassing to us. Now, just how do you think Pop would feel with everyone coming to his store—they'd all be thinking about his having a daughter like you, dear, with B.O."

"It could mean $15,000!" Eve cried. "Do you realize that?"

"I don't care, her father said. "The answer is no."

Eve wept all night and most of the next day. Finally her mother said, "All right. I know what it means to you, Eve. Go on the interview."

"What about Pop?"

"I'll take the responsibility. I don't want you hating me for the rest of your life because I stood in your way."

"Oh, Mom, thanks!" Through swollen eyes and a tired mouth Eve grinned in happy relief. Eve hugged her mother with gratitude.

"My God, what happened to your eyes?" Charlene exclaimed.

Eve told Charlene about what had been happening at home. Charlene shook her head. "I'm afraid you will have to get out from under the influence of what's holding you back. We've got to get you away from Floral Park. You should think about moving into town."

"But, Charlene, it'll cost money. How can I afford it?"

"Don't worry about money, darling. We'll work things out."

"How? An apartment costs a fortune."

"Just leave that to me," Charlene said.

"*Please,* Pop, PLEASE."

"You're only 18 years old, Eve. It's not right. I know young people today leave their homes. The ones who leave are hippies and all sorts of riffraff."

"That's not true!" Eve cried.

"I gave my permission for you to commute to modeling. I won't give it for you to live alone in Manhattan."

Eve ran off to her room in tears. The next day she begged her uncle, "Uncle Nappi, please talk to Pop. If I have to keep on this way, I don't know what I'll do. It's not fair."

"Evie, you leave everything to me," Uncle Nappi said. "I just talk to your papa and when I talk, he listens."

Eve's tears and Uncle Nappi's talk with her father finally convinced him to allow her to live in the city on a two months' trial basis.

At the end of September she moved into a small room at the Longacre House on West Forty-fifth Street, in the heart of the theater district; the rent was a miraculous $17 a week. Charlene was a genius!

Joy rose in Eve as she became a part of the faceless Broadway crowd. She loved to walk home to her room at the Longacre House, passing the jazz joints, ice cream parlors and film houses that in their garishness were so exciting and alive.

Her favorite shop along the nightly route was a place that sold lingerie: black lace underwear, flouncy crotchless panties, European-style chemises, bras with holes cut out for the wearers' nipples to show through, G strings, jeweled

MAN'S MAGAZINE

"The oldest two were planned. The baby is the result of a sonic boom."

pasties, diaphanous harem skirts. The lower half of one manikin, placed upside down, was dressed in transparent black hose. The legs, spread in a slight V, titillated Eve in a strange way she did not understand. She stopped in front of the store to look at it and to read the inscriptions on the photos of the actresses and strippers endorsing the products.

Suddenly she was aware of a dapper elderly gentleman standing next to her, leaning on a cane. "These clothes are very interesting, are they not?" he said.

Eve nodded. "Yes."

"You find them exciting to the senses?"

"Well, I think they're pretty . . ."

The man looked so well dressed she supposed it was all right to talk to him. Still, something about him made her uneasy.

"I should be pleased to see you have any item of your choosing." He reached into his pocket, drew out a card, and handed it to her. "If you will call me at my suite in the Pierre, I will arrange to buy your choice for you."

Her discomfort was increasing.

"There is something interesting here," he went on. "I wonder if you have seen that little sign in the corner. Can you read it? 'We make merkins.' I trust a charming young lady such as yourself has no need for such a product, however. But perhaps you have never heard of a merkin?"

"Well, no, I—"

"It's a wig for the pubic hair."

Eve turned and fled, tears forming in her eyes, her heart pounding. All of a sudden, things that had intrigued her revolted her, and the seedy men standing in front of the nudie houses frightened her. She felt so alone and helpless. The whole cornucopia of Broadway raced past the sides of her vision as something in her threatened to burst *at* the seams and split wide apart. I won't be scared, she thought; I won't. *Oh, Pop.*

Now she understood why her father hadn't wanted her to live alone in the city, and she cried inside, Pop, oh, Pop!

During the first two weeks in October three things happened which marked milestones in Eve's life. First, because a Ryan-Davy model, due to shoot a national ad, was sick, Eve was sent as a replacement. Then the next day she got her first television commercial, a Diet Rite Cola.

But an even greater thrill came when she met David Rosenberg, a gifted photographer to whose chaotic appearance she was immediately drawn. David's hair was dark, thick and tousled; he was tall and wiry, holding himself in a careless stoop, but he grasped her hand firmly when they met, and he instantly said, "I have some exciting ideas for tests."

She arrived for the shooting made up, and wove her way through the littered studio, with its piles of eggshells, the empty soup cans and half-empty tins of sardines. David, she decided, was just about the sloppiest man she'd ever met. He needs a woman, she thought.

Donning the various kimonos he provided for her, Eve fell into the required mood. There was nothing, she decided, this man could not make her do.

Later, David wiped the perspiration from his brow and said, "I've just about had it. You were super, luv—really just fine."

"Thank you, David," Eve said. It was as if a current had suddenly been cut. "I think these will be the best pictures I've ever done. I can feel it."

"We'll have to have a drink to celebrate."

She and David were sipping drinks in in dingy neighborhood tavern. He had swiftly downed, almost in one gulp, a double Scotch, and then repeated the process. Now he was sipping a third round. All this had taken place in about 15 minutes!

"You see," he said, "I had a specific *intent* with you."

"What?" Eve asked, startled.

"Regarding the pictures, I mean."

"Oh. Yes?"

"What I was aiming for was eroticism, sensuality, but with a freshness, an innocent enchantment."

"Yes," Eve said. She couldn't take her eyes from him.

David tapped the table. "This drink's the last for me," he said. "If you want to come back, you can watch me develop the negatives."

David's darkroom, with its enlarging machine and trays of acids, was somewhat neater than his studio and had, Eve thought, a general atmosphere of mystery.

"We've got some beautiful stuff," he said, staring at the negatives with satisfaction.

"How can you tell?" Eve asked.

"I know how to read negatives," he said. "How about a cigarette outside? Don't want to fog up the negatives."

They sat close on a low, cluttered couch in the studio. At length David turned to her, and before she had time to think, took her in his arms and gently kissed her. She felt the soft wetness of his open lips, then the thrust of his tongue between her teeth, inside her mouth.

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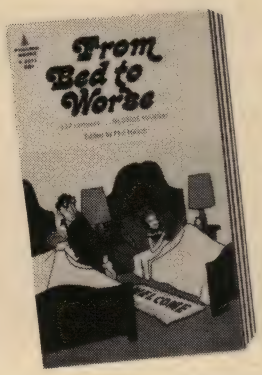

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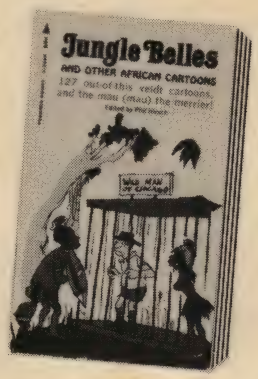

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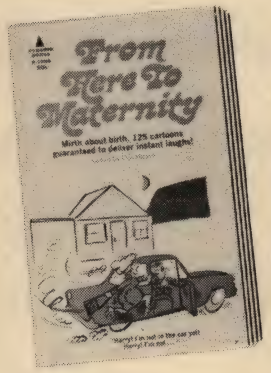

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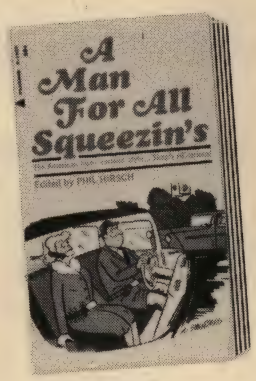

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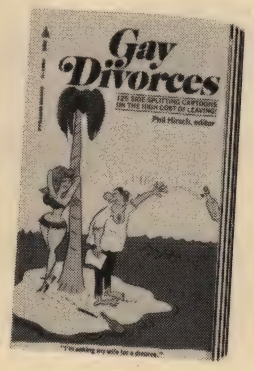

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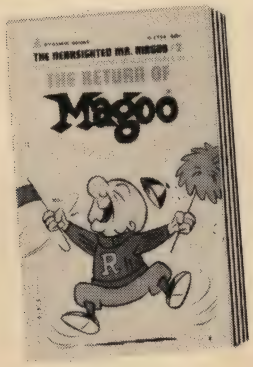

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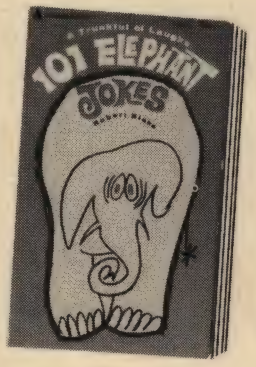

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Her response came naturally and she found her body wending and winding, weaving and intertwining with his, until the two of them were panting and moaning. Then, sharply, she drew away.

"What's wrong?" David muttered hoarsely.

"N-nothing, except — I mean — you don't understand," she stammered, adjusting her sweater. "I — I'm afraid."

He pulled her toward him once more. "Don't be," he said. "It will be fine."

"But it isn't right," she said, her face contorted. "I mean — getting that excited — it might get out of hand."

David looked puzzled.

"I mean," Eve went on, "the thing is, I care about you, David, and I want you to care about me too . . . So," Eve said, "much as I am attracted to you, David, and much as my instincts tell me I could — *lose* myself — I'm afraid I have to stop."

David stared at her blankly for a moment. Then he shrugged. "Fine," he said, and rose.

Eve noticed him sort of jiggle himself a bit, presumably to take away his erection. Goodness, had she done *that* to him? In a perverse way, she was quite proud of herself. How she would have liked to have kept on with David. But of course she had to stop things, because sex was a sin in the eyes of the Catholic Church, and also because this way David would have respect for her, and it would mean she would be the kind of a girl he'd consider marrying.

"Don't worry about anything, honey," he said, smiling. "I wouldn't want you to do anything you didn't want to do."

She couldn't resist asking, "But if it weren't a sin, would you like to then?"

His eyes bore deep into her. "I would *like* to very much, and it is *not* a sin."

She sympathized with David. He was only acting like all members of the male sex had to act. Her father had told her it was natural for them to be this way, and that it was an important test for a girl. Eve lauded herself for having passed inspection on the first round.

That night, in her narrow bed at the Longacre House, Eve imagined how life would be when she and David were married. It was so thrilling she could hardly sleep.

But that night, and the next night and the next, and during her daydreams as well, she was startled at how fully she abandoned herself to David, shocked at the things she allowed him to do. And somehow, nothing in her dreams seemed a sin, because she was in love, and giving came naturally. She wondered what her father would think if he could read her mind. Guiltily, she tried to shut out her thoughts, but the thoughts kept on.

Eve waited impatiently to hear from David. She wanted to hear his voice, to have him invite her over to the studio again. Her thoughts were full of what would happen then.

Finally David telephoned. She told him she'd be right over, and within the hour was at his studio, gasping in delight: David had made a half a dozen beautiful color blow-ups, each more staggering than the next.

Her love for him mounted in paroxysms. Soon he would kiss her again, send her into ecstasy as he had done before. Then they would neck in that wonderful magical way, and again she would have to call a halt, lest things go too far and David lose respect for her. In time, David would desire her so much he would propose and they would get married.

"I have to pick up some type-C paper," David said.

She couldn't conceal her disappointment. Hadn't he understood she would like to neck with him again? She wanted to say something, but a nice girl couldn't tell a man, I'd like to neck with you. Only a loose woman would ever say a thing like that.

Sadly, she bid David goodby, and watched his lean and sensual figure until it rounded the corner.

When Eve showed Charlene David's photos of her, Charlene was full of praise.

"I owe it all to David," Eve said. "He's the most wonderful photographer, Charlene, the most talented, the most fantastic—"

"Oh, ho!" Charlene exclaimed. "So love has hit our little Eve Paradise!"

Eve blushed.

"Don't be embarrassed, honey! It's the most natural thing in the world. I'm glad it's happened to you. Have a good time."

Eve would have liked to ask for her advice. But she was too embarrassed. What if Charlene thought her cheap, or untrue to her religion?

A few days later, Eve was sitting in the outer office waiting to see Charlene. She had just finished a job with Leslie Savage, one of the models at the agency. It was Leslie's voice she heard coming through the open transom. "God, Charlene," Leslie said, "Bruno is the most marvelous lay I've ever had."

"For heaven's sake, Leslie," Charlene said, "don't let Ralph Winston find out. You've got to keep him on the string at least another month—the account means $20,000 in commissions to the agency."

"Don't worry, Ralph Winston means a whole lot more than $20,000 a year to me, Charlene. You don't think I'm going to let him stop keeping me just to ball another guy, do you? What has Bruno got to offer besides a big - - - -.

"Good, Leslie, I was sure you'd say that."

"I'll just sneak around with Bruno. I'm not going to stop with Bruno. He's too sensational."

Something in Eve sank. She felt left out, left behind. All those teen years when other girls had been out having fun, she'd been fat and out of it. Now those girls had the jump on her; they had experience and know-how, while she was shy and unsure of herself.

Maybe her father was wrong. Maybe if a girl was really in love . . .

Oh, to be in David's arms again—and just let things take their course!

Several times she walked past his studio, hoping to run into him on the street.

Then, one evening at the beginning of the next week, she approached his studio — and her insides nearly fell out, for there he was, turning the corner with another girl.

The snow flurries began Saturday evening, and by Sunday morning Manhattan was enveloped by one of the worst early November snowstorms in history.

About 10 o'clock Eve could no longer control the urge to knock on his door, pay him a surprise call. Afterwards she would entice him, and they would neck again.

The snow had stopped falling. Frozen from the walk, Eve mounted the dingy old stairs to David's studio and knocked on the door. She waited, and hearing no sound, was about to knock again.

Just then the sound of soft voices issued from the studio. Eve tensed, her ear pressed to the door. For close to an hour she stood that way.

She heard the voices continue, heard them turn to sighs, to moans, to whispers, to screams; she heard David's words, and the girls—words of love and desire and passion and culmination.

Only when silence at last came from within did she tremblingly turn to go. Tears filled her eyes as she met the cold day once again. She knew the pain, not of having lost, but of never having possessed, never having known or been known. She recalled the way Leslie and Charlene had talked together. I wish, I wish, she thought helplessly, I wish I were a real woman.

I'm hungry, she thought wildly. I'm so hungry I can't stand it. She stopped at a corner drugstore and ordered the biggest, gooiest, most fattening banana split in the entire city.

SEVEN

Eve had not misinterpreted Stan Walters' wink. The job was hers. A soap commercial! She was thrilled. It was a great boost to her morale.

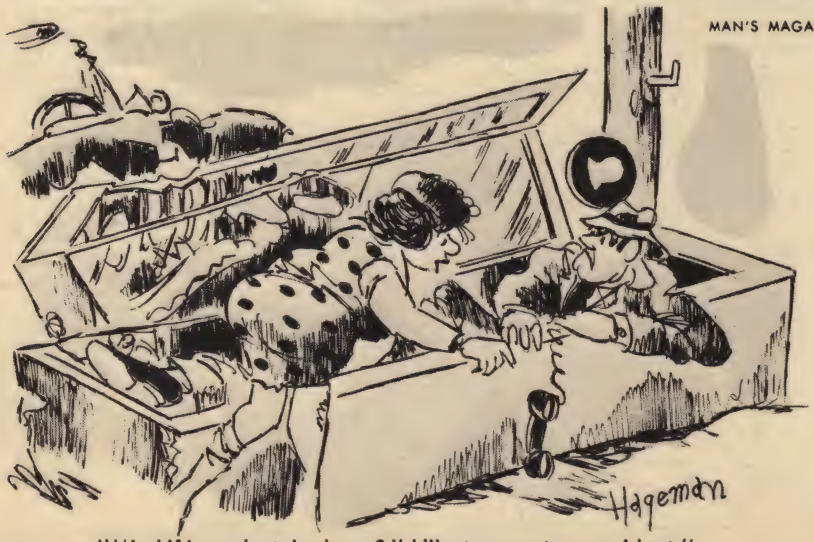
She loved being the center of attention during the shooting, standing there in a filmy negligee in front of so many males: the director, the producer, the clients, and the agency men, plus all the crew. She had to do a sensual routine at a washbasin, then one near a bathtub.

Stan Walters was eying her closely, smiling and making cracks all the time, praising her after every take.

It was the second day of shooting.

"Did you have a good lunch?" Stan Walters sidled up to her.

"I stayed in," Eve said.



"Mind if I use the telephone? I'd like to report an accident."

"Well, did you at least order something sent in?"

"I wasn't too hungry," Eve said.

"Eve, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"

"I'd love to," she said.

That night, following a dinner at the French Shack and a drink at Chuck's Composite, Stan suggested they go back to his place, where he'd show Eve his collection of sailing trophies. Sailing was his hobby, he said.

Stan had the perfect solution to the problem of how to be cozy on a cold evening. Just light a fire and snuggle close.

"I dig you, Eve," he said softly, taking her hand.

Before Eve knew what was happening, they were entwined in a prone position, and she was moaning with pleasure.

"Stop it," she cried hoarsely.

"I can't," came his smothered reply. His hand reached up her skirt, and a second later, he'd pushed the skirt to her waist and rolled on top of her. She shook with emotion as her knees involuntarily came up and encircled him.

She felt the taut hardness of his body against hers. How she wanted to go on, to experience the sweetness, the delirium—but this was wrong. She couldn't; she hardly knew this man. Oh, how could he do this to her, make her feel this way, give her feelings she ought to have only with a man she was in love with, who wanted to marry her? Oh, God!

"Please, Stan," she said, trying to pull away. "I—I can't—"

"Baby; oh, baby," he crooned, licking the inside of her ear.

She responded with a shuddering cry. More, more, she wanted to beg for more — but she couldn't, she mustn't. This wasn't love; it was *sex*. It wasn't right.

Then Stan became gentle again, and she didn't want to remove herself from the safety of his arms. But when his hand slid up her thigh and inserted itself into her panties, she froze.

"No! Oh, no! Stan, please! I can't; I have to stop. *Now!*"

"Why, baby? Why stop?" He was unzipping his fly.

God, no, she couldn't. She tried to free herself, but Stan held her firm with just one hand. With the other, he struggled to unhook his belt.

"Please, Stan!" Eve begged, feeling at his mercy now, and beginning to cry. "Oh, please don't *rape* me!"

STAN pulled away with an abrupt jerk, and sat up. Eve couldn't resist a look at his open fly. She saw something very big, vaguely rosy, both fascinating and horrifying. But she was able to get only the briefest peek, for Stan immediately hiked up his pants.

"Look," he said, "I'd never have tried if I thought you were so hung up this way. *Rape* — I mean, for Christ's sake, I've never had to *rape* a girl in my life!"

"Well, you see, I'm—I'm different than most girls, because I'm very religious, and — I really would *like* to — but the thing is, it's a mortal sin—"

"Mortal sin?"

"Well, you see, I'm a Catholic . . ."

He stood up and put on his jacket. "Come on," he said, "I'm taking you home."

Eve followed him, thinking miserably, *will I ever learn how to act with men?*

"Cut! You did just great, honey."

Eve looked up from the toilet she had been leaning over all day. Her back ached from hours of bending, playing a new bride who discovers the merits of Blue-Bowl Toilet Freshener.

"It's a wrap," Ron Thompson, producer-director of the commercial, announced.

As Eve turned to gather her belongings, he caught her arm. "How about a drink in my private powwow place before you go home? I don't know about you, but I sure could use one."

Eve was proud that Ron Thompson, darkly attractive winner of so many honors, thought enough of her to invite her to his private office.

"You're the sexiest little toilet-bowl-cleaning broad in New York," Ron said, downing the last of his Scotch and rising for a refill. "Allow me," he said, and reached for Eve's glass.

"Oh, no," Eve protested. "I couldn't. I'm so hungry one more drop of alcohol would put me out of commission."

"Well," Ron said, "we'll have to remedy that situation. How about a steak at Chuck's Composite?"

"The only thing is . . . all this heavy pancake makeup."

"I have a bright idea. We'll stop at my pad, and you can freshen up there." Ron winked. "Then we can either go out to order in from the Dover Delicatessen."

Eve was tired and would have liked to go home and relax in a hot tub, but she didn't want to lose the opportunity of a date with Ron Thompson, one of the most important people in the business. If she refused this, he might not ask her again.

Eve followed Ron into his apartment, and went straight to the bathroom.

"Why don't we order," Ron suggested. "It's getting late, and I want to watch TV at 9:30. What are you in the mood for?

"Anything you say." Suddenly Eve's head had begun to spin.

"A commercial we made is being aired for the first time tonight. It'll be up for a Cleo next year, watch and see." "Come on, let's watch television."

She followed him to the bedroom, her dizziness from the liquor increasing with each step.

"Man, this's got to be the grooviest commercial ever made," Ron said. "There's a shot with the model hanging out of a skyscraper, being held by the elastic in her bra—it's the coup of Madison Avenue."

"How did you dig it?" he asked when the commercial was over. "Groovy, huh?"

"Oh, yes," Eve said, "groovy . . ."

"I think it really says something."

"Yes, yes, it certainly does." Her spinning head was aching now.

"Well," he said, turning to her with a glint in his eye. "That's taken care of. Now . . . down to the more pleasant business at hand." He pressed his body against hers. "You sure turned me on, bending over that toilet," he whispered. "Your dress kept hiking up — man, did that turn me on." Eyes half closed, lips parted, he buried his head in her neck.

How soft his lips felt, how smooth his tongue, how strong his hands. Eve wanted to melt . . .

"Come on, let's get comfortable," Ron said, pulling off his turtleneck.

My God, is he going to take off all his clothes? Eve thought.

He kissed her on the forehead. "Let me," he said, and began to undo the buttons on her blouse, while planting kisses all over her face and neck. His breathing was loud and excited as he opened the waistband of her skirt.

He pulled his trousers off, his shorts. Something was pounding against her temples. Her eyes could scarcely focus.

Then, naked, Ron lay on the bed beside her. She tried to protest, but he had

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found her mouth again, and was trying to pull off her skirt. She squirmed. Then she felt his hand inside her pants, stroking her where she was all silky wet. Eve moaned. "Ron," she begged, "please..."

"Oh, honey, honey." His finger found its way inside her, and she struggled against the sensations that raged in her body as he caressed her. It was all happening too fast.

She had to say something. "Ron, I—I like to neck with you." Her voice sounded unnatural and strained. "I just wanted to tell you — I mean, don't get carried away — because — I'm a virgin, and..."

"A virgin! For Christ's sake, we'll have to put an end to that."

"I can't—not just yet."

"Why the hell not?"

"I don't know. I just can't . . . yet. I'm a Catholic, and—well, I used to think I'd only do it on my wedding night, but now I've changed. I mean, if I were in love and he really loved me too."

"What do you want me to do?" Ron snapped. "I got a pain in my gut, for Christ's sake."

"Well, I—"

"Why the f - - - did you come up here? Why didn't you say something? Why the f - - - did you lead me on? What in hell are you, a goddam tease?"

"A what?"

"I thought we were gonna get l - - -!"

"I'm sorry, I—"

"Well, the very least you can do, if you have any class at *all*, is to give me a little head."

"What? I—"

"S - - - it, baby, I gotta get s - - - ed off at least."

With catlike agility and speed he reversed his position on the bed. Suddenly, before she knew what was happening, Eve felt him thrusting into her mouth with jerky up and down movements. His moans came sharp and loud. She started to choke and gag, and the realization came that Ron had absolutely no feeling for her, that she was being used like a machine. Sputtering and coughing, her eyes full of tears, she abruptly pulled away.

"Why'd you stop? Honey, come on—I gotta get my rocks off. Give me a good hot s - - -."

Eve sobbed.

"Goddam!" Ron's voice bellowed above her.

Eve closed her eyes. When she opened them again she saw Ron's hand moving deftly along the shaft of his penis in fast, even strokes. She heard him cry out. Then he cupped the sheet around the tip, wiped himself, and said, "Button your blouse and go get your makeup on."

Still sniffling, Eve did as she was told, and was ushered out unceremoniously.

EIGHT

"Whoopee!" Rex exclaimed as Eve walked in the door. "You got *"Take a Crack!* Whee!"

"Wonderful!" Eve cried.

"I'm so pleased, Eve," Charlene said. "I know you'll appreciate having the steady income, and *Take a Crack* is one of the better game shows."

"I know. This is like the answer to a prayer."

"You're not putting on weight, are you, Eve Paradise?" Rex asked.

"Well, I stopped taking the diet pills, and..."

"Better start in again," Charlene said. She paused to nod at Rex, who was on his way out of the office; then she continued, "And your skin could stand a good cleaning. Let me make an appointment for you with Dr. Behrman. Youth is your greatest asset. You kids just have no idea of the advantage you have."

Eve sighed. "I sure wish my youth would help me to get a few things. My problem is"—she stared at the floor—"I get very lonely. I guess that's why I've put on the weight. I just wish I could meet somebody...."

"Who'd ever believe that a beautiful young dish like you would have trouble meeting people in New York City?"

"I guess I'm shy," Eve said.

Charlene peered at Eve sympathetically. "You should have said something sooner, darling. It doesn't do a bit of good to have you walking around with an inferiority complex." Charlene said after a moment, "I have one idea."

"What?"

"Move you in with two other models, Carrie and Dolores. Something might rub off."

Eve's jaw dropped.

"They have plenty of room for another girl. I'll give them a call and let you know if it works out."

"Caroline, *mon ange!*"

Carrie and Eve entered the ornate hallway of Geoffrey Gripsholm's town house. Geoffrey bent and kissed Carrie's hand in pseudo-Continental style. Then he stood her at arm's length and exclaimed, *"Comme tu es belle ce soir, ma chérie."*

"Eve Paradise," Carrie said, "I'd like you to meet Geoffrey Gripsholm."

"Oh, *une vraie ange!"* Geoffrey picked up Eve's hand and bestowed a liquid kiss on it. "Do you speak French?" he asked.

"No, I'm afraid not," Eve said, feeling self-conscious.

"Is he half French?" she asked Carrie, one of her new roommates, as they went to leave their wraps in the bedroom.

Carrie laughed. "I can assure you his English is far more fluent than his French."

They entered Geoffrey's large bedroom, in which the *pièce de résistance* was a huge Louis XVI bed covered with a shocking-pink satin spread.

"Geoffrey has one of the most outstanding collections of French art this side of the Louvre," Carrie told Eve as they proceeded to the living room. which was filled with clusters of people in evening attire. Suddenly Eve was seized with dread. She didn't know a soul in the whole room! What would she talk about?

Geoffrey Gripsholm was coming toward them. "Ah, *mes chères belles amies!"* he exclaimed.

Since Carrie had known Geoffrey his French had not progressed much. Carrie had seldom heard Geoffrey speak a complete sentence in French. Yet he capitalized on the various phrases he knew. Thus had Geoffrey gained a reputation among the nonlinguistic. Columns cited him as "suave Continental-mannered Geoffrey Gripsholm, renowned for his parties and for his art collection," and columnists noted that they had observed him chatting in "rapid, fluent French."

Geoffrey's living room abounded with paintings. The guests turned intermittently toward the art in reverence. Taking Carrie and Eve in tow, Geoffrey introduced them to several of the other guests, most of whom Carrie already knew.

"My favorite painting," Geoffrey said to Eve, "is on display in the library. Perhaps you would care to view it?"

Eve followed him to the library, where he pointed out a Seurat, and said, "Although I have a natural bent toward the ornate and voluptuous, I nevertheless could not resist this rare treasure." Eve later heard the painting was insured for $200,000.

Geoffrey Gripsholm, seeing Carrie alone, flitted toward her. "Eve is *absolument ravissante!"* he said. *"Une vraie ange, non?"*

Carrie spotted Eve on the other side of the room, surrounded by men.

On one glass of champagne, Eve was giddy, garrulous, astounded at her own wit and poise and dizzy from compliments:

"You're one of the best-looking girls in New York, do you know that?"

"How come I haven't met you till now?"

"You're a fresh face. There's nothing like a fresh face."

And just a moment ago a Hollywood publicity man, the well-known Hy Rubens, had said, "You ought to be a star."

A star! Hy Rubens' words were pure nectar to Eve.

"What have you done?" he asked now.

"Well," Eve said, "I've done commercials."

Hy was nodding brusquely. "The thing we'll have to do with you is to line up some publicity. What's your number?"

Trying to control her excitement, Eve told him.

"You're a natural for pictures," he said, jotting it down.

The movies! She had imagined Hollywood as a whole other world. And now this man, Hy Rubens, a big Hollywood press agent, had discovered her! He wanted to help her!

To think that when she had first entered Geoffrey's living room she'd been frightened and worried! And now she had countless invitations to lunch and dinner, had been asked to three parties, had been offered clothes at a discount, and best of all, was going to be promoted to stardom by a famous Hollywood publicit. At last things were happening as she had dreamed they would.

NINE

Eve checked with her answering service. A call had come in from Hy Rubens at the Waldorf Towers. Immediately, she rang his room.

"Honey," he said, "I was trying to get you all morning. It's after four o'clock now, and I gotta catch a plane to the Coast. Hey, come on over for a drink right this minute, and we'll ride out to the airport together."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Hy," Eve said with regret. "But I have an appointment at five."

"Well, cancel it."

"Oh, I couldn't. It's an audition for Johnson's Lemon Pledge. They're narrowed it down to six girls. It's very important."

"Oh." Suddenly Hy sounded distant. "Well, I'll call you when I get back to town then."

When Eve placed the receiver back on the hook, she was worried. Maybe she'd said something wrong: Hy was so enthusiastic last night, but he didn't seem that way now.

Well, at least she'd made a dent in the New York social scene. All eyes had been on her last night. And at long last people were beginning to notice her. She picked up her book and satchel, left the phone booth, and started for her final appointment of the day.

She ordered a sandwich and Coke at a drugstore on Madison, ate hurriedly, and walked the few blocks up to the old Fox Studios, where she had a 1:15 test for a Colgate commercial. The competi-

tion had been narrowed down to eight girls.

The whole process — makeup, rehearsal, test, saying thank-yous, goodbys, and hope-to-see-you-again-soons—took an hour and a half.

Then she was off in a rush again to another interview, for Pepto-Bismol.

The rush never ended! She had to look like a teenager for a Pepsi interview at 4:30. This took a little doing; she was still wearing her hair in an upsweep and the Max Factor and false lashes from the Colgate test.

She'd scarcely had time to check with her service all day. Finally, she wearily gathered her 40-pound satchel and her 20-pound book, one in each arm, found a drugstore, and phoned. Six people had left messages. She couldn't possibly get back to all of them now, so she decided to just call the agency.

Rex had some good news for her. She was booked for the following Wednesday to do a Yuban coffee commercial, an interview she had been on the day before.

Then, nearly worn out, she took the Madison Avenue bus up the few short blocks to her street, and trudged home. She kicked off her shoes, loosened her clothes, and collapsed into a chair. For about a minute she sat in exhausted relief. Then, seeing it was nearly six o'clock, she picked up the phone and called Geoffrey Gripsholm to say that she would meet him in half an hour.

The phone rang. "It's for you, kid," her roommate Dolores said, holding the receiver toward Eve. "A guy with a funny accent."

"Hello, Uncle Nappi." Just when she was rushing. "Uncle Nappi, I'm in a terrible hurry," she said, feeling irritated and ashamed. "Can I call you back tomorrow?"

Why did he have to call and have Dolores hear the way he spoke English? Dolores and Carrie already thought she was a complete square for being a virgin.

Exposure to the New York social scene had made her aware of so many things. She'd bought a book on vocabulary building and determined to master a new word every day. Today's was *billingsgate.*

She finished dressing, hailed a cab, and after a five-minutes ride up Park, pulled up in front of Geoffrey Gripsholm's town house. Approaching the iron gate, she reminded herself to be sure to use sentences in which her new words appeared.

"I must say, you're looking extremely dishy," Geoffrey greeted her. "Scotch?"

"Oh—I—n—no. Make it a Harvey's Bristol Cream on the rocks." She tried to imitate the way she'd heard Dolores ask for her favorite drink.

He made Eve's drink and joined her on the sofa. "Ah, *les français!*" he exclaimed. "They truly know how to satisfy the palate, with their *savoir-faire* in culinary matters."

"I think the French people are *ineluctable,*" Eve said.

If Geoffrey was impressed with her vocabulary, he didn't show it. "I shall also spend just a *soupçon* short of a week's time in London," he continued. "This youth craze is ruining Britannia. Of course, I consider myself above it, don't you know."

"Oh—yes!"

Then he was silent for so long that Eve began to worry about getting the conversation going again. In her mind she conceived a sentence with the words *intrepid* and *billingsgate,* but before she could get it out, Geoffrey spoke.

"It becomes necessary," he said, "for me to speak of the four-fold rhythm of life, to instruct you, as you are still a child, and as yet, do not know."

Eve leaned toward him, puzzzled.

"Prurient people — such as myself — have long been aware that only in a carefully induced state of *suspension* can the natural rhythm of life be invoked," he said. "Yes, it is important to recognize both the beauty and *value* of the sordid. Do you follow me thus far?"

Eve nodded, but without much conviction.

Geoffrey moved close to her and said, "The moment I met you was for me a *coup de foudre,* for in you I instantly recognized an appetite for perversity—as yet unawakened, but nevertheless *there.* In you I saw a partner in depravity, I understood this part of you, and knew you to be a true *vicieuse,* do you understand?"

"I think so."

"What I find so adorable and rare in you," Geoffrey continued, "is your *fin de siècle* quality. There is something totally *déclassee* — and thus enticingly corruptible — about you. I can help you."

"Yes?" Eve said.

"Let me explain. I spoke of the four-fold rhythm of life. However, it remains for us to find a way to rediscover the natural rhythm of life. Only in the sweet ecstasy of *perversion* can the mind wander, distracted, and allow the full force to culminate.

"How is this accomplished? I will tell you: it behooves us to create a flow. And this is done via a channel—for this two people must be ideally suited as to purpose, preparedness, and intent. This is the role in which I envision you, *ma chérie:* you are my vestal, the vehicle who can make the revelation possible for me — and I in my turn can make it possible for you."

Geoffrey's voice had grown softer.

"Yes," he said now, so quietly that Eve had difficulty hearing him. "It's like this — a whisper. Shhh! Nothingness. Oh, yes, slow . . . slow . . . slow. And still: Nothingness — until — yes — VIOLENCE BREAKS LOOSE!" His voice reached a frenzied pitch. "Unleashed, voracious, terrible, marvelous — it's *everything!* It's the whole of creation, yes! The great spirit is free at last!"

He relaxed and blinked. "But," he said, " it must be *evoked* by a channel. It must be aroused from where it lies dormant. It must climb slowly and stealthily, evoked by the Vestal of Scatological Perversion. And this great force I speak of responds only to the *base,* for only through the base can its true nature be evoked and thus emerge."

Eve glanced at her watch. It was nearly eight o'clock. In another instant the precise time was established by Geoffrey's collection of cuckoo clocks. When the last cuckoo was silent and returned to its enclosure, Geoffrey said, "This is a most unique service, yea, privilege, one can afford another, and requires enormous *savoir-faire.* The climate of Europe, particularly that of the Mediterranean, is ideally suited to initiation. Are you free to accompany me in October?"

"Well," said Eve, not wishing to get in bad with Geoffrey, "you see, I have to work . . ."

Geoffrey brushed her statement aside with an elaborate gesture. "Shall I tempt you with trinkets, baubles?" he asked. "Name your boon, and it shall be granted, fair lady."

"Well, the thing is, fall is always a good season for commercials . . ."

"Ah, I understand. Out with it, *ma chérie,* what is your figure?"

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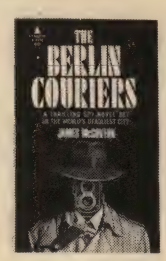

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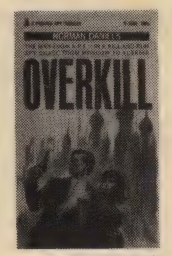

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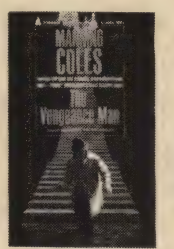

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"I beg your pardon?" asked Eve, not comprehending.

"*Combien?* You shall make on the swings what you lose on the roundabouts, never fear. I shall see to that."

"I—I—"

"Shall we phrase it in a more agreeable fashion: What do you anticipate the sum your losses would amount to, should you abandon these shores? Ah, sweet delights! Golden moments of bliss, the scatological, the utterly low—man's true nature! I shall teach you—teach you all that is perverse! I should like to train you to suck my special way." Geoffrey regarded her with haughty condescension.

"You see, my dear, the vessel becomes worn out. Inside of two years it becomes necessary to find a *new* vessel—a new vestal, as it were—and this is my current situation. A man must replace a woman every two years, like a motor car. Assembly-line scatology. Yes, a man has a great need for youth, of newness, of change—and this is how a woman resembles a motor car."

"Well," Eve said, "if you say a man has to replace a woman every two years, that a man needs youth, what happens to a woman, after that . . . eventually?"

"*Sic transit gloria mundi,*" Geoffrey replied.

"Is that French?"

"No, ducky, it's Latin.

"Other men," he continued, will not give you what I can. Other men will seek to *penetrate* you. They will make you a slave to this vice, to the unnatural vice of sexual intercourse, and you will come to develop a need to be penetrated by the male phallus. This will never happen with me, for I am a latter-day D'Annunzio, finding solace only in scatology. My penis is too sacred to soil with women by the penetration. Nay, my penis is more than sacred; aye, it is inordinately sacrosanct. Therefore I could not soil it in the penetration, for women are all dirty—they have dirty caverns.

"It is I who seek to soil, to render them even dirtier than they are—thus to liberate them as well as to liberate myself. Yes, as I say, my penis is far too sacrosanct for that.

I need purity, do you understand? I need to ruin it, to corrupt it—and thus free it and free myself."

He was silent a moment. Eve, feeling uncomfortable, wondered how she could break the lull.

Then he spoke once more. "And what are you thinking, pray tell?"

Should she feel flattered or insulted? Whatever in the world did he have in mind doing with her? Regardless of the fact that he said he'd give her anything she wanted, she certainly couldn't go along with his schemes. He was cracked.

"I don't know," Eve said. "If I had more time—but you see, it's after eight now, and since I'm meeting Carrie and some people for dinner at 8:30, I really have to be going now."

Geoffrey looked annoyed. Walking her to the door, he said, "Of course, I have every promise from you that what has transpired between us will be kept strictly *entre nous.*" Then he bent and kissed her hand. "I look forward to carrying our discussion one step farther upon our next meeting—very shortly, I trust."

TEN

Eve thought she saw a tired sadness in her uncle as he gathered his combs and scissors together and placed them in the sterilizer.

She stared at the walls in silence. What was bothering her? It wasn't just her wish that Uncle Nappi have a better shop; no, it was more than that. It was—it was . . . well, what would some of the important men she knew say if they ever came past and saw her pictures on the walls? They would certainly wonder about the connection between her and Uncle Nappi. He'd say, "That's my niece, Evie Petroangeli," and then what? She would be mortified if Geoffrey Gripsholm or someone like that, someone rich and important, with class, knew her uncle was a barber.

She watched Uncle Nappi's tired, bent form as he began to sweep the floor. All the Petroangelis worked hard. It made her feel sad for them all.

"Uncle Nappi," she said, "in case anyone asks you about me . . . I mean anyone who looks like he might be important . . . or rich." She hesitated a moment. "Well, the thing is, I know lots of people in the jet set, and I'm accepted at all the best places. And I have my career to think of—I have my life ahead of me, and . . ."

Uncle Nappi looked up from the dustpan. Slowly he raised his wearied limbs. Eve thought she saw a hurt look in his eyes.

She continued. "I mean, in this business there's a lot of stress on certain things—and lots of people are prejudiced, and . . . well, the agency *did* make me change my name, and . . ." She was stumbling, trying to explain.

Uncle Nappi said quietly, "I always tell you someday you gonna be ashamed of your family."

"It's not that, Uncle Nappi, it's . . ."

The old man studied her for a moment. Then he said, "Okay, I take down all the pictures, so no one never sees or says nothing."

He strode over to the wall and reached up.

"Oh, no!" Eve grabbed his arm. "You can keep the pictures up, Uncle Nappi. It's good advertising, I don't mind if you keep the pictures up, it's just—"

Uncle Nappi looked genuinely perplexed. "What you want I should say?"

"Well, just say I'm—I'm the daughter of one of your customers."

Her uncle nodded his gray head. "Okay, okay," he said softly, "if that's what you want, Evie. Uncle Nappi does what you say."

"Eve, what you did to Uncle Nappi was cruel." It was the voice of her her mother on the phone. "You *are* a snob. You're too good for the Petroangelis."

Eve sighed, feeling guilty and full of remorse. "I'm sorry, Mom. I was thinking of myself, and I didn't realize the effect it would have on Uncle Nappi."

"The damage has been done."

"What can I do, Mom? Tell me, what can I do?"

"Try to pay more attention to your uncle. When you've been stopping in so seldom on top of what you did to him, what can he think? He has to think you're ashamed of him."

"Okay, Mom," Eve said in a small, humble voice. She felt like crawling through the woodwork.

Eve reached into her satchel, took out her appointment book, and read over what she had done during the day: a sitting for test shots, four interviews, a fitting, a stop at the agency. She'd also made several phone calls, and left undone about six things that were on the list she'd made the previous night. Now she went into the living room, found a pencil, and made the next day's list.

The phone rang. Charlene had another appointment for her for Thursday.

"And how are you doing on your diet?"

"Oh, Charlene, I really am going to take off those seven pounds.

MAN'S MAGAZINE

"Hi, sweetie. Do you have something that's reversible?"

"Well, I may have a new system for you."

"A new diet?"

"No, a system that balances the body, that equalizes anything that needs to be equalized. A natural, painless way of reducing. It's a Chinese method called T'ai Chi Ch'uan. I'll let you know about it as soon as I find out. Have you seen about acting class yet?"

"I called John Sacchetti, and I'm visiting class next week to see if I like it."

"Good, honey. You weren't ready for John Saccretti before, but you are now. He's just what you need. The classes will give you polish, help you to acquire more precense."

"I'm looking forward to it, Charlene. I didn't think there were enough hours in the day to do all this, but I'll find the time somehow."

"It's the only way, sweetheart. If you don't work at keeping yourself on top, you'll slip. You've got too much going going for you to let that happen."

It was her first acting class. At first the method workshop studio seemed completely dark, but gradually her eyes became accustomed to the dim light and she perceived a long and narrow area filled with some 30 chairs. A small stage contained a platform raised a couple of inches from the floor.

Several actors sat in reverent silence. When the evening's work began they formed a quiet, respectful audience.

First on the agenda was an exercise called "moment of privacy," where the actor was expected to behave as though he were alone, and to do something he would normally never do in front of people. A slovenly woman with mousy brown frizzled hair rose, went to the stage, and for some time merely paced. Then she took off her sweater and skirt. Eve drew in her breath.

The woman, standing in her bra and half-slip, seemed to be gazing in an imaginary mirror. She patted her buttocks, looking upset over her proportions, then passed her palms over her bare midriff. She paused, shaking her head, trembling visibly, from time to time touching various parts of her body until finally she raised her hands to her face, let out a deafening shriek, and doubled over in sobs.

Recovering quickly, she announced, "That's it," and put her clothes back on.

"Good, good," John Sacchetti said. "Class"—he stood up and turned to face the other students—"Mary has just done what every actor must do. She found realistic honesty and release from fear. More important, she knew when to stop."

Eve was conscious of the fact that she was shaking inside. *I'd never be able to do that,* she thought; *I'd make a fool of myself.*

Two actors who had gone into the back room to do some last-minute rehearsing emerged. Their names were Bruno Abadessa and Cynthia Laslo.

The scene dealt with a bum masquerading as a Bible salesman who seduces a girl with a wooden leg in a hayloft.

Eve had a feeling of revulsion as she watched the enactment of the scene. It was terribly perverted, she thought. She was particularly amazed that the seduction was carried to a horrifying length of believability, with Bruno actually mounting Cynthia and the two of them moving together in the rhythms of lovemaking, moaning and clutching at each other like primitive animals.

Some of the tittering students in the audience stood up in order to get a better view of the spectacle on the floor of the stage. An unseen boy directly behind Eve said, "It's a real dry—."

Eve was embarrassed, and at the same

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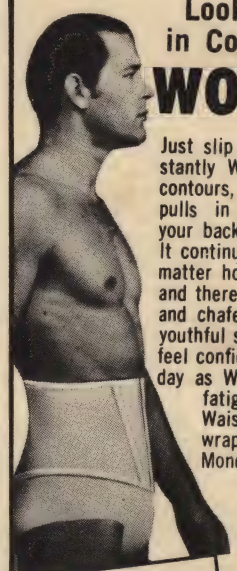

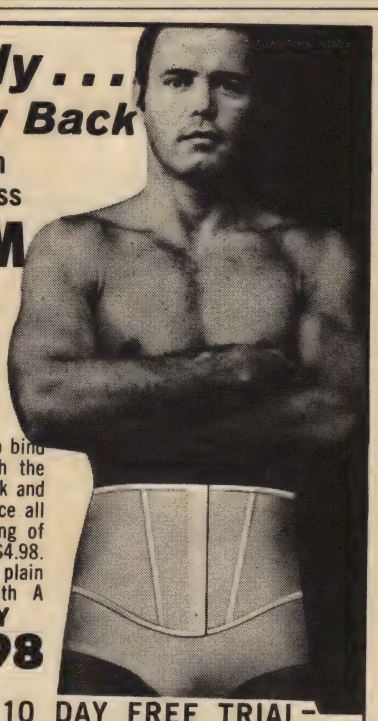

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time, fascinated, in awe of Bruno and Cynthia's abandoned movement and cries. She had never seen sexual energy at such a peak and it made her feel left out. If only she could find a man—someone.

The second half of the evening began with a scene from *The Catcher in the Rye*, in which Holden Caulfield watched the boy down the hall popping his pimples.

Next, two other students, Scott Lawrence and Nina Martin, finished their scene. Nina Martin, Eve thought, looked like a prostitute. Nina was saying that she felt the reason she had not fully executed her intention in the scene was that she had a sex problem.

"Don't you enjoy it?" John asked.

"Oh, my God, yes!" Nina said. "I go crazy, John, I just love to get laid!"

"Well, then, what's the problem?"

"The thing is, John," she said, "I enjoy it too much. I don't think it's right to like it the way I do, and I always feel funny about it, as though I shouldn't be enjoying it so much, you see?"

What next? Eve wondered, and then a troubled-looking young man named Marty Sachs stepped onto the stage and stood silently scratching his head and staring into space—in order to get in the mood, Eve supposed.

"Now I am alone. O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I," he intoned at last, in a voice that reeked of New Yorkese.

John interrupted him and told him to start over again. Upon reaching the end of the same line, John once again broke in. When the same thing occurred the third time, John asked Marty what he was "using."

"It's something personal," Marty said.

"What?" John prodded, and Eve saw the color drain from Marty's face.

John persisted. "What made you want to do Hamlet?"

"Because," Marty cried out, "because Hamlet is just as fed up with this lousy world as I am! I can't stand this crap-filled life any longer! I want to die, I want to die!"

He collapsed on a chair, buried his face in his arms, and began to sob. "I'm so ashamed. I'm so goddamned ashamed."

The class was silent. It was as though everyone were both sorry and appalled by the breakdown.

Gently, John asked, "Why are you ashamed, Marty?"

Marty said through clenched teeth, "Because I'm so goddamned lonely! Nobody cares. I'm dying I'm so alone!" His voice, which had started low, rose to a scream. "Christ, oh, good Christ in heaven, do you know how goddam *lonely* I am?"

"*Now*!" John said. "*Right* now! Begin the scene again."

"I can't!"

"Begin—*now*!"

"I can't. I can't!"

"*Now*!" John commanded, and Marty slunk like a whipped dog to the center of the stage.

Faltering often, shuddering, and wiping tears from his eyes, he delivered the speech.

Marty left the stage, and John announced that class was over for the evening. He went to the door; then he saw Eve and waited.

"I'll give you something simple to do as a beginning," he said. "Maybe the *Rose Tattoo*. Playing virgins is always the easiest beginning."

Eve laughed, trying to appear loose and with it. But when she left the studio, all she could think was, Oh, God, what would John think, what would those actors think, if they knew she really *was* a virgin. If only she'd meet someone! Someone to sweep her off her feet. Someone to change her life...

Eve lay silently in bed that night listening to the hum of traffic on the street below. Gradually tears came, rolled off her face, and plopped on the pillow. Her body shook. She thought of Marty Sachs, the actor who'd broken down in class. She understood.

At eight P.M. a taxi driven by Marty Sachs pulled up to where Eve stood waiting.

His presence frightened yet thrilled her. She wondered what it would be like rehearsing her first scene for the class in his apartment.

"I didn't know you drove a cab," she said, trying to make conversation.

"I do it part time, for bread.

She thought of the embarrassing way he'd broken down the first time she saw him, and she wondered if he were still lonely.

Marty's small apartment was located near Amsterdam and Ninety-eighth. A couple of rattan chairs were the only furnishings other than a double bed covered by a bright Indian blanket.

"Wanna start work?"

"Okay."

He suggested they try "to put the scene on its feet."

Eve thought that was a strange way to phrase things when almost all the action took place in bed.

Following Marty's direction, she climbed on top of the Indian blanket, and they ran through the scene twice. Then Marty suggested they take a break.

He lit a cigarette and stared at the ceiling. "I dig you," he said. "You're not just a pretty girl. You got it here." His hand beat the place where his heart was.

Then he put out his cigarette, and looked at Eve. "Man," he sighed.

Eve felt uneasy. "Why don't we do the scene again, Marty?" she said. "I can't stay too much longer."

He looked at her strangely. "Sure."

Eve's part required her to pretend to be asleep until Marty entered and initiated the dialogue. After a considerable while, when he still had not made his entrance, she opened her eyes and saw him standing in the middle of the floor.

He looked at Eve and asked, "Am I correct when I say I think your sex life stinks?"

Eve's mouth opened to retort. But Marty said in a detached voice, "Let's take it from the top."

The scene went well until it came time for the kiss, an action they'd brushed over in the previous run-throughs. Now Marty reached for her, planted his lips on hers, and kept them there so long that Eve wondered if he'd forgotten his cue. She broke away in order to remind him.

His head rested on the pillow, his lips touching her ear. "I think we know the scene okay." His voice was subdued. "I just want to stay here a minute and hold you like this."

His arms were strong and protective. He did not push or rush her, Instead, he seemed to be seeking her out, attempting to discover something about her, and offering her the opportunity to respond and find him. It was relaxing in his arms.

"Do you dig it?" he whispered.

"Hmm?"

"I mean, do you dig the action?"

"Oh, I..." Her words were smothered as his lips again pressed hers. At first, she responded. Then she was struck with the thought that it was wrong to allow herself to be receptive to an ugly taxi driver who spoke with a horrible New York accent and lived in the middle of the slums.

She drew away. "I'm sorry," she said, I have to go now, Marty."

"I can wait." His eyes were insolent.

Eve stood up. What could she have been thinking of, lying there on the bed with someone like Marty Sachs? If she wanted sex, she could have it with a rich and important man, one who'd help her.

Marty had begun to pace the room. "Maybe you think I'm just interested in you for sex," he said. "If that's what you think, you are *so* wrong. You're the kind of chick I'd spend an hour making love to *afterwards*, you dig? There aren't many chicks around you can feel that way about. I dig you. It wouldn't end with my shootin' it into you; it would just go on and on, ya know? Man, it'd really be swingin' with us."

Eve was silent. She no longer considered Catholicism a valid out; by now she was well aware that many Catholics *did* —but the question was, oughtn't she to be in love with a man to consider anyintimate? She could never be in love with Marty. But why, then, did he unnerve her so? Why did she feel this way now, all trembling?

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said with a small forced smile. "I— have to go now, Marty."

"Sure."

They walked to the cab, and when they go to it, Eve saw Marty's face in the bright light of a street lamp. Besides deep acne scars, he had several odd-looking red marks.

"Like my cigarette burns?"

"Cigarette burns?"

"Yeah." Marty chuckled." Crazy dame."

"A girl burned you? Deliberately?"

"Yeah. Gets her kicks that way."

"It sounds perverted to me."

"Cynthia Laslo did it. You know her. The chick from class. Every time that chick does a scene you just look at the gay and see if he doesn't have burn marks on his face. Her bag is she can't act unless she mutilates you first."

"I don't understand that at all."

"Everybody in the world's got needs. Cinnie's just doin' her things, that's all."

Eve though about Geoffrey Gripsholm and the perverted things he'd talked to her about. Was the whole world crazy? She looked at Marty's face in the mirror. How could she ever have kissed him?

And yet... and yet she couldn't deny that when she was in his arms and kissing him she'd *liked* it. With her eyes closed, she was very attracted to Marty!

When the cab pulled up in front of her apartment, she thanked him for the ride.

"Don't mention it," he said. "Just remember, any time you need it, you know where to come."

The cab zoomed down the street.

Marty Sachs had been on Eve's mind since they had rehearsed.

"I think you're really very attracted to Marty, but you won't admit it," roommate Carrie said.

"But how could that be? He's everything I don't want.

"You have an image of the kind of man you think you ought to find. Somebody wealthy and social."

Eve blushed.

"But Marty turns you on."

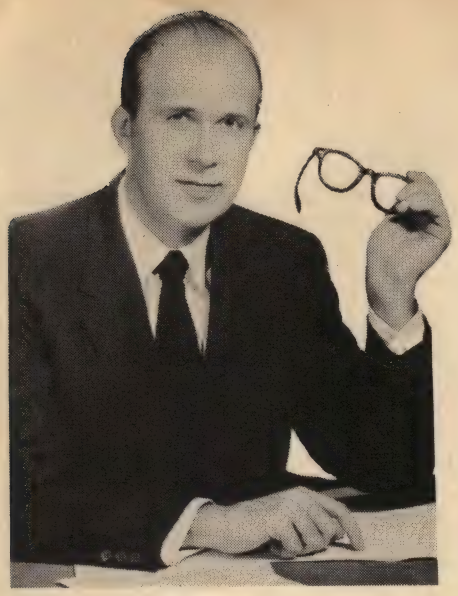
"I don't understand why."

"Chemistry. Marty is the type of guy you'd like to sleep with."

"Oh, Carrie," Eve said, looking sheepish, "I'm embarrassed to tell you this, but you see, I'm still a virgin, and—well, the trouble is, I'm not sure if it's really Marty or the fact that I'm just ignorant about *sex*."

"Well, don't you think it's time you found out?"

Eve thought for a moment. "I wonder," she said. "The thing is, I really am



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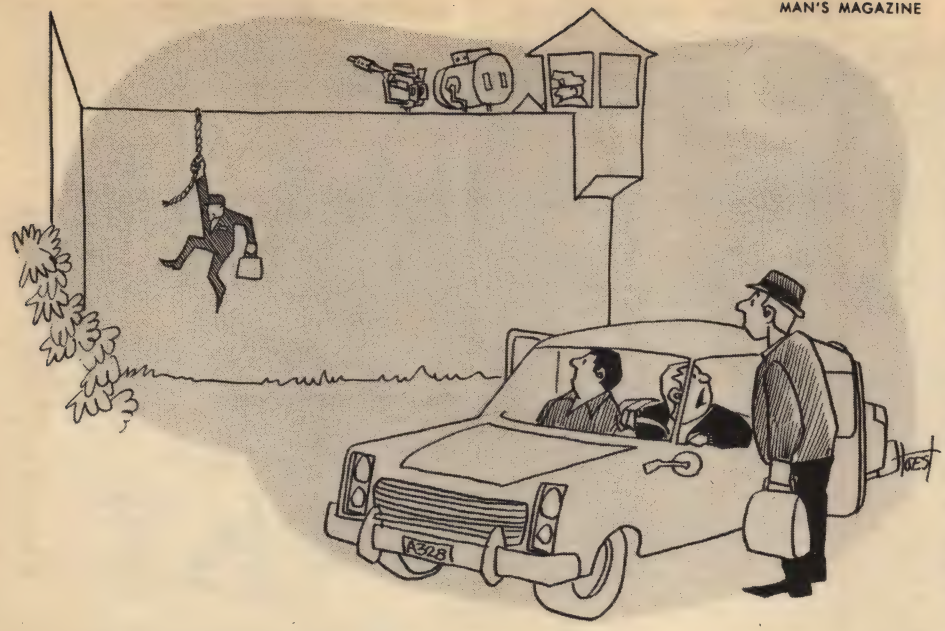

"... and you think *you* have a tough time getting out at night to go bowling!"

eager to have an affair now, to make up for all the lost time. But I wonder, is Marty the one?"

"Do you know what love is?"

"I guess not. But the thing is, I keep thinking if only I didn't have to look at Marty in the light. I don't know, there's something about his appearance — and also about his being lower class. He could lose his accent. And he could have his pockmarks sanded, couldn't he?"

"Sure," Carrie said.

Eve sighed again. "You know," she said, "I think I will. I think I will lose my virginity with Marty Sachs."

Traffic whizzed past, but Eve was aware only of the back of Marty Sachs' head. Her legs shook as she stepped onto the pavement. She couldn't bring herself to look at Marty now.

"Your apartment is very nice," she said when they got inside. "I didn't tell you last time."

Marty said nothing.

"I think I know all my lines, and I've got a good thing I'm using, an emotion memory—you see—"

"Would you like anything to drink?" Marty said.

"Yes," Eve said. "I'd like a Scotch." Why couldn't she relax? Well, it wasn't every day a girl set about to shed her virginity. She supposed it was all to be expected; but it seemed so appallingly abnormal, really, to go to a man's apartment deliberately intending to be seduced, but not telling *him* anything that was going through your head, and just sitting there and waiting.

The icy glass Marty handed her froze her fingers. Uncomfortable, still trying to become more at ease, she asked, "Do you like New York?"

"Yeah."

She took another gulp of her drink. "Tell me something about yourself, Marty," she said.

"Not much to tell. I'm 25, born in the Bronx, divorced—"

"You're divorced? I didn't know you'd ever been married."

"Yeah. I been divorced three years now."

"Do you miss it? Marriage, I mean? Or her?"

Marty took a slug of the Scotch, and paused thoughtfully. "The only thing I miss is my kid."

"Well, don't you ever see your child?"

"My kid's dead," he said. "That was the main reason for the breakdown I had in class that time. Remember? Man!"

"I'm sorry."

He picked at his cuticle. "Wanna start?"

Eve went over to the bed, preparing to get under the covers.

"You gonna play the scene like that, or what?"

"Like what?"

"With dress, jewelry, shoes, stockings, girdle, bra—all that crap on? When we do it in class, I mean."

"Oh, no; I guess I'll wear a bathrobe."

"Honey, this chick'd never be caught dead in a bathrobe."

"What do you think I should wear, then?"

"A slip."

"Okay, if you think so."

"Might as well get the feel of it. Let's rehearse it the way we're gonna do it."

He turned his back to begin his preparation. Hurriedly she removed her clothes, watching Marty's back out of the corner of her eye, and then quickly dove into the bed, wearing only the new underwear she had bought expressly for the occasion. She wondered if he would appreciate all the trouble she'd gone to.

Then the scene began, and all during the dialogue, she could think of one thing only: What was ahead of her. She hoped Marty didn't notice her nervousness.

The moment had arrived; Marty kissed her. She felt the weight of his body, the strength of his arms. Their kisses became prolonged and deep; she tasted his lips, and was aware of a warm smell in the room. The lights were blazing. She closed her eyes. She did not want to spoil things by seeing Marty's face.

His hand explored her body. She drew her breath in sharply as she felt him pressing against her. His urgency to enter frightened her. He seemed so enormous.

"You're dry as a squeezed lemon," he said.

Suppose she were too small to accommodate him? Suppose he ruptured her and caused an internal injury? Suppose he got stuck inside her and couldn't get out?

Though shaking with fear, she knew she must go through with this. She had waited so long to be a woman.

"Relax; you're stiff."

"I—I'm sorry..."

"Maybe I oughta get some Vaseline. If you'd just relax it'd be a helluva lot easier."

"I'll try—I—"

"Wait, I'll loosen up."

Minutes later Eve's stiffness melted as her legs and torso intertwined with Marty's head and shoulders and she lost herself in the most delirious and exquisite sensations she had ever believed her body could feel.

She was ready for Marty on any terms now.

"Hey," Marty said later, gazing at her tenderly.

She could look at him now and take no mind of his pockmarks. She was conscious only of the light in his eyes.

"It'll get better." He caressed her softly, kissed her neck, her ears, her eyes. "You were a little stiff. We don't know each other well enough yet—but it's going to be great—you'll see."

How warm and cozy it was to lie in his arms, their fingers entwined after the intimacy they had shared. How beautiful to touch his skin and feel the hairiness of his chest. to find a resting place for her head between his shoulders and neck. How lovely to fit together with someone! Finally!

She looked at Marty. He was sleeping peacefully, smiling. She smiled too, and an instant later fell asleep. ▲

"You're on Camera"

(*Continued from page* 14)

"That's one of the best modeling jobs in town!"

"I knew you'd be impressed." Alex smiled.

Penny reflected for a moment. She was wearing her tiniest dress that day—white organdie with huge puffed sleeves. Alex tried not to look up her dress as she crossed her legs, but couldn't help it. Penny's exaggeratedly long legs swished elegantly as she tried to bend them under the chair.

"Corry?" Penny said. "I mean, he's not really my scene. Bruce is. Not only is Bruce the grooviest photographer in London, but I love him."

"I don't care about your scene, as you call it," Alex said. "Just tell me if you're willing to cooperate or not."

"Let's go back to Corry," suggested Alex.

"I'm pretty sure he doesn't dig girls, Alex," Penny said. "If I can't make it with him, do I still get *my* end of the deal?"

"It *must* work out," Alex said. "You haven't got too much bosom. He can shut his eyes and pretend you're a boy. I'll leave the details to you. Just get a few photographs of your, er, liaison."

"Photographs?" Penny said.

Alex looked at her. "I know there's a room in your studio where there's a hidden camera hanging over the bed. Bruce told me about it once, and showed me some pictures. They were extremely interesting. All I want is about four photographs. That's all I'll need...

Penny looked at Alex. Obviously the

photos would be used for some sinister purpose. Probably blackmail. "I'll try, Alex. I haven't used the camera ever. It's in the guest room. I don't know *how* to use it, really."

"Well, *learn* how," Alex instructed. "I'm counting on you, Penny."

"I'll ask him round for a drink, or something," Penny said. "I'll get him into that room and try to turn him on. The rest is up to nature."

Penny found it difficult to get pop singer Corry Young to come to the studio alone. The first time he came, he brought his boyfriend Julian with him, so *that* was a dead loss. The second time they were interrupted by Bruce coming home earlier than she had expected. The third time had better be lucky, Penny thought grimly.

She asked Corry to drop by for a drink. Bruce was in France, taking pictures in some new resort. He'd be away for four days, so there was no problem there. When Corry arrived, she breathed a sigh of relief: he was alone.

"No one tagging along this time?" she said.

"Julian's gone to see his parents," Corry said. "First time in two years. Suddenly decided he should make contact."

"Well, come in."

She had put on a one-piece catsuit which emphasized her figure. She led Corry into the huge studio. When it was not in use, she used it for a living room, and had placed comfortable couches around it.

"Congratulations about Hamburger Madonna," she said, mentioning Corry's group. "I hear it's gone right into the charts after one week."

"We automatically get in now," Corry said. "Kids buy it even if they've never heard it."

"That's great." She poured him a generous drink. "Vodka and Coke," she said, handing it to him. "We should think up a new name for it . . ."

He took a sip. "We'd better call it the *Hurt Me* special."

They laughed. *Hurt Me* was one of Corry's top records.

Corry walked around the studio nervously. Penny lay down on one of the couches. She had put soft jazz on for this scene.

"What's the big mystery?" Corry said, eyeing her suspiciously. "Always trying to get me round here on my own these days. What's the bit?"

She laughed. "I get lonely when Bruce is away. There aren't many groovy men I can invite over here and still feel safe with." She giggled, knowing this would irritate him.

"Safe?" Corry smiled. It was a word he disliked, especially when it was applied to him. "Don't be so sure!" He winked and then smiled, trying to make it a dangerous smile. He failed.

"Don't be so sure," he repeated, walking with a strut to another couch and flopping down on it.

Penny regarded him as he sipped at his drink. He was trying to lose weight and had just spent three days at a health farm. She looked at his mouth, wondering if it had ever kissed a girl.

"That health-farm scene," she said. "Any good?"

"A couple of cute male nurses." Corry sniggered, "Julian stayed here, and you know what they say — when Julian's away, Corry will play . . ."

"Is *that* what they say?" Penny laughed. "So you grooved it up down there, huh?"

Corry smiled and lay back on the couch.

"Sure." He sighed. "Why not? We had some great massage scenes. I even managed to lose weight at the same time."

"What a way to lose weight." Penny giggled. She poured some more vodka in his Coke.

"You trying to get me stoned?" he asked.

"*Live* a little," Penny said. "You're only young and groovy once, you know." She sat down again on the opposite chair, tucking her legs underneath her. "You're not very romantic, Corry," Penny said.

"Big deal," Corry said. He watched her now. She was only a few feet away from him. What was that she was wearing? A catsuit? It looked like the kind of thing a baby slept in. One piece.

"What's that crazy gear you've got on?" he asked.

Penny glanced down at herself as though she couldn't remember what she had on.

"This? Some kind of jumpsuit . . ." she said.

"Man, this joint's really jumping!" Corry cried. He got to his feet and executed a few of his famous bumps and grinds.

"Yeah, yeah!" Penny shouted, clapping her hands.

"Hey, turn this jazz stuff off, will you?" he asked her, walking to the record player. "It's bringing me down. Put some Tamla-Motown on, or something with some guts to it."

Penny obeyed, and put on an album of the Supremes.

"Yeah," Corry sighed, flopping back on his couch again. "Yeah, that's better. Those chicks know how to sing. You know? Like the Negro bit's the only thing that's really happening. . . ."

"That's just what Bruce says," Penny agreed. She went back to her couch and lay down, too. "He says everyones going to be Negro soon. I mean everyone in fashion and pop. We'd better start getting suntans, Corry."

"Sure." He leaned back on the couch and closed his eyes. "Ever made it with a spade?' he asked her.

"S'pose so," Penny said, trying to think. "I suppose I must have done."

"Can't you remember?' Corry said.

"No!" She laughed.

She filled his glass with another Coke and vodka and rolled him a cigarette.

"It's meant to be great stuff," she said. They turned on together. It was lousy stuff, she decided. She hoped he wouldn't notice. The vodka would probably work against the stuff anyway.

"Man, I'm high." She sighed and stretched out her legs on the couch.

Corry got to his feet and stumbled over to the record player. The Supremes' record had ended minutes ago. He put on his "Greatest Hits" album; the room was filled with his growling voice:

Hurt me, hurt me,
Just as long
As you don't
Desert me. . . .

Penny hummed along with the words.

"I love those lyrics," she said. "Who writes them, anyway?"

"One of the boys," Corry muttered.

She lay back on the couch and closed her eyes. She thought of all the girls, all those stupid fans, who would give anything to be in her place now. And she wished it were all over. She felt she'd never get him to go to bed with her. She'd checked the guest room; the camera was in place.

"I want to show you something kinky," she said, jumping to her feet.

"What?" he asked.

"Come with me and see." She pulled his hand he grudgingly got up and fol-

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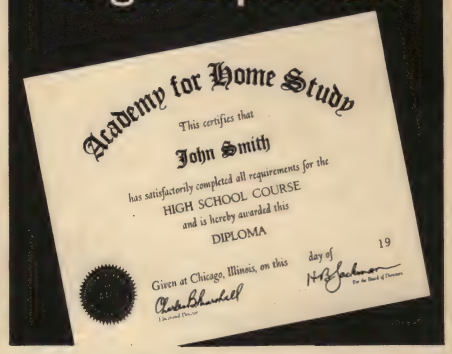

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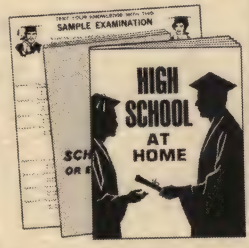

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lowed her up the steep stairs to the second floor.

She pushed a handful of photographs into his hand.

"Bruce took these two weeks ago. . . ."

Corry took the photographs and flipped through them. Penny thought they might put him in the mood. They were studies of a sexual encounter between a very well-known actor and Calamine Lotion, the model.

"Wild, huh?" Penny said.

Corry laughed. "How the hell did you get these?"

"Hidden camera." Penny laughed. "Smile, you're on *Candid Camera*. You know?"

"Yeah. I dig," Corry said. He peered at the photographs closely. Does Calamine know you have these pictures?" he asked.

Penny shook her head. "Bruce only took them for fun."

"Man, what a gas!" Corry laughed. "Does he do this often?"

"Not too often," Penny said. "The best times have been with fashion editors. There's this creep called Ermytrude Clayton—she's the fashion editor of *Teen-Beat*."

"I know her!" Corry said. "She interviewed me once for her creepy paper. She's a 50-year-old drag with blue hair? That her?"

"Yeah," Penny said. "She had this thing about Bruce. Couldn't keep her hands off him. She kept coming here to supervise photo sessions. One day he took her up to the bedroom and kind of flirted with her. Do you know what she did? She opened her Dior dress and took out one withered old tit! Bruce said he nearly threw up. Anyway, he got a picture of her like that, and her slobbering all over him. Kinkiest thing you ever saw. Why do you think Ermytrude gives him so much work?"

"That sounds like blackmail to me," Corry said.

She had engineered him into the bedroom and she flopped down casually on the bed. So did Corry. They had carried their drinks with them.

"It's not *really* blackmail," Penny said. "It's more 'you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours' kind of thing . . ."

"Yeah, but they weren't exactly scratching each other's *backs* here," Corry said, laughing and throwing the photographs of Calamine back at her.

"Shoot," said Penny, "there are hundreds of photographers around who all take good pictures. What is it, anyway? You set up some lights, and you put some film in the camera, and you're a photographer. Any idiot can do it. Bruce has got a bit of something extra, though."

"Don't you get jealous about it?" Corry asked.

"Not really. There's plenty left for me when he's finished with those old bags," she said. "Besides, jealousy isn't my scene."

"Youre a groovy chick," Corry said. "You know that? No hang-ups, nothing."

"It's all experience, isn't it?" Penny said.

Corry smiled. She was watching him carefully.

"Tell me something, Corry," she said. "Have you ever made it with a chick?"

He looked at her surprised. "What you wanna ask that for?"

"I wouldn't ask it if I wasn't high as a kite. . ." She laughed.

"And I wouldn't ask it if I wasn't high as *two kites*," he said.

"Well?" Penny asked.

MAN'S MAGAZINE

"Before you say anything, Ralph, I'd like to introduce Mr. Finchley, one of our more dedicated Internal Revenue agents, who came to make a spot check of your property."

They were both sitting up on the bed now. Her bed. But if anything happened she'd have to get him out of there and into the spare room under the camera. She could say the bed was more comfortable there or something. Corry was frowning. He was obviously finding her question a hard one to answer. Finally he looked down at his hands and blurted out:

"No. I've never really made it with a chick. Never wanted to, really."

He looked up at her and laughed.

"What would the fans say to that?" he asked. "Their great idol, Corry Young—never made it with a chick!"

She felt slightly sorry for him.

"All those interviews you do," she said, "they're always asking you to describe your ideal girl. How do you do it?"

"I think about all the guys I've known," Corry said. He laughed again.

"How about a refill? Penny asked, taking his glass. She went down the stairs slowly, taking her time. You should never turn on and drink, she knew. But tonight, Corry would need to lose all his inhibitions if she were to get anywhere at all.

She went back upstairs. Corry was still sitting on the bed, and seemed to have grown morose.

"What I just told you," he said, accepting the drink, "you must never tell what I said to *any* body. Not even Bruce Dig?"

"I dig," Penny said solemnly. "You can trust me, Corry."

"Really?" Corry said. "I thought you might be recording me and offering it to some fan magazines or something."

Why didn't I think of that? Penny thought to herself furiously. "What an idea," she said aloud. "That's not my scene at all. You seem to have some kind of persecution complex," she said to him. She put her hand on his arm, but he didn't notice it. You mustn't think that people are against you all the time."

"Yeah, yeah," he sighed.

There was complete silence. The record player downstairs had stopped. She could hear rain falling outside. She eyed him.

"Have you *never* felt like making it with a chick, Corry?" she said. "Even me?" she added.

He looked at her ,surprised. "Is this why I keep getting these invitations to have a drink with you?" he asked. "You one of my fans or something?"

"One of your most loyal, Corry," she said. She squeezed his arm with her hand. He was quite strong. "You've got muscles," she said.

He chuckled. He wasn't embarrassed, she noticed. He just loved being admired. "Even us gay boys can have muscles, ma'am," he said, joking. She rolled over onto her back and he instinctively moved away from her.

She laughed. "Don't be frightened, Corry. Hell, I'm not going to bite you."

He sat up on the bed. Sweat had broken out on his forehead and he passed a nervous hand over it.

"Corry," Penny murmured, "you're not going to disappoint one of your biggest fans, are you?"

He could taste fear in his mouth, and he swallowed.

"I've gotta go," he said, looking at her. "Rehearsal," he explained. She had never seen him frightened before. Usually it was the tough Bad Boy act. This made a change.

She leaned over the bed and turned off the main light in the room. The drink made her feel strange. She suddenly felt that she *must* make it with Corry. That

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it was important. That it would be a blow to her pride if she didn't make it work.

"Corry," she whispered, "just lie down beside me for a moment." She said it in pleading voice. Perhaps he would be sorry for her. He shook his head. Maybe he would respond better to firmer orders, she thought.

"Lie *down*, Corry!" she commanded in a strict voice. He jumped, surprised, then slowly turned his head to look at her. She saw a new expression in his eyes now: respect.

"That's better," she said sternly.

Without speaking, like a dummy, he lay down stiffly beside her.

"Now take off that hot clumsy jacket," she ordered.

Very awkwardly, he obeyed. They lay still then, side by side, for a moment, and all she could hear was his heavy breathing that sounded more like gasping. She slipped her hand up under his sweater and felt over his chest.

"You've got a lovely body," she said. She felt his intake of breath. She looked sideways at him; his eyes were wide open, staring at the ceiling.

"Don't play dead with me, Corry," she said. She pulled his sweater up over his head. He shifted his body to help her get it off. His plump body amused her. "He's got bigger tits than I've got," she thought. She wanted to laugh. He lay there, dazed, saying nothing.

She reached for his belt and unfastened the buckle, but his hand restrained her.

"Okay," she said sharply, "undress *me*." He sat up on the bed, a strange look on his face, half fear, half fascination. She knelt on the bed. He pulled the zip on her catsuit down. When it had reached her naval, he stopped.

"Go on!" she said threateningly. Very slowly, he pulled the zip down to her groin. Her flat belly showed through the opening.

"Pull it off now," Penny said.

He pulled the wrists of the sleeves, and she wriggled out of the top half. Her flat chest surprised him.

"Touch me," she said. He gingerly placed his hands on her bony shoulders. "I'm just like a boy, aren't I, Corry?" she asked. He nodded. Now she felt for his belt again and this time he didn't stop her. She undid his trouser zip. He wore no underpants. He lifted first one leg, then the other, as she pulled the trousers off.

"Now me!"

She lay down on the bed and he pulled the trousers of her suit off. She was wearing tiny panties.

"All of it!" she said, and he pulled at the panties, her legs slithering out of them.

She kicked all the clothes off the bed and onto the floor. Then she put both arms around him, and slowly pressed her body against his. She felt around to his front to see if she was having any effect. He was limp.

He had never been naked against a girl before. It was different from being with guys; she was smoother, disturbingly smooth, against him.

Penny was very careful. She didn't want to overpower him with her femininity. There was plenty of time, she thought. She turned her back to him on the bed. He lay down with his arms behind his head. She risked a quick look back at him. Wasn't he going to *do* anything? She turned back to face him and traced light lines across his body with her hand. He shivered and closed his eyes tight.

"It's only a hand, Corry," she said, drawing her fingers in caressing movements across his abdomen. "It could be anyone's hand. Mine, Julian's, anyone's. . ."

She stroked his stomach, his belly, but when she came too near him he flinched and pushed her hand away. She must get him into the other room.

"I'm scared," she whispered. "We have this crazy cleaning woman. She comes at any time of the night to clean. Let's go into the other room. We can lock the door. She never comes in there."

She helped him off the bed. Corry wasn't sure where he was. The alcohol had joined the marijuana in his blood, hazing his thought. Who was leading him, naked, through a strange house? Who was talking to him? Where was he going? He let himself be led, like a child, down the corridor. He padded on bare feet after Penny, too dazed to realize how ridiculous he looked. Penny walked naked in front of him. She looked like a hipless boy from the back. The hard little buttocks, the jutting hipbones. maybe it *would* be good for him to have a chick. Just once. So that he could say he'd done it and not be lying.

They reached the spare room and Penny locked the door behind them. She hardly dared look up at the lightshade in case the camera could be seen dangling from it. With her foot, she felt for the release button under the bed. They lay down together on the bed. It was cold.

"Let's get inside," she suggested. She could always throw off the sheets at the vital point, to make sure they'd be fully photographed.

She slipped into the bed, holding back the covers so that Corry could follow her. For a long while, they both lay still in bed. Then Penny realized that if she waited for Corry to make the first move, she'd wait forever. Facing up to this, she rolled on top of him. Her weight was very light. Her small breasts brushed his chest and they were not unpleasant. He put his hands around her and felt the firm little buttocks.

Penny was beginning almost to enjoy her task. There was something perversely exciting in lying with a man who was not really interested in girls. It certainly made a difference from the kind of lovemaking she was accustomed to — where the man couldn't wait to start pawing her. Now *she* was doing all the coaxing, all the work, and it was oddly pleasurable.

He must have been telling the truth, she thought, for he really seemed not to know what to do with her. He just lay there while she went through her repertoire of usually exciting caresses. She wrapped her legs around his and massaged his calves with her bare feet. She felt him gasp and begin to breathe heavier and more slowly. His arms suddenly tightened around her. His body began to move. She held her breath in excitement. She could feel his body growing: the necessary proof of his excitement. Now, if he could only climb onto her. She began slowly to nudge him to turn over onto her. They wouldn't get anywhere if they remained as they were with Penny perched lightly on top of him.

Her pleasure was short-lived. She had not even thought of kissing him, but now she approached her mouth to his and pressed her lips on his. He made a grimace of distaste and pushed her head away from him. His hands were on her head and they were pushing her down, away from his head, down past his chest.

She would forget all about it when it was over, she promised herself. She would rush to the bathroom and quickly clean her teeth. All the while, Corry kept his hands on her pushing her and groaning.

She hoped the camera was working well. She put out a leg and felt for the release button under the bed and pressed it a few times. She heard the little click above her head, but Corry was too bound up in his own enjoyment to notice. He twisted and turned on the bed, clinging to her. There were no thoughts going through her mind. She did not want to think. Just wanted this moment to be over—over and done with.

But time plays tricks, especially on people who are turned on and drunk. The moment seemed drawn out, suspended in time, endless. Corry was having trouble: The drinks and the drugs, added to the newness of the situation, made him slow. Each time she felt it might be over, she would feel Corry move again and groan. In the locked room, Corry took his time and Penny waited for her own private hell to end.

She could hardly wait for him to leave so that she could rush back up to the room, find the camera, and develop the film. Luckily Bruce had taught her how to develop films when she'd first started going with him. She took the steep stairs two at a time, her head still dizzy from the cigarette and drink, and from her unusual experience with Corry.

As she paused at the top of the stairs to catch her breath, she promised herself that this was the last time she'd do anything horrible. Being the Fraicheur girl wasn't worth *anything*, after all. *Nothing* was. Had *Corry* enjoyed it, at least? He had run out of the studio at the end, as if it had been on fire. He had been too embarrassed to even look her in the face. The climax of their liaison had sobered him. He had remained on the bed as Penny had run to the bathroom. He hadn't even the excuse of being drunk, now. He simply had to face up to what he'd made Penny do. He pulled on his clothes slowly, then lit a cigarette and went downstairs to wait for Penny.

"We're still friends, aren't we, Corry?" she said when she came down. She could see how he felt, from his face.

"Sure we are."

She walked over to him and kissed him lightly. He was unable to disguise a flinch. This will put him off chicks for life, Penny thought.

"See yah," Corry had mumbled. Then he'd left.

She was searching in all the cupboards for a stepladder so that she could climb up to that damn camera. She found the ladder and dragged it into the spare room. The camera had been ingeniously rigged up. It had a long lead flattened against the wall and painted white. The lead stopped just under the bed where it was connected to a small button. She hoped she had pressed it hard and often enough.

She set up the ladder and climbed it, slowly and carefully, peering over the top of the lampshade. Her mind reeled and she swayed on top of the ladder for a sickening moment. Yes, the camera was there. She extracted it from the wire which fastened it. The light fixture rocked and she had to grip the top step of the ladder to keep herself from falling. The bed seemed a long way beneath her. She glanced at the camera which she held in one hand and gave out a terrible cry, "Oh *no!*" Turning wildly, she completely forgot she was on a ladder. She misplaced her foot and stumbled. She crashed down on to the bed, hardly feeling the pain from her wrist as she fell on it. She had forgotten to put a lens on the camera! ▲

Snowmobiles

(*Continued from page 45*)

The only real limitation is that the mobile-jorist usually cannot swoop from side to side as can the water skier, and has to stay within the snowmobile trail. The only exception is when he is being towed on virgin snow over a flat field, such as a frozen lake.

Mobile-joring also involves an element of danger all its own. If the towing snowmobile does not maintain an absolutely steady speed (which is not easy when hitting a rise while the skier behind at maybe 40 mph), the skier is still coming on the flat, 35 feet can run right into the towing vehicle.

Snowmobiles tip over on occasion, too, with dire results to all concerned. Mobile-joring is definitely not recommended unless the snowmobile driver is experienced. But the exhilaration is unequalled.

Although some ski-slope afficianados sneer at mobilejoring as not manly enough, many of them use chauffered snowmobiles to get to the heights instead of using the four mph ski lifts . . . which go only to one fixed starting point at the top of a ski run. A common sight in the Idaho ski regions is a snowmobile towing a whole train of such purists up a mountain, enabling individuals to drop off at any point for their descent.

Even if some 90% of all snowmobiles are used for pure sport, versatility is the strong point behind their fast development. Ranchers use them to haul toboggans full of hay to cattle hopelessly marooned in snow drifts; undermanned forestry services can cover 10 times more territoy per man than with snowshoes, and utilities linemen can reach otherwise inaccessible trouble spots.

Canadian Mounties now get their man with their "snowcats." They have to, because too many fugitives were making their getaways on high-speed snowscooters of their own. Even the Eskimos are trading in their dog sleds for snowmobiles; they can not only tend their trap lines in a fraction of the time, but have also found that the total cost of a snowmobile is less than the cost of feeding a team of ravenous dogs for a single year.

Naturally, snowmobiles are also "good deed" vehicles for emergency use. They have not only saved many victims of plane crashes, but have also rescued lost children, gotten out wounded hunters and delivered expectant mothers to hospitals. An airlift of snowmobiles to Window Rock, Arizona, saved the lives of hundreds of Navajo Indians in the 1967 blizzard with desperately needed food and medical supplies.

Nor is the practical use of snowmobiles restricted to open country. When all-encompassing blizzards otherwise immobilized Chicago with a record-breaking 24-inch snowfall, snowmobiles were used on the snow-covered streets by emergency crews ranging from police and firemen to hospital workers and druggists. Even newspapermen used them.

But the sportsman still provides the big push for the industry's growth. A snowmobile enables a week-end hunter like Jay Bresler to fet farther off than is otherwise possible in limited time, and bring out his moose under power from areas where dragging it out on foot would be exrtemely difficult.

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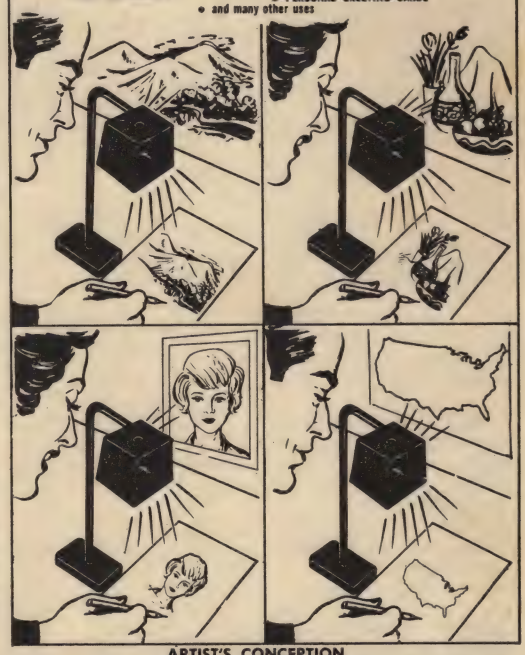

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An ice fisherman can get to lakes which could once be reached only by air . . . with enough supplies to make his day comfortable. And if he doesn't have any fishing luck at the first spot he picks, he is not stuck there for the day — he can move with a minimum of trouble. That's what the word "snowmobile" means: snow mobility.

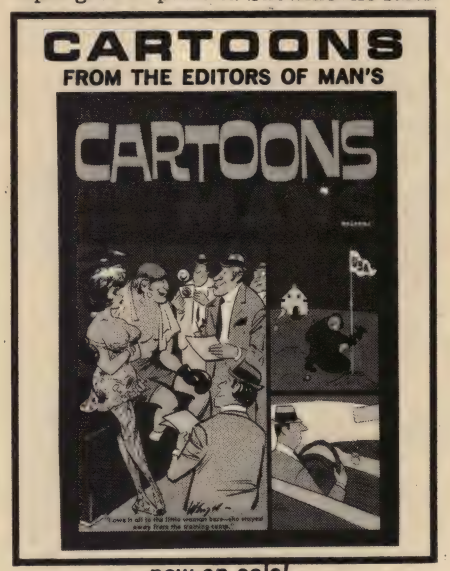
Snowmobiles can even enable owners to use remote summer cabins the year round. As for just plain joyriding, the state of Minnesota spent almost $100,000 this year for snowmobile trails, and Montana may soon have almost as many miles of snowmobile trails as public highways. As seen from the air, some of the areas around Great Falls, Montana, are so newly criss-crossed with trails especially built for snowmobile use that the snowmobile can literally be said to be changing the face of America.

And snowmobiles are money-makers. Even golf courses throughout the snowbelt, which are ordinarily closed during the winter, now rent snowmobiles to "Flat-Out Freddies" at $5 an hour or so. This is pretty good "interest" on an investment of $1000 or so; an income of $250 a week per machine is not unusual, which pays for the machine in a month, after which everything is clear profit. Rental rates at winter resorts, particularly for honeymooners who favor night rides, are even higher.

As in the early days of the automobile, racing is doing a lot to popularize the snowmobile. Races are held under the auspices of more than 1,000 big snowmobile clubs in the U.S. and another 2,000 smaller ones in Canada. This year there will be hundreds of official competitions.

Rallies include: cross-country endurance trials; speed competitions where the drivers stand erect, chariot-style, to cushion the bumps, and everything from precision slalom events to bone-jarring distance jumps. The 495-mile marathon from Winnipeg, Manitoba, to St. Paul, Minnesota, is already a tradition (four years old). Last January the five-day World Championship Snowmobile Derby, held in Upper Wisconsin at Eagle River, drew a field of 600 drivers to compete for $50,000 in prize money. There were 35,000 spectators . . . not counting a national TV audience.

The snowmobile industry's internal setup has a great deal to do with its rapid growth pattern. Snowmobile sales at the retail level are almost always "plus" sales, dovetailing with other seasonal operations.



now on sale!

You might say that Jack Collier is an angry man. He is a Michigan boat dealer who used to close up shop on Labor Day to spend the winter in Florida until springtime, when he opened up for business again. No more. Today Collier works the year round. He added snowmobiles as a sideline two years ago and is now busier from October through April than he is during the rest of the year. Actually, Collier is only relatively angry—he is now making more money than he ever made before.

Boat dealers represent the most obvious outlet, as they have the spare time during the winter months and the experience in servicing marine engines to handle the demands of snowmobile maintenance. However, garden supply and lawn mower dealers are also strong in the snowmobile market, for the same reasons.

In fact, the two-cycle air-cooled engines used to power most snowmobiles are closely related to lawn mower engines, and have the same types of problems and requirements. The name of the game is "service" for a successful snowmobile dealership, and the lawn mower dealers can be expected to take over an even bigger share of distribution than they have. Massey-Ferguson, one of the giants in the garden tractor and power equipment business, already has a snowmobile of its own on the market.

Another seasonal business hungry for a "winter item" is the motorcycle industry, which was pretty much in the doldrums until the lightweight motor scooters provided a much-needed shot in the arm. Motorcycle dealers embraced the snowmobile like a long-lost brother. Many claim that their sales of snowmobiles result in increased motorbike sales, once the customer has been converted to the "wind in the face" philosophy.

Entry of a motorcycle manufacturer into snowmobile production was almost inevitable. First on the market was the redoubtable Yamaha, using basically the same engine in the snowmobile that shot the Japanese company's motorcycles into a leading position in the industry.

The "natural" distributors, such as ski shops, snow plow service firms, etc., are not much interested in selling snowmobiles. Most of them are too busy with their regular winter lines, many of which carry higher profit markups than the snowcats.

Camping supply houses and sporting goods stores seldom handle snowmobiles because they don't have the requisite service facilities. Automobile dealers are interested, but their franchise operations are too tightly controlled by the Detroit manufacturers, who are in a position to tell their dealers to "mind your own business."

Once the snowmobile industry gets close to its anticipated production of 500,000 units a year, Detroit itself might get interested in the $500,000,000 a year volume. But in the meantime Chrysler is the only one remotely near the market. Chrysler, of course, is currently making both inboard and outboard marine engines as well as a full line of boats.

Could it all be just a fad? Some of the largest companies in the snowmobile industry apparently don't seem too sure. The big manufacturers of outboard engines like Evinrude and Johnson make snowmobiles, but they aren't pushing them as hard as they could, what with their nation-wide distribution networks of 3,000 established dealers. The fact remains that a relative newcomer like Bombardier, Ltd., of Canada, is building 30 times as many snowmobiles this year as the huge Kiekhaefer-Mercury organization. The snowmobile industry is still being dominated by the swarming independents.

One reason for so many independents being in the snowmobile industry, aside from the growth explosion which seems to be frightening the majors, is the fact that it's such an easy business to get into. Many "brands" are simply bought out-

"For goodness sakes, why didn't you give me a call to come and pick you up at the bus stop?"

right from the majors under private labels. Other so-called manufacturers are actually just assemblers, buying all or most of their components on the outside, from drive tracks (mostly made by Goodyear) and imported engines, to a body shell which can be turned out by any molding plant.

The vehicle itself, which usually resembles the electric cars used in amusement parks, is quite simple: a steel frame with ski runners in front and a "lawn mower" engine propelling an endless rubber belt like the caterpillar treads of a military tank. Add a handlebar and a seat, bolt on a plastic or plywood body shell, attach a plexiglass windshield to keep the driver from freezing to death and you are in business.

More than a dozen such manufacturers who stopped their research and development at that point have already gone out of business—seller's market or no. Improvements and refinements in just the last year have been numerous, resulting in snowmobiles which are quieter though more powerful, safer even though faster, and sometimes even a little lower in cost although more comfortable.

Some of the early models lacked even the now-standard "deadman's throttle" control, which is "live" only as long as pressure is maintained on the squeeze-type grip. A driver who is accidently thrown from any other kind of snowmobile might well sit marooned in the snow while he watches his vehicle disappear over the horizon at 30 to 40 mph.

The reverse gear, now standard on many models, can be mighty handy, especially for the driver who runs into a bush or finds himself in a drifted gully. A hinged cowl, for easy access to the engine, is (or should be) taken for granted on new models. So should air scoops on the engine hood, an exhaust outlet behind the driver, an oversize windshield, a full-size and conveniently placed gas tank, comfortable and easily maintained seats, a durable fiberglass body and a stardy bumper.

All were missing on early models. A kickstand is quite useful, too, to allow for revving the engine during warmup so slough and ice can work loose from the drive track. Use of the kickstand can also prevent the track from freezing to the ground overnight.

Afficianados are already claiming that some of the refinements are being overdone. The value of automobile-type dashboards, for example — some with enough dials and gauges for the instrument panel of an airplane—is questionable. The fancy side-mounted taillights, similar to those on the new cars, aren't very practical since the use of snowmobiles is illegal on most roads.

Drivers who don't like to pull a rope often opt for electric starting. However, most snowmobile engines are not all that hard to get going, now that most of them incorporate compression release mechanisms and priming bulbs for easier starting. An electric starter not only means adding extra weight, but also costs about $100 more.

Snowmobiles cost from $500 to $4,000, but the median price is around $1,000 for the average 300- to 400-pound model with a 16- to 25-hp engine. One company markets a complete do-it-yourself kit, with all parts supplied, for $650. Another offers only the plans for the more ambitious tinkerer: $5.

Led astray by the contageous enthusiasm, a prospective buyer can be tempted into overlooking some of the basic limitations of snowmobiling. In the first place, there is no such thing as an "ideal" snowmobile for all users. As with all other vehicles from automobiles to aircraft, any individual model is necessarily a product of compromise. If the buyer wants low price, he has to sacrifice high performance. If he wants ultra speed, he has to sacrifice ultra comfort. Safety will cost power and vice versa.

All desirable features are obviously impossible to build into a single model. What the prospective buyer has to do first is determine why he wants a snowmobile.

Snowmobiles come in four basic types, which can be demonstrated in the line marketed by Polaris. A Charger series snowmobile, weighing 298 pounds, is considered a "sports car" model, is powered with a 10- to 32-hp engine, and costs from $745 to $1,255 with a 15½-inch power track. The racing version (called the Colt) weighs 333 pounds, has 15- to 45-hp power plants, and is priced from $995 to $1,675.

The Mustang is Polaris' "family snowmobile," weighs 365 pounds, has engine options from 18- to 32-hp for the 20-inch track, and costs $1,395 to $1,510. Top of the line is the workhorse Voyager at 477 pounds, with 19.5- to 32-hp engines and price tags from $1,395 to $1,655, which buys a full 30.5-inch track.

Or in comparative automotive parlance: roadsters, speedsters, station wagons and trucks.

The industry also covers the extremes. Heavy duty utility snowmobiles are powered with engines up to 75-hp for hauling heavy loads. Three- and four-seaters are rare but available, as are many unique "special purpose" designs. Modifications for racing produce speeds up to 85 and 90 mph.

And coming as no surprise in such a fast-moving industry, there already are several compacts on the market. Some of them weigh as little as 150 pounds, and are small enough to be hauled in the back of a station wagon or pickup truck, eliminating the need for the customary trailer.

The first limitation MAN'S reporter found was that riding a snowbuggy can be almost unbelievably cold. Ordinary winter clothing is simply not enough, and frostbitten toes and fingers are among the most common hazards in snowmobiling. Several manufacturers are so concerned about their customers' comfort and safety that they market complete lines of specially-designed snowmobile clothing. Conscientious dealers who have been unable to sell such extras to snowmobile buyers have been known to throw them into the deal as part of the necessary package.

One of the most serious drawbacks to snowmobiling is, paradoxically, its efficiency—up to a point. A snowmobile can carry a man farther into remote country in 20 minutes than he can return on foot in two days. Anybody who takes off alone without knowing something about repairing breakdowns should at least carry a survival kit. The Vermont Forest Service, for one, has been plagued by so many such flounderers that they recommend that all snowmobilists travel at least in pairs and carry a flare gun.

The single limitation most commonly overlooked in snowmobiles is the fact that the standard machine built for sports use is basically designed for operation on flat terrain. Manufacturers have a proclivity for using publicity photographs which show their products shooting up and over hills, but they privately admit that the standard engines are actually built for most efficient use on the flat. In effect, on frozen lakes.

This is one reason why the use of snowmobiles is not widespread in Europe. There are plenty of mountains, but not the profusion of lakes found on the North American continent. Another reason for the limited use of snowmobiles in European snow country is their blatant noise. The manufacturers have always realized that the racket made by snowmobiles is a serious handicap for their acceptance, especially in areas where people go primarily to get away from such a din. Better muffler systems on the 1969 and 1970 models have minimized the objectionable uproar to some extent.

Several makes have even substituted the rotary Wankel engine, which is only about half as noisy as the customary single-cylinder piston engine (even though the easy-starting 20-hp Wankel has limitations in the acceleration department). But there are still plenty of icicles crashing to the ground every time a snowmobile blats through a stand of trees. The solution for many snowmobilers: They nonchalantly buy a set of ear plugs.

The advntages far outweigh the disadvantages. Ask almost any country doctor or rural mailman. The automobile has its bad aspects, too, polluting the air and killing 50,000 people a year, but nobody is about to predict its demise. Likewise, the snowmobile is here to stay. *Utility aside, it is just too much fun.*

There isn't any other comparable thrill as effortlessly experienced as barreling across an expanse of white crystal under power. Here, too, the sensation of average speeds ranging from 25 to 45 mph is much faster because the snowmobile seats are so close to the flying ground. And the way those zippy little skis up front bob up and down as they absorb the shocks of uneven snow . . .

That's snow business! ▲

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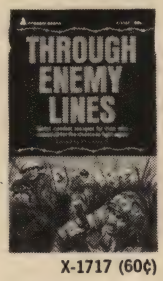

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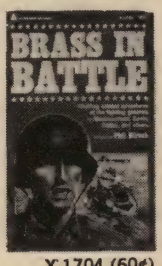

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The $2 Bawd

(*Continued from page* 33)

On the street below, an indignant air raid warden bawled: "Hey, *canaille*, you unpatriotic pigs on the fifth floor — shutter your windows or turn off your lights. The *Boche* may raid Paris again tonight. You want to provide a bombing target for his Zeppelins, *hein?*"

But the romping pair in the luxury suite were so busy that neither the woman nor Colonel Rene d'Urban, her happy steed, paid attention to the warning.

With admiration in his voice, the other watcher scrutinizing the lovers through binoculars dictated his observations to a grinning sergeant who wore the uniform of a British Tommy on this hot June night in 1917:

". . . 11:15 PM Subject flicks buttocks of d'Urban with a riding whip, draws blood, hitting him with increasing frenzy as he begs for more . . . 12:07 AM: tired of the game, the colonel has collapsed into an easy chair. Face flushed, breathing hard, he is reaching for the woman . . ."

The sergeant, an expert shorthand stenographer, quipped:

"Sounds like jolly good fun, sir. Wouldn't mind trading places with the colonel. Let him take notes.

The intelligence agent at the window snorted, "Don't be so damned funny, Corporal . . . This is serious business . . . *Write this down:*

"Colonel d'Urban is on the bed, eyes closed, as the woman massages him, seeking to produce erection. Hanging on chair adjoining bed is military tunic . . . Subject, without ceasing her ministrations to the man, puts her other hand into inside breast pocket of tunic."

The observer's voice went up an octave with excitement.

"Write carefully, Corporal . . . Thick blue envelope in subject's hand . . . she she shakes out contents, glancing at them quickly . . . A quantity of sheets —number unknown—are yellow, obviously army orders . . . She inspects four or five red sheets, the color used by the French General Staff . . ."

Suddenly, as if realizing that curious eyes might be observing her at play and work, the woman with the superb body and the odd metal breastplates hastily dismounted from her still impotent lover and dashed to the windows, yanking down the shades.

In his now useless observation post, Major Wallace Marting of British Intelligence cursed and put away his binoculars.

"Damn the bitch to hell! I'd like to have seen the end of her little party. But we've got the important stuff, Corporal; go and type up your notes at once, please." The major ruminated pleasurably on the exquisite body of the courtesan who had deftly filched military papers from her companion while crooning endearments to the drunk and sleepy French colonel.

The major thought:

What a woman she is, if everything the press says about her is true. Is Colonel d'Urban lucky or unlucky to be with her tonight? True, he will be demoted or may even go to prison after I file my report on his carelessness with military documents. But perhaps a night with her is worth all the trouble the colonel will face. I wonder how I myself would react if she invited me to her boudoir?

In her Crillon Hotel suite, the woman known as Mata Hari—a corny but mysterious name that this Dutch whore had invented for herself—tiptoed to the bathroom, locked it, and hastily read the papers she had lifted from her guest.

In addition to a sexual drive which never quit, plus the natural equipment for delighting lovers and bringing herself a full measure of ecstasy, Mata Hari had a mind which made today's copying machines look like toys. She could glance at a typed sheet and memorize its contents within a few seconds. Unfailingly, she remembered every verbal and written tidbit of information she pried from the generals, statesmen, bankers, munitions makers and cabinet members who lavished cash and jewels on her for a few hours of memorable love.

Her feat of memorizing the nine sheets took less than five minutes. Then, gliding back to the boudoir and her slumbering lover, Mata Hari quickly replaced the documents in the colonel's tunic. Settling her long and ivory-hued body in bed, she pressed ardently against his potbelly and inserted her darting, pink tongue into his half-open mouth.

Colonel d'Urban woke with a start.

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The woman's tongue was a sizzling probe. Skillfully, she stroked the officer's flabby body and murmured endearments to bring d'Urban to tumescence and satisfaction. Mata Hari was impatient to be alone so she could write down the details of the papers she had stored in her head.

The pleased colonel chortled under her ministrations, and gibbered:

"I must have dozed off. Ah, you lovely creature, you know just what to do for a man! Your body is so warm and smells so good. Yes, yes, now I am ready for you."

With expertise born of long practice, Mata Hari guided and encouraged the colonel until a reasonable facsimile of intercourse brought unwarranted pride and relief to d'Urban's flushed face. Mata's own heavy breathing and simulated moans masked her dominant concern:

The colonel knows I customarily charge 50,000 francs to one of his rank—more to a general, of course. But d'Urban is enjoying this farce so much, impotent fool, that I might as well demand a general's fee: 75,000 francs. That information in his papers is better-than-usual stuff. Canaris in Berlin is getting stingy; he'll pay extra for this information or he'll be sorry . . .

Five days later, the military data Mata Hari had absorbed from a quick look at the colonel's papers cost the French nation dearly. The plans and details she wrote in code—and transmitted to Berlin in a Spanish diplomatic pouch which was immune from inspection—enabled the Kaiser's General Staff to inflict murderous losses on the French at Lens and Arras.

The Germans paid this former $2 whore the $3,000 she demanded—twice her usual fee for an espionage assignment in the French capital. But her greed—and her implied threat to sell her services elsewhere if the Germans didn't meet her price—in the end toppled Mata Hari from her eminence as Europe's most successful spy.

For her German masters now decided that she was too avaricious and mercenary. With her newest arrogant demand for a bonus, and her threat to desert to the Allies, Mata Hari unwittingly triggered a decision in Berlin which would lead to her downfall.

The woman never reflected for a moment that the information she had peddled that week had resulted in 11,000 French lives needlessly sacrificed in a German artillery trap and gas barrage. Even if she had thought about it, she couldn't have cared less.

Dead men of any nationality were as useless as last year's calendar. Only living males possessed the sexual urges and cash on which Mata Hari had based her implausible career. . . .

In the variegated history of espionage, from Caesar's agents to the faceless spies of today, Mata Hari stands out as the operator who grew rich at this devious profession.

A congenital liar, boaster, spendthrift and thief, she parlayed a bookkeeper's mind and the body of a goddess into a dazzling four-year career of high-level espionage. Her name provoked anger and desire, hatred and lust among top men in the chancelleries and war offices of a dozen nations.

In her dangerous but lucrative work, the Dutch woman played one spymaster against another, wheedled money simultaneously from many men, and became sexually intimate with couriers and minor functionaries in the Dutch, Swedish and Spanish legations who permitted her to send her confidential reports via the safety of diplomatic pouches.

A libidinous French admiral, over 65 but yearning to feel like a 30-year-old again, once spent a revitalizing weekend with Mata Hari on the Riviera. Her massages and the mechanical devices she carried in her handbag helped him sexually. The cognac she poured into the old sea dog loosened his tongue.

From this assignation and subsequent affairs with other high naval officials, she absorbed restricted information for her German masters. They paid her well but got a bargain: Her knowledge enabled the Kaiser's U-boats to torpedo 14 Allied vessels. The toll was 5,800 lives lost and $60,000,000 worth of desperately-needed military supplies sent to the ocean bottom.

To the respectable *burghers* of the Dutch village where she was born in 1875, Margarida Gertrud Zelle—the real name of the world's most infamous woman spy—was a child to be pitied. Her Uncle Piet, a moralistic cobbler, summed it up to his wife:

"What chance has my poor niece to marry well and become a decent *hausfrau*? My brother Adam drinks like a fish, spends all his money on whores, and then begs pennies from his children so he can visit a new brothel though he may be penniless himself that week."

The father, Adam Zelle, was a hatter of mediocre business acumen, but a stud of amazing virility. Zelle's reputation as a skirt-chaser created barroom legends in a dozen towns and villages. Women tittered about his conquests; stern husbands vowed to thrash the roistering hatter if he ever made a pass at their own wives and daughters.

As little Margarida Zelle grew toward puberty, she often saw her lecherous father staggering home, supported by one bawd or another. Adam and his newest strumpet would romp and sleep under the same roof with his children and his invalid wife, who incessantly whined to the family about the abomination of lust and the sin of fornication.

An inquisitive girl, Margarida at the age of 10 poked a hole in the plaster of her father's bedroom and crouched outside peeping at the sexual antics within. (Later, prison doctors and psychiatrists who examined Mata Hari agreed that her childhood voyeurism—spying on the promiscuous and debauched sex life of her father—had generated in the girl an actual loathing for men. But this aversion was disguised and repressed by her nymphomania, though her hatred of males was revealed by Mata Hari's stony indifference to the soldiers and sailors she betrayed and sent to their death by the thousands.)

Whatever acts she saw in Adam Zelle's bedroom through her peephole was enough to stimulate inordinate jealousy of other women in her heart. When Margardia reached 14, she cooly took inventory of her naked body in a mirror and summed up her assets to her admiring, fat cousin Theresa:

"My legs are fine . . . my hair superb, if I say so myself. This body, Theresa, already has the stupid boys at school grabbing at me in the halls. My mouth is large, but my teacher Professor Postl —who gives me good grades when I let him put his hand up my skirt—says my wet lips excite him. My eyes promise plenty, according to our neighbor Mynheer Ludholz, the florist, who gave me five *guilders* last week for doing a certain thing to him."

While Theresa listened avidly, the girl who was to become Mata Hari continued querulously, "But my breasts are ridiculous. See, they hand low and droop. Ugly things, I hate them! The nipples have poor color and are inverted. What boy or man would want to kiss *these*? I'll think of something to do about them."

(Years later, after she became a so-so dancer and part-time whore, Mata Hari was impressed by the fact that many temple dancers in Bali wore ornamental discs over their breasts. Always fretting about the appearance of her bosom, she paid an artisan well to fashion twin eight-inch brass discs which clamped over her own breasts, secured by tiny gold padlocks.

(In vain, hundreds of her lovers over the years begged this Dutch sex symbol to unlock her little padlocks but always she stubbornly refused. Thus was born the widespread belief that Mata Hari's breasts were so alluring and lust-inciting that the notorious courtesan felt constrained to shield them from view lest they drive her paramours to acts of frenzy!)

In her sixteenth year, Margarida was sent away from her village to Amsterdan to live with her grandmother after her sex-obsessed father made one of his daughter's schoolmates pregnant and hastily decamped for parts unknown, leaving his family to fend for themselves. Her young brothers went to work; Margarida's neurotic mother soon

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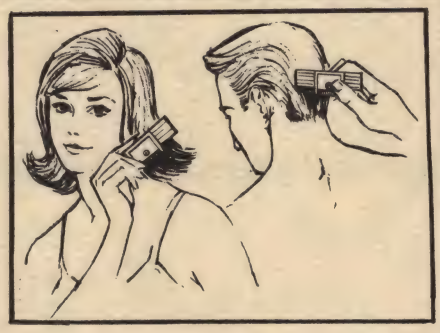

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died; and the shapely girl, who had already been intimate with a score of schoolboys and older men, found herself in a metropolis which afforded ample scope for a nymphet with her implacable sex needs.

Her grandmother was a baroness, but the haughty old lady had little money left. However, Margarida assured her, "Don't worry I will earn some quickly, and we will again have cake, wine and the chocolates you dote on."

Margarida Zelle disappeared for three days. When she returend, her purse was filled with currency—more than 100 *guilders*. Her suspicious grandmother asked how she had earned the money. Margarida repled:

"My father's old business partner, Mynheer Paulus, and his wife met me quite by accident on the street, Grandmother. He said he still owed my father this sum, but was unable to find him since he has run away. So Paulus gave me the money. Wasn't that nice of him?"

But the truth came to light two days later when a police officer accompanied by a bureaucrat from Amsterdam's Department of Public Health appeared at the grandmother's door with a warrant for the arrest of Margarida Zelle.

Madame, your granddaughter worked as a prostitute for two days and nights without a medical examination or a police permit," the officer said sternly. "She is under arrest for delinquency. Meanwhile, Mynheer Diefenbach here will arrange with doctors to test her for venereal disease. We will not allow 10-*schilling* amateurs—pardon my crudity—to compete with professional prostitutes who pay their municipal license fees, are inspected medically each week, and who give us no trouble as these wenches from the villages do."

Margarida was found to be infected with gonorrhea, and she could not tell which male companion had given her the disease. After it was treated and cleared up in City Prison, the girl was paroled to her grandmother, who said icily, "You are exactly like your father, Margarida. Sinful, a liar and a disgrace to the family. I cannot keep you here. But I will pawn my heirlooms to enroll you in the convent at Rotterdam. The sisters there will make you toe the line. Fornicator!"

The old lady overestimated the powers of the sisters who ran the convent. To these gentle women in black, Margarida was a daily affliction. She told scatological jokes which were repeated by the younger girls; she bribed a porter to buy brandy for her. Frequently, she would sneak down the fire escape at night to visit a nearby military barracks. Young Dutch cadets were delighted by this amorous convent girl who willingly allowed them to possess her, individually and collectively.

Afterward, they gave her money, for Margarida said crisply, "I realize you are young and not well paid. So, I do not ask much. Just 10 *schillings* each, please. It's for a good cause—me. I need a new dress, coat and shoes."

Expelled from the convent after the horrified mother superior learned of her extracurricular activities, Margarida joined a down-at-heels circus. She peddled balloons and candy, working intermittently as a prostitute in a horse-drawn wagon owned by the brother-in-law of the circus proprietor. Under her boss's tutelage, her slim, artistic fingers developed consummate skill at picking pockets, lifting watches and removing the coins from a customer's pants.

This ability at stealing papers, wallets and cash from men's clothing—even from their money belts — later would serve Margarida Zelle well during the years when she was Mata Hari, the most redoubtable spy of World War I.

It was in this sleazy circus that Margarida met the man who was to become her lover, husband and ultimately her enemy. He was Captain Campbell MacLeod, an alcoholic Scottish soldier of fortune who had spent a decade in the Dutch armed forces. A hard-drinking, womanizing roue of 42, MacLeod was impressed by the sexual gratification Margarida Zelle gave him, even though he realized that the girl was a part-time whore.

"You are good for me," he said, as the sinuous Margarida artfully massaged the captain and enabled him to fulfiill his manhood for the third time in one evening. "Marry me, and we will go to the Dutch East Indies and start new lives there."

It sounded alluring to Margarida Zelle. By now, she was pregnant. "It could be that Captain MacLeod is the father, but I am not sure," she wrote to her cousin Theresa. "It doesn't matter. The captain is so befuddled by Genever Gin most of the time that he'd believe anything I tell him. We are going to the fabulous East! I feel in my bones that I shall reach the heights in Bali, Penang and Batavia . . ."

What she found in the South Pacific was degradation and financial hardship. After the birth of her daughter, Margarida became a participant—at her husband's insistence—in the squalid "badger game." After luring a man to her bedroom, the nude Margarida would express shock because her husband had returned home unexpectedly.

The sucker — usually a Dutch merchant or commercial traveler — would gladly press money on the seemingly outraged MacLeod in order to escape arrest, a beating or a scandal.

But Margarida soon tired of this shabby racket. The Dutch East Indies teemed with wealth, jewels and glitter; she wanted her share of it. Shaking down simpletons for a few *guilders* was not the path to fame, power and wealth.

It was a corpulent and highly-sexed Asian, the Sultan Hamid of Sumatra, who gave Margarida the financial key to freedom and inspired her new identity as Mata Hari, meaning "Eye of Dawn," his pet name for her. Well-supplied with wives and concubines, the millionaire sultan lusted after the young and ardent wife of the drunken soldier MacLeod.

To entice her to his palace, he would give Margarida jewels and packets of Dutch *guilders* after each liaison. Mrs. MacLeod was awed by the splendor of this potentate's life. An assiduous reader and quick learner, she studied the history of the islands and became glib and proficient in the language. Europeans meeting her for the first time thought that brown-skinned Margarida was of Asian birth herself.

During her years in the Indies, she went her own way, shacking up with any young native who struck her fancy. Captain MacLeod—after taking his cut of money obtained from the sultan and lesser men with whom his insatiable wife was intimate—found daily solace in gin and in the beds of Javanese whores.

But Margarida MacLeod, though growing a bit haggard from her busy sex life, found time each day to learn more about Shiva and other gods. She interpreted their carnality as a seal of approval for her own promiscuous behavior.

Gradually, an odd metamorphosis occurred. Equipped with feverish imagination, the wife of Captain MacLeod began to imagine that she actually was of Asian origin, the descendant of an ancient royal family which existed only in her mind.

During the next decade she keenly observed the erotic dancers in the temples and haunted the dives where bestial rites honoring obscure native gods were performed. At home, Margarida would strip and endlessly practice these sensual dances until she was quite passable as a performer.

Dancing one night for her lover the Sultan Hamid, Margarida accepted his usual pouch of gold and solemnly told him: "Henceforth, I am Mata Hari, sire. Your gods have become my gods, your ways my own. I carry another child

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"We're putting your vacation a few weeks ahead of schedule, Purvis."

within me; it is yours. Will you accept the baby and raise it in your household as one of your family?"

An amiable lover, Hamid, though bemused, agreed to accept Mrs. MacLeod's infant after it was born. When the captain heard about his wife's pregnancy, MacLeod beat Margarida savagely, then staggered to the nearest tavern to get roaring drunk on his favorite Dutch gin.

Ten months later, richer by $15,000 Sultan Hamid had given her as a farewell present, Mata Hari set sail for Holland on the British liner *Empress of India,* leaving her first-born daughter behind with the embittered captain, who subsequently got a divorce. Her second daughter, Banda, was in the royal nursery of Abdul Hamid, her father.

Dutch colonial society buzzed with gossip about promiscuous Mrs. MacLeod and her affair with the sultan. But Mata Hari—affluent for the first time in her life—didn't give a damn about the salacious rumors and the stern condemnation her behavior had provoked.

On the long sea voyage home, she amused herself with a young German diplomat, a Major von Frenck, who was returning to Berlin for reassignment to another post. Nightly, the amorous pair were interlocked, either in Mata Hari's cabin or in von Frenck's. The German, a Junker type with brusque manners and a bull-like sex urge, was pleased by the boldness and unabashed passion of the Dutch woman who insisted on calling herself Mata Hari.

This man, who was a German agent surveying British outposts of empire in the strained months before the outbreak of World War One, intuitively sensed that Margarida Zelle MacLeod could be useful in espionage work. Accordingly, he sent a coded radio message from this British ship to his superior, Walter Canaris, in Berlin:

MEET ME AT BREMERHAVEN 6 SEPTEMBER. HAVE EXCELLENT RECRUIT FOR INTELLIGENCE SERVICE. FEMALE. DEVILISHLY ALLURING, WITHOUT SCRUPLES, MONEY - HUNGRY. DUTCH NATIONAL CALLING HERSELF MATA HARI.

Walter Canaris was a slender, dapper man with a pencil mustache, bland eyes and a whirring dynamo for a brain. He also had a man-of-the-world's appreciation for a gifted harlot who could excite with both conventional and so-called abnormal love.

Within eight hours after Mata Hari met Canaris, she was in the spymaster's bed, alternately playing the role of shameless wanton and crafty business woman. While in naked embrace the pair made a deal: Mata Hari would become a German agent, if the price was right.

Canaris (executed years later by Hitler after his role in the ill-fated 1944 assassination attempt on the Fuehrer had a good thing in Mata Hari. While enjoying her torrid lovemaking and paying for it handsomely out of military funds, the spy chief soon agreed that his colleague von Frenck had been correct about the woman's talent for espionage.

She had been the outstanding pupil in the spy school at Lorrach in Bavaria, scoring 98.7 out of a possible 100 points. Adept at photography, cryptography, secret inks and infiltration, "Agent H-12" —in her role as a Balinese dancer and "entertainer"—exploited the one asset that few spies possess: raw, vibrant sex appeal.

During her years of spying for the Germans, Mata Hari provided the names of 102 Allied agents living and working in Germany and its colonies. Many were liquidated; others languished in prison.

In Paris, her lovers included members of the General Staff who were criminally careless about their secret papers while in her bed. At Canaris' behest, she journeyed to Egypt for theatrical engagements and captivated several important Arab politicians who became her lovers. They readily assented to use their influence to stir up civil strife among Arabs living in French Morocco.

No fools, the British and French counterintelligence people eventually became suspicious of the flamboyant night club and theater dancer known as Mata Hari. Rumors reached them of her important friendships in Germany. A Swedish Embassy clerk leaked word that she had access to inspection-proof diplomatic pouches because of her long-standing affair with an official who doted on her ardor and boudoir skills.

Though she received mediocre wages in third-rate clubs and music halls, the dancer lived on a scale of luxury requiring an annual income of at least $50,000. This disparity did not escape the Allied agents who were watching her closely.

But getting hard evidence against canny Mata Hari was another matter.

That is why the British agent Major Martin, watching her with binoculars as she worked on the limp sexual equipment of aging Colonel d'Urban, was especially pleased at getting proof of the dancer's duplicity. He knew it might take months for the slow-moving French officialdom to take action against the dancer; but it was just a matter of time before Martin's testimony and other information would put her in the prisoner's dock. . . .

The money-hungry woman has outlived her usefulness—She must go, reflected Walter Canaris with more than a trace of regret at memories of exciting times when Mata Hari had enveloped him in her frenetic couplings. Aloud, he ordered:

"Send Agent H-12 a message to get us information on the number and types of French tanks stationed near Cambria. Use Code B4. We already have this information, but tell her it is a top priority need."

Major Herbert Froelich, the spy chief's aide, did a double take. "But, sir, that code was broken by the French with American cryptographer's help six weeks ago. We no longer use it. If it is telegraphed to Mata Hari from Madrid, our usual method, the French will pick her up at once. That code would be a dead giveaway as to her status as a spy."

Canaris tore his thoughts from the musk-scented body of the Dutch woman he had enjoyed dozens of time at the expense of the German government's treasury. He realized with regret that now he never would get a glimpse of the breasts she kept hidden under those damned brass discs . . .

Then he said dryly to Captain Froelich: "Precisely so, my dear fellow! Isn't it always less messy to let our enemy perform an ugly chore for us?"

On the night of July 24, 1917, while Mata Hari was enjoying intercourse on the lap of Colonel Pierre Frontenac of the French tank corps, agents of the *Deuxieme Bureau* — the French Secret Service—used a passkey to unlock the door of her suite at the Hotel Plaza-Athenee in Paris and walked in on the naked pair.

They had a warrant for her arrest and detention at the prison of Sainte-Lazare, where the unruffled Mata Hari—still shapely as a Balinese goddess and electrifying to men despite her 38 years—was lodged in a tiny cell under 24-hour guard.

The incriminating decoded telegram, sent by Canaris so the French would know her for what she was, clinched the evidence against Mata Hari, who neither would confirm nor deny that she was a German agent. She received the death sentence by unanimous agreement of three grim-visaged judges.

A former lover, Major Pierre de Morissac, was placed in charge of the firing squad. But de Morissac, remembering the exquisite delight of Mata Hari's body, couldn't bring himself to kill her. He planned a mock execution using blank cartridges. But a subaltern betrayed him, and de Morissac himself was court-martialed and sentenced to prison for disobeying orders.

The Dutch strumpet was executed on schedule by a new firing squad, whose commander had no compunction about shooting an enemy of France. A volley of bullets killed Mata Hari instantly. When the autopsy surgeon examined the flesh that had caused innumerable males to betray their country, he saw that a bullet had severed the metal links which kept Margarida's precious discs in place, thus uncovering the bosom that had whetted male ardor for a quarter-century.

As Dr. Etienne Clunet said with a shrug when reporters eagerly asked if he had viewed the mysterious breasts that no other man had seen:

"Oui, I have observed them. They were just so-so, gentlemen. Not exciting, but not bad either. But the rest of the lady —*mon Dieu!*—what a figure, even in death. . . . I can understand now why even a saint might be seduced by Mata Hari. Damn her!" ▲

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"Astronaut Will Die"

(*Continued from page* 31)

the more authoritative. In his now-famous book, *The Penkovskiy Papers,* he said, "There were several unsuccessful launchings of Sputniks with men killed prior to Gagarin's flight (April 1961). Either the missile would explode on the launching pad, or it would go up and never return."

But even if it is assumed that the Communists have lost cosmonauts, the overall man-in-space safety record is still incredible. As one writer put it, "Astronauts now are said to be better insurance risks than test pilots and people who take tub baths." But as another commentator added, "The trouble is, the public doesn't realize how easy it would be to lose one of these crews. They are beginning to take these flights for granted."

There are several ways such a loss could occur. Captain Norval Oexmann, one of the Air Force range safety officers at the Cape with the nerve-torturing job of blowing up any manned rocket that veers off course, says, "The first five minutes of the mission are the most critical."

Indeed, his observation was very nearly borne out in sensational fashion in December, 1965. On pad 19 at Cape Kennedy, atop a 109-foot-tall modified Titan II booster, were Gemini 6 astronauts Wally Schirra and Tom Stafford. Perhaps as an omen, their flight already had been scrubbed once, two months earlier, when a fumble-fingered technician had left a two-cent dust cover in the powerful rocket's gas generator, causing the countdown to halt when electronic checkout equipment detected the boner.

Schirra and Stafford were rescheduled for a December launching, with orders to speed across space and rendezvous with astronauts Frank Borman and James Lovell, who had been launched on an epic mission a few days before.

This time, on the second try, the countdown proceeded flawlessly. At T-minus zero, with millions of TV watchers hanging on the edges of their seats, the Titan spewed out a mountainous cloud of yellowish-orange smoke and flame—but the rocket didn't budge. Instead, after two seconds, its engines, which should have been gunning up to the awesome 430,000 pounds of thrust needed to kick its two-man cargo into orbit, unceremoniously shut down.

An electrifying silence hung over the Cape. In effect, Schirra and Stafford were sitting atop a live bomb—thousands of gallons of hypergolic (self-igniting) fuel—that could explode with earth-shaking force at any instant. No one knew quite what to do. This situation had never before occurred with men aboard.

Inside the tension-filled Gemini 6 cockpit, the two pilots were strapped tightly to their contour seats. Their gloved hands held choking grips on twin D-rings—"chicken switches," the astronauts call them—which are to be pulled in such an emergency, triggering their ejection seats. If they followed impulse and yanked the rings, they would be like two circus performers being shot out of a cannon. They would be catapulted 400 feet into the air, where—so the manual said—parachutes would open and they would calmly float back to earth.

Only two things were wrong. By doing this, they would abort the mission, passing up any chance of a later rendezvous with Borman and Lovell. Second, although the ejection system worked fine on paper, it had never been tried during a live mission. In fact, during previous tests, some plastic dummies had been badly battered while being thrown out the capsule's small hatches.

The other alternative was for the spacemen to sit tight and sweat out the possibilities of an explosion. With the icy nerves of a true pro, this is what command pilot Schirra elected to do. He based his decision on instinct, for on the instrument panel the trip clock had started, indicating that there had actually been a liftoff. Schirra gambled that the clock was lying, banking his decision on the experience of his previous Mercury flight, three years earlier. If the rocket had lifted off, Schirra reasoned, they would have felt themselves being pushed downward into their cushioned seats by acceleration forces.

With cool deliberation, Schirra began reading off the all-important fuel pressure figures. From 186 miles overhead, Borman, in Gemini 7, called down that he had seen Gemini 6 light up and then die. By the time technicians could get to the pad, wash down the fuel that had leaked, and drain the Titan's tanks, Schirra and Stafford had been sealed on top of the live bomb for more than three and a half hours.

Fortunately, the two were successfully launched into orbit a few days later, and made history when they rendezvoused with the Gemini 7 team. To the world it was a ringing success, but to those in the know at Cape Kennedy, it was one of the closest calls ever.

All potential dangers are not covered in the first five minutes of flight, however. Once in orbit, a number of things can occur, either separately or in sequence, that could endanger astronauts' lives.

For nearly seven hours on March 16, 1966, the textbook flight of Neil Armstrong and David Scott adhered closely to plan. Following a perfect countdown and launch, the space twins, aboard their coal-black Gemini 8 capsule, were inserted into a near-circular orbit 100 miles above the earth's surface.

So smoothly had things gone, in fact, that, by midday, millions of people across the continent had turned off the Cronkites, Brinkleys and Bergmans and begun to go about their business, confident that yet another step to the moon had been routinely accomplished.

From the cramped confines of their cabin, Armstrong, our first civilian astronaut, and Scott, an Air Force major, had embarked on a course designed to intercept the path of an Agena Target Vehicle, which had been launched an hour and a half (one orbit) ahead or them that morning.

Their goal—one that astronauts had to achieve before they could stake lunar claims—was to chase the Agena through space, catch it and then, in an intricate maneuver practiced for hundreds of hours on the ground, link the two craft together as they hurtled around the 17,500 mph.

Six and a half hours into the flight, the astronauts sighted their prey, took pursuit and closed in. For several long minutes, while continents and oceans passed dizzily beneath them, Armstrong and Scott carefully surveyed the Agena, checked their gear, got permission from Gemini Control in Houston, and then edged up for the delicate docking operation. When the two spacecraft were sealed as one, the astronauts had passed a new milestone in space exploration, putting the U.S. one up on the Russians.

There was precious little time for celebration, however. A short circuit in a key electrical system locked an orbital attitude maneuvering thruster in the open position, causing it to spatter flame and send the Gemini whirling into a series of violent rolls. The startled pilots quickly scanned their panel boards, desperately checking lights, switches, dials, knobs and buttons to find what was wrong. Their problem was further complicated as they passed between earth-based communications stations. Now they could receive no advice from flight controllers until they passed over the next station, situated five minutes away.

For Armstrong and Scott, it was five minutes of hell that very nearly spelled death.

They found the trouble — the stuck thruster—but they couldn't close it, and the roll rate was now screaming well past the red lines of safety. They were in very real danger of blacking out. With the coolness of experienced test pilots who have logged thousands of hours in the air, they analyzed the situation as best they could and disengaged the Gemini from the target vehicle. Still, the rolling increased. It was like being tied down on a merry-go-round gone berserk.

When they were able to communicate with earth again, they described the problem and said they weren't sure how much longer they could hang on. The decision didn't take long: Break out the reentry control system to stabilize the drunken spacecraft. By doing this Armstrong and Scott knew—it was an iron-clad rule — they would have to come back down, aborting the mission two and a half days short. And, while thousands of rescue specialists waited in the Atlantic Ocean recovery area, they would have to splash down in a remote part of the Pacific after reentering the earth's atmosphere over Red China.

But there was no choice. It was that or black out in space, possibly never to regain consciousness.

Armstrong and Scott made it, but the public was never really told how close to disaster their flight actually came.

What would have happened if they had used all their fuel to stabilize the spacecraft for descent into the atmosphere? The answer is as horrible as it is obvious. They could have waited for a slow but certain death from lack of oxygen, or chosen a quick and almost certain death by reentering the atmosphere in an unstabilized craft. A third alternative—to sit it out until help arrived—simply did not exist.

Gemini 9 pilot Gene Cernan also had a scare on his flight with Tom Stafford in June, 1966. Nearly 50 hours into the mission, Cernan became the second American to walk in space. He moved smartly outside the cabin and began a series of planned maneuvers. But after two hours, trouble developed. He had exerted so much effort in his cumbersome, overstuffed suit that his body overheated, badly fogging up his space visor. He couldn't see six inches in front of him as he sailed around the earth at a speed of 17,500 miles per hour.

As Cernan groped and fumbled his way back toward the cockpit, exhausted, he knew he was in imminent danger of blacking out. He felt as if he were wading in some great quagmire of quicksand.

Cernan's head swirled and his vision blurred into a sickening, spinning, nauseating dizziness. Only the gut instinct of human survival prodded him on. Had Cernan lost consciousness, Stafford

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would have had a difficult time getting him back into the spacecraft, if it could have been done at all. There were no planned procedures for this.

Cernan's heartbeat raced to an alarming level, for he knew, too, that if he panicked and jerked his umbilical lifeline loose—the one feeding him precious oxygen for breathing in the airless vacuum of space—he would die almost instantly. In a long, lingering moment came the shuddering realization that if he didn't make it back, or if the lifeline snapped, he would float grotesquely in space, possibly for centuries, orbiting earth once every 90 minutes. Perhaps it was this grisly mental picture that spurred him on, fatigued as he was, each excruciatingly laborious inch of the way. He finally made it, but there is no measurable method of predicting how many minutes longer he could have lasted before heat and exhaustion overcame him.

An even worse fate, causing multiple deaths, would result if something malfunctioned in the retro-rocket pack, thus marooning the crew in space, helpless and hopeless. In an interview years ago, John Glenn, the first American astronaut to orbit earth, was asked what would happen if these retro-rockets failed to function:

"Well," he admitted, "the pilot would remain in orbit for, let's say, a week or 10 days. Then his orbit would decay and he'd come back. He'd hit the atmosphere too hard." What Glenn implied was, if the retros failed to slow the spacecraft down for a normal reentry, the capsule and its occupants would be burned to a cinder as they plummeted back to earth.

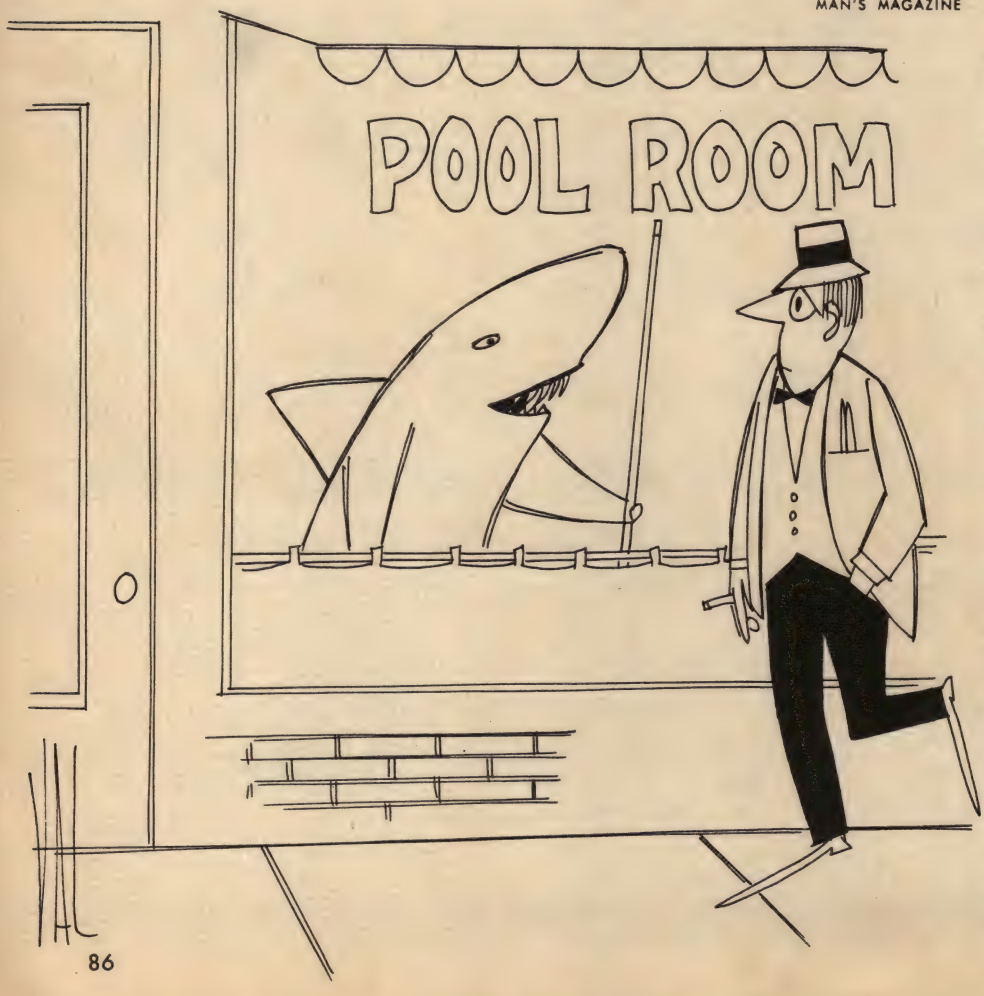
Gus Grissom, like all astronauts, knew the risks of his profession. "If we die," he once said, "we want people to accept it. We are in a risky business, and we hope that if anything happens to us, it will not delay the program. The conquest of space is worth the risk of life."

All the potentially disastrous possibilities that have existed on past manned flights amount to but a cakewalk compared to the dangers lunar-bound astronauts face. At least one internationally eminent scientist flatly predicts a disaster in the very near future. Dr. T. E. W. Schumann, deputy chairman of the South African Atomic Energy Board, and a respected authority in space matters for more than a decade, is convinced that there are far too many intricate maneuvers to be performed with too little margin for error. He feels the greatest danger occurs when the astronauts descend from a lunar orbit to the surface.

"The numerous hazards to be overcome before they alight can hardly be exaggerated," Schumann says. "Though this downward trajectory is calculated and repeatedly checked before their departure from earth, the slightest error in timing, in orientation or in judgment on the astronauts' part, or any faulty response from the numerous gadgets inside the lunar module, could result in a crucial divergence from the predetermined landing area."

Schumann's pessimistic predictions very nearly proved true on man's initial attempt to reach the lunar surface. For the first three and a half days of the Apollo 11 mission, everything had gone exactly according to plan. There hadn't been a hitch. After achieving moon orbit, Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin had entered their lunar module, undocked from the Apollo command module piloted by Mike Collins, and began their never-tried-before descent to the face of the moon.

MAN'S MAGAZINE



Carefully, skillfully, they guided their craft, Eagle, down to within a few hundred feet of the surface, when suddenly, for the first time, there was alarm. Unknown for the moment to hundreds of millions of people around the world who were following the action via television, naked fear clutched at Armstrong and Aldrin. For beyond the eyes of the world, they saw dead ahead of them, a scant 300 feet down, a deep, forboding crater the size of a football field, strewn with large, sharp-edged rocks and boulders.

Instantly, they realized what had happened. Their guidance computer that had automatically selected the landing site had goofed badly, and was directing them toward a perilous area. They could clearly see that if they remained on course, the fragile Eagle would be ripped to shreds on impact. It could not survive a crash landing. Even if they lived through it, Armstrong and Aldrin would never get off the moon's surface in a damaged spacecraft. They would be entombed for however many hours their limited oxygen supply would last, with no hope whatsoever of rescue.

Also, if they suffered such a fate, they knew it would call a screeching halt to the $24 billion Apollo program; and The national commitment made by John F. Kennedy in 1961—to land men on the moon and return them safely to earth in this decade—would never reach fulfillment.

It was a life-or-death situation, with no time to mull over alternatives. Acting instinctively, Armstrong quickly assumed manual control of Eagle, snatching the landing job from the computer seconds before they would have been doomed on a treacherous, rock-filled grave site. He kept aloft, searching for a smoother area. But now another problem arose. They were fast running out of fuel.

The unexpected change in speed and direction almost triggered panic in mission control, too. Red warning lights, flashed by the confused computer, indicated abort action should be taken, that the landing should be forgotten, and that the astronauts should fire their ascent engine and head back to the mother spaceship before it was too late.

But 26-year-old engineer Steve Bales coolly figured that the computer was sending false signals, and he gave the thumbs up sign for touchdown. It was a courageous decision, for had he been wrong the two astronauts might have died.

Just as the fuel supply needles bounced on zero, one of Eagle's 68-inch-long sensors, jutting down from the landing pads, felt the lunar surface. "Contact light," Armstrong sighed. Then, after shutting down the engine, he spoke the historic words: "Houston. Tranquility Base here. The Eagle has landed."

From inside mission control the relief was enormous. "We got a bunch of guys about to turn blue," gasped capsule communicator Charles Duke, himself an astronaut. "We're breathing again. Thanks a lot, you guys."

Two hundred and forty thousand miles away, two frightened young astronauts were breathing too, and smiling nervously. Doctors said Armstrong's heartbeat had nearly doubled during the landing, and Aldrin's was right behind. It had been a genuine cliff-hanger.

"In my opinion we damn near didn't make it," said Lieutenant General Samuel C. Phillips, NASA's director of Project Apollo. "We came awfully close to having to abort." Clifford Charlesworth, the mission's flight director, said there

was only about 40 seconds worth of fuel aboard Eagle when it landed.

Even when astronauts reach the surface without incident, their troubles are only beginning. What if their landing craft is damaged during touchdown? There are no repair stations in space.

It must also be remembered that when Eagle was on the moon, no one on earth knew exactly where it was — and you can't save a stranded man if you can't find him.

Outside the relative security of the spacecraft, the explorers may be exposed to a number of unknown hazards.

"One very serious problem seldom mentioned is the possibility of being struck by a meteoroid," says Dr. Frank E. Voris, chief of NASA's Human Research Biotechnology and Human Research Division. "These bits of material fly through space at fantastic speeds up to 60,000 feet per second, [over 4,000 mph]. In outer space and on the lunar surface, where no atmosphere exists, they strike with uninhibited speeds. Should an astronaut be struck and penetration occur, the heat of impact alone would ignite the 100% oxygen that is under pressure of five pounds per square inch within the suit. A flash explosion would completely burn up the man!"

Dr. Hugh Latimer Dryden, the late deputy administrator of NASA, also acknowledged that perhaps the greatest hazards are to be found on the moon itself. "On the airless lunar surface," he wrote, "a man's best friend will be his pressure suit. If it fails, or if he should fall and tear it open on some jagged rock, the vacuum would claim him."

Once their exploration has been completed, another tough set of tasks faces the astronauts. Without a doubt, South Africa's Dr. Schumann feels, the most critical moment arrives when everything is set for the moon takeoff.

First, bear in mind that the two space travelers are all alone. There is no army of scientists and engineer's available to help them, as there was at Cape Kennedy when they left the mother planet.

The firing of the engine which is to lift them off the moon must be timed with absolute precision to effect the desired rendezvous with their invisible third friend, who is still circling the moon about 70 miles overhead. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the two spacecraft may eventually be quite near each other, but that no fuel is left to maneuver toward a final rendezvous. In that event, the occupants of the lunar module may continue orbiting the moon for centuries, while their heartsick companion must eventually attempt the flight back to earth alone.

Even if this difficult linkup is accomplished—as it was on Apollo 10 and 11—the men are still a long way from being home free. Following a delicate mid-course maneuver halfway back, they must thread a narrow needle—the earth's corridor—to get into proper orbit for normal reentry. This is a 300-mile-wide, 40-mile-deep alley. If they miss it, there are two gruesome alternatives: (1) "By hitting it too steep," Dr. Dryden emphasized, "abrupt deceleration in the thickening air will crush them like ants under a boot"; (2) "If their angle of descent is too high," he continues, "they would miss the reentry altogether and sail off into the horizon, eventually winding up in a permanent circuit of the sun. Indeed, the accuracy requirement seems fantastic, equivalent to shooting the nap off a tennis ball—but not hitting the ball—from a distance of 100 yards."

Is it any wonder, then, that Dr. Schumann and an increasing number of other space experts have serious doubts about whether all of the next few lunar-bound teams will make it? The logical question then is, what is being done to increase the odds for survival? Unfortunately, the resounding answer—at least for the present,—is *nothing!*

This is not, however, because space officials are cold-hearted or unconcerned. Quite the contrary. From the outset, NASA has taken phenomenal precautions to give every component of a manned spacecraft far better than 99% reliability. Still, the fact is that there are no available means of rescue once the capsule has left earth.

There are ideas, yes. There are long-range plans. But if our spacemen get in trouble on the next flight, or any time in the foreseeable future, they will be entirely on their own. There will be no chance for outside help. The Soviets, despite their in-orbit exchange of cosmonauts on Soyuz 4 and Soyuz 5, face the same bleak situation.

Even if we had a perfected means of space rescue today, it is highly questionable whether it would be built. The big reason is money. Congressman Olin "Tiger" Teague, of Texas, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Manned Space Flight, estimates that it would take "one billion dollars and solving a lot of problems" to establish a rescue system. With NASA already in a tight budget squeeze because of the high cost of the Vietnam War and of the Apollo program itself, space rescue seems destined to remain nothing more than a concept in the study stage for some years to come.

During the past few years, several major study contracts have been awarded to leading aerospace companies. Their ideas for a means of rescuing astronauts in trouble vary greatly, but one stark fact has remained constant: There will be emergencies, plenty of them, even by conservative estimates. Martin company engineer Michael Stoiko has applied a slide rule to such an inevitability. He estimates that in the next 20 years there will be about 280 manned space flights involving about 800 men, both Russian and American. Total flight time will be nearly 2,500,000 man hours (compared to a few thousand to date).

Stoiko flatly projects that there is a 62% probability of at least seven emergency situations involving 22 men in the next two decades, and a 58% probability of two or three emergencies in the coming decade. In other words, he's laying five to three on multiple disaster by 1989, and three to two on trouble striking before 1979.

He also prophesied the psychological aspects of a space disaster: "A catastrophic accident during one of the early Mercury or Vostok launches, because of its suddenness and finality, might have become tolerable to an observant mankind, especially when it could be shown that reasonable precautions had been taken. In contrast, however, there is another type of accident. At its worst, it would strand a living team of astronauts in space, injured or unharmed, perhaps communicating with earth, but helpless and beyond assistance. Locked in the inertial field, they would remain alive for agonizing days—perhaps even weeks—without any hope of rescue.

"Such a circumstance," Stoiko warns, "contains every element to stimulate the most intense emotional reaction. The long story of the helpless astronauts' fate—perhaps following a delayed, carefully phrased announcement in the beginning — would be reported, step by step, in spectacular detail or conjecture to a shocked nation and the world. An initial horror and fascination would turn quickly to anger with the growing realization that no means existed to attempt rescue—in fact, that no action whatsoever could be taken."

Even with this dark forecast, Stoiko understates the case. It could be Floyd Collins in the cave again . . . the Navy submarine *Scorpion* trapped on the bottom of the sea . . . a dangling mountaineer in full view of the people far below, but out of reach of rescuers. It would be an unprecedented traumatic experience. How everyone would react and what the eventual repercussions might be are totally unpredictable.

Former NASA Administrator James E. Webb takes the optimistic viewpoint: "If we should lose a crew in space, the people would be more determined to see it through. By and large, I think the world is pretty wise, and it will judge between overall success and one or two failures, and correlate the two."

Dr. Edward C. Welsh, former executive secretary of the National Aeronautics and Space Council, and chief advisor to Lyndon Johnson when he was president, expressed the administration's position: "It would be unrealistic to think we won't have a catastrophe and have lives put in jeopardy and lost. The advance of space exploration and exploitation must be continued for the benefit of mankind despite the occasional setbacks and disappointments which are unavoidable."

The U.S. government, then, is apparently willing to concede human sacrifice for the common good. Whether or not the public will share this philosophy remains to be seen.

No one can predict exactly when, where and how we will lose a team in space. But when it happens, then will come the real moment of truth — not only for the astronauts, but for the entire world. ▲

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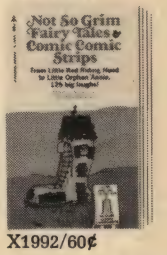

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Bloody Thursday

(*Continued from page* 13)

walking at a brisk pace to the campus.

A rock shattered a window as the crowd of some 2,000 surged off the campus and filled Telegraph Avenue in a trotting, chanting charge toward Haste Street and the park. A curly-headed kid wearing a blue embroidered vest and a darker blue shirt left the crowd and ran to a construction site on one of the side streets. He was stuffing a foot-long piece of steel into the back of his pants as he ran to catch up to the crowd.

Sergeant James E. Wallis, of the Berkeley Police Department, could hear them shouting blocks away. "We want the park! We want the park!" And he could hear the whoops and screams—it sounded like more trouble on campus. The Berkeley Police had been reinforced with men from the California Highway Patrol. Units of the Alameda County Sheriff's Department, dressed in their blue jump suits and helmets, were also moving in. The students had confronted these lawmen before, in several battles near the campus in recent months. The Alameda County Deputies knew the students called them "blue meanies."

As the shrieking mob moved closer, a phalanx of about 25 Highway Patrolmen moved out of the park and down to the corner of Haste and Telegraph. They got there about the same time as the crowd.

"Pigs! Pigs! a small girl in blue bell-bottoms screamed.

The roaring was louder now. "We want the park! We want the park!"

Patrolman Albert Bradley took his post at the end of a diagonal across Haste Street. He held his riot stick at the port position, high up on his chest, almost at shoulder level. Sweat was beginning to run out from under his helmet at the temples, and he swept his forearm across his eyes to wipe away the moisture.

Shielded by the first three or four rows of the crowd, a chunky, straight-looking kid pulled out a pipe wrench and moved around to a fire hydrant. Two others saw him, grinned, and went over to help.

The hydrant went on with a *whoosh*, but the gush of water sprayed out little more than foot and poured off into the gutter. "Spray it! Spray it!" somebody shouted. "Spray the Pigs!"

An attache case was handed out of the crowd, and the chunky kid slammed it against the stream of water. The mob roared and yelled as the spray arched up and rained down on the patrolmen. Officer Bradley stepped back, startled at first, then checked himself and angrily began to move toward the mob.

The kid in the vest came around from the left and threw his steel rod in a tight, whirling trajectory only about two feet above the ground. It whizzed toward the patrolmen at an angle and clanged once in the street before it bounced up and cracked into one officer's leg. The policeman dropped as more objects began flying toward the line of cops.

"Get your gas masks on!" their squad leader shouted, and almost as he did, the first cannister popped with a cherry-bomb-like explosion and spun crazily into the crowd, spewing gas.

Demonstrators stumbled over one another in an effort to fall back. Many screamed their hatred at the patrolmen as the gas began to choke and blind them. As more cannisters popped in the street, the majority of the crowd fell back toward the campus.

Bradley tried to take shelter behind a telephone pole to squeeze into his mask. A couple of rocks fell into the street near him. One shattered at the curb by his feet. The gas was already being blown back into the faces of the patrolmen themselves. Bradley put his helmet on and stood in the street, his feet set apart, his club poised—ready to use it if necessary.

Something—a rock or a piece of pipe—struck him in the chest and made him angry. It was difficult to see through the gas mask; he felt stifled by it and the helmet.

MAN'S MAGAZINE

"Hello there, Pat."

Looking down the line for the order to move, he shifted his club downward. To Bradley's surprise, it snagged on something. Irritated, he had to turn his head to one side in order to look down and see the pocket knife sticking out of his chest!

It had penetrated about an inch and hit his sternum bone. Patrolman Bradley was surprised that it didn't hurt. He pulled out the knife, folded the blade, and put it in his pocket for evidence. No use bothering about it now.

Seargeant William Sanders, of the Highway Patrol, could hear the battle on Haste Street. The collective shouts of the demonstrators, he said later, reminded him of "turkey gobble."

His job was to protect the entrances to the park from Dwight Way. But he had only six men. There was a small alley that led into the park from Telegraph Avenue, and the Dwight Way entrance looked open. Sanders sent two men to the alley and the other four to cover the street approach. He posted himself on a mound of earth near a tree, from where he could observe both groups and also watch the workmen who were going ahead with their fence construction around the "park."

Sanders had been at riots before. He prides himself on a habit of 'memorizing one or two faces each day" from the crowd in order to pick them out later.

A dark-haired kid in a leather coat sprinted out the back door of one of the buildings that front on Telegraph Avenue, just across the street from the park. The kid had an empty whiskey bottle in his hand, and apparently didn't see Sanders. He stopped and threw the bottle. It struck one of the newly placed steel fence posts and shattered. One of the workmen jumped back. Sanders decided to memorized that face.

Alameda County Sheriff's Captain Glen Dyer saw three of his men hit by an object thrown from the mob. One of them seemed badly hurt. The barrage was still coming in as his squad of some 25 men tried to force the crowd back with tear gas. Another police officer went down on one knee, and Dyer ordered his men to fall back around a corner behind the glass of a store front. The glass at one side shattered as they did so. The crowd seemed to be trying to throw things through the two windows in an effort to hit his deputies.

It was, as Dyer described it later, "a full blown riot." After being told by his superiors to "use your own judgment," he decided to break out shotguns.

To get the shotguns, the deputies had to go back to the campus, where their equipment van was parked. They left the Highway Patrol units in a continuing skirmish, dodging rocks and throwing tear-gas cannisters.

At the van, shotguns were issued to all of the men. But ammunition was short. Dyer rationed out four rounds to each of the deputies—two of birdshot, normally used only for target practice, and two of OO buckshot. The buckshot was to be placed in the magazine first, and thus fired last.

The deputies took their loaded shotguns back to Haste Street in an angry mood and with a sense of perhaps overdramatic urgency to rescue the embattled Highway Patrolmen.

The deputies wore uniforms designed specifically for riot duty—dark blue helmets, gray rubber gas masks, powder blue jump suits. The helmets and gas masks provided necessary protection for the men, but also concealed their faces and disguised their voices; the jump suits bore cloth badges on the chest, but no badge numbers.

Attired in this gear, it was virtually impossible for the demonstrators to tell one deputy from another. Even their superior officers had trouble identifying individual deputies by name, so the men maneuvered in squads, taking positions according to their number in the squad.

Sergeant James E. Wallis, an 18-year veteran of the force, was Number 4 man in his squad of 12. Wallis' normal duty station was at the Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center — a stockade-like prison farm where things went easily and comfortably. Punks who got out of line at Santa Rita could be handled quickly in one of the steel-walled isolation cells. Usually it was no sweat.

Wallis felt uncomfortable on riot duty. The mask was difficult to tighten over his glasses, and the helmet seemed to fit too tightly on his head. But he had served at riots before, and had used his club effectively back in February, when he had defended himself against a couple of obstreperous rioters. Johnson wasn't afraid to be tough when necessary.

Wallis' big signet ring clicked against the stock of the shotgun as the squad jogged back to Haste Street. It was hard to breathe, running with a gas mask on, and his chest heaved with every step.

The scene on Haste Street was about the same as when the deputies had left, except that the rioters had fallen back a little. The gas was beginning to swirl in clouds, but the wind was still wrong, and it swept back over the Highway Patrolmen who, by now, had picked up some of the rocks the mob had thrown and were throwing them back.

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Wallis was surprised when the mob began to stumble back. His squad kept after them at a jog. A couple of blasts went off near him, but he couldn't tell if they were gas cannisters or shotguns.

The deputies turned left on Dana Street, a block west of where it all started, and began walking at a brisk pace into the dwindling crowd of demonstrators. A few rocks still thudded on the pavement around the deputies. Wallis had a hard time seeing through his face plate, and he was worried that he might not see one of the missiles coming.

The deputies were walking more slowly now. There were less rioters in front of them. Some of them had split off into an alley where, Wallis suspected, there might be a cache of rocks to throw.

In the middle of the block, Wallis saw three of the rioters standing between two houses. The squad was advancing quite slowly now, and Wallis stopped to fire. He pumped off two rounds of birdshot when the rioters were about 15 yards away. They ran at the first blast, and the second pursued them. Wallis couldn't tell if he'd hit anyone.

A block away the roofs along Telegraph Avenue had become clogged with spectators. George Pauly, Jr., began to worry about all the people wandering up to his penthouse apartment at 2519 Telegraph. He used the apartment as an office for his Telegraph Avenue Repertory Cinema. Some of his staff were there with him that day, and a number of pieces of valuable camera equipment were laying about in the open.

At 2 PM Pauly locked up his equipment and joined a group of about 30 who were watching the battle from his rooftop. They were above most of the gas here, and apparently safe from trouble. Pauly didn't know most of the people there, but they seemed all right. A couple of kids, learning that it was his pad, apologized for intruding.

On his right, four or five people squatted on the edge of the sharply sloping roof of the building next door. Pauly had seen someone jump to that roof from his flat sun deck, and was afraid that if someone else tried it, he might slip and fall the three stories to the ground. The building on Pauly's left had only one person on it—a kid with curly red hair who was leaning on the three-foot-tall rampart that rose above the actual level of the roof.

The redhead, Pauly noticed, had a brick in his hand.

"Hey, c'mon, man—put down the brick," Pauly shouted to him. "It's bad enough now. They'd just shoot tear gas up here and get us all." The others on the roof with Pauly shouted over that they agreed.

"Put it down, man, or get off the roof," somebody shouted.

Michael Meo could hear some people shouting on the penthouse roof to his left, but couldn't see who they were shouting at. Anyway, it couldn't been serious. He hunched himself down a little on the slope of the roof, checking to make sure his feet weren't nudging the fellow ahead of him, who was sitting on the edge with one arm draped around a fire escape ladder and his feet dangling over the side.

Meo looked over the fellow's leather-jacketed shoulder and saw that the police were now moving the demonstrators farther down Haste Street. He heard a couple of loud booms, and assumed that they were firing more tear gas.

Sergeant Wallis' squad came back up Parker Street from Dana and rounded the corner at Telegraph Avenue, where the demonstrators had tipped over a Berkeley city car and set it afire. The two auxiliary policemen who had been using the car apparently had gotten out safely.

Telegraph Avenue looked quieter now, just before 2 P.M. Traffic was even moving in the southbound lanes. Some debris was lying in the streets, but it looked like the end of the riot.

Wallis' squad was marching smartly as it turned back down Telegraph and headed in the direction of the campus. Maybe, Wallis thought, he was in for a little relief. He wasn't paying much attention to the people on the roofs.

Steve Carr leaned over the edge of the penthouse roof in an effort to see what was burning down the street. He couldn't quite get a view of it. His eyes were just beginning to clear after the gassing he'd taken an hour earlier, before someone had told him to go up to the roofs where the gas wasn't so bad.

It had been one hell of a freshman year for Carr. At 18, he figured he would be getting in on some real action, but he hadn't actually participated. It was enough of a scene just to watch.

Carr glanced toward the red-haired kid on the next roof about the same time that he saw the cops in jump suits walking up the street. The policemen had what Carr thought were gas launchers, and he wondered if they were going to fire again.

Then Carr looked at the redhead and saw the kid pick up his brick again. It seemed as though everybody on the roof began to shout at him. "Christ, don't throw it!" Carr heard himself bellow. "Put it down!"

The kid turned around, gave the finger to those on the roof, and shouted back "F--- you!" Carr was still shouting when he heard a blast and saw the kid tumble over. Carr thought the kid had been hit in the face with a tear gas shell.

The brick hit the pavement behind Wallis with a sharp *thwack*, and the sergeant cocked his head back at a 45-degree angle to see through his mask. A leather-jacketed kid stood up on the roof. Wallis thought he was throwing something.

He fired quickly at the roof and recocked his shotgun in almost the same motion. He whirled to his right and spotted another man on a flat roof. He fired again.

Meo thought the police were firing tear gas. A youth behind him on the roof started shouting, "You motherf------!" Meo wanted to tell him to shut up, but there wasn't time. The leather-jacketed youth in front of him stood up, then looked over the roof at the police who, Meo now thought, were firing rock salt.

The fellow in the leather jacket started to turn away when Meo heard another blast. The leather-jacketed youth crumpled at the edge of the roof and looked as if he might fall off.

"What's the matter?" Meo shouted.

"I can't breathe!" came the gasped reply.

The shooting had subsided when Meo turned the wounded man over on his side. Three red spots showed through his shirt at his lower back on the left side. There wasnt much blood.

"What's your name?" Meo asked him.

"Jim," the kid answered, gritting his teeth in pain.

"Don't worry, Jim. It's only rock salt."

Fifteen minutes later, a kid in a sloppy blue dungaree shirt ran up to a Highway Patrolman on Dwight Way. "Listen," the kid said, "there's some people hurt up on those roofs. I think it's pretty bad."

"Yeah — "The patrolman's voice ehcoed hollowly through the gas mask. "That's what you get for starting all this crap."

Wallis' squad was almost back at the campus. They'd reloaded with birdshot brought in by the equipment van, but it looked as though their first sweep had just about done the job.

"Somebody said there's some people hurt on that roof," one of the deputies said. "We must have hit some of the bastards."

Sergeant Sanders answered the radio call some 45 minutes later. It was quieter now, and he could take his squad down to watch the doorway on Telegraph Avenue while waiting for the ambulance to arrive. The police were afraid that the ambulance drivers might be greeted with a barrage of rocks. They weren't.

Sanders could see that there had been some action here. A couple of the long-haired kids, brought out by the ambulance attendants, looked as if they had been hit square in the face. They were pretty bloody.

But they all walked to the ambulance—except one. They brought this fellow down on a stretcher, and he appeared to be in considerable pain. Sanders recognized him as the same kid whose face he had decided to memorize after seeing him throw a whiskey bottle in the early stages of the riot.

Meo took the wounded guy's leather coat to him in the hospital. It surprised Meo to learn that Jim—James Rector, as the hospital identified him—had been hit by large OO buckshot pellets.

Rector told Meo that he felt better, but said he was irate about having been shot.

That was the day before the blood clot near his heart burst, and Rector died—the only fatality of Bloody Thursday in the People's Park Rebellion.

Two months later, an Alameda County Coroner's Jury reconstructed the incidents leading up to Rector's death. Sergeant Wallis told them that he was "probably" the man who had shot Rector. "I'm the only one I know of who fired at anyone on that particular roof," he told the jury.

The jury found that Rector's death had been "justifiable homicide" by "an unknown and unidentifiable Alameda County sheriff's deputy."

In the days that followed Rector's wounding, the demonstrations around People's Park changed their scope from uneven battles between rock-armed demonstrators and shotgun-bearing deputies, to sporadic, catch-me-if-you-can skirmishes. Numerous sullen confrontations occurred between angry youth and uncomfortable National Guardsmen who had arrived on the night of May 15.

The Guardsmen manned street barricades at the embattled intersections around People's Park. Many of them exchanged youthful quips with the demonstrating students.

The young troopers leaned back on the wooden barricades, their old M-1's slung tightly from their shoulders and talked to mini-skirted coeds who tried to convince them to reject their role as part of "the system."

The Guardsmen were bivouaced in the fenced-off remains of People's Park. Several of them emptied their canteens to water the wilted-looking plants in the park.

The Guardsmen were occupying People's Park because their unit had been called up—it was their job. Some of them freely admitted that they shared some of the same beliefs as the young people at whom they were now pointing their bayonets. More than one Guardsman conceded that he had chosen the Guard, and was happy to be in it and avoiding Vietnam. Other Guardsmen had no sympathy for "those college kids."

At the checkpoint at Haste Street, Telegraph and the campus crowd strolled by all day, flashing "V" peace symbols with their fingers.

A little blonde chick passed out a couple of oranges to two of the Guardsmen on duty. They sucked on the fruit and went on an eight-hour LSD trip that brought strict orders against accepting goodies from the locals.

National Guard trucks rumbled through the streets throughout the day, and the men's drab uniforms and bayonets frightened youths who had already been scared by the acrid gas that had forced them out of their classrooms. Berkeley had become an armed camp. Emergency regulations imposed by the governor kept people off the streets after 10 PM. No public gatherings were permitted.

A National Guardsman quietly asked a bearded youngster to move away from a barricade.

"Welcome to Czechoslovakia," the youth answered sarcastically.

"Thanks for inviting me," the Guardsman said.

James Rector died on Monday.

On Wednesday, some 3,000 people demonstrated on the campus in a march that was to be a silent memorial. Many of the demonstrators wore black arm bands, and some floated black balloons in the cool, overcast morning air.

The vigil's peaceful beginning had a restless edge, however. Speakers began to call for a march on Berkeley's downtown area along Shattuck Avenue. The crowd began to surge that way, and excitement began to mount again.

The Guardsmen, with bayonets at the ready, stopped the march at the western edge of the campus.

"This gathering is prohibited! This group must disband!" Berkeley Police Lieutenant Ralph Schillinger shouted. The crowd surged back, then moved forward a little. The Guardsmen stepped off toward the demonstrators at a slow pace, and the crowd splintered into three roughly equal groups.

The first gas was thrown as one group of about 1,000 people ran toward Chancellor Heyn's office, where Alameda County deputies already were waiting. As the crowd reeled back from the popping gas cannisters, two girls tumbled down a grassy hill and into a hedge. A deputy chasing them fired once. Blood spurted from the thigh of one girl, who was wearing a mini-skirt. She squealed and fell. The birdshot was not able to penetrate the other girl's jeans.

The Guardsmen moved farther onto the campus. A truck brought up rolls of sinister-looking concertina wire, which was strung along the demonstration-plagued south and north entrances to the campus' Sather Gate. The Guardsmen looked menacing in their gas masks.

In Sproul Plaza, students who were unaware of the earlier demonstration munched on sandwiches as usual during the waning lunch hour, watching the drama with some amusement. Some of the students tossed Frisbees back and forth while they watched. The Guardsmen moved in closer and some students began taunting them.

At about 2 PM, a University policeman appeared on the balcony of the Student Union. "Chemical agents are about to be dropped," he announced over the bullhorn. "I request that you leave the plaza."

The feedback screech of the bullhorn barely ebbed before a Sikorsky helicopter clattered out of the east and appeared—almost picturesquely—against the famed clock tower of the Campanile. Then the scene became one of science-fiction horror.

A cloud of white powder jetted out from the sliding door of the chopper and mushroomed lightly as the breeze picked it up and swirled it down in a long arc. Students forgot their lunches and abandoned their Frisbees. They fled for shelter. But the concertina wire prevented some from escaping, and most of them found that there wasn't enough time, anyway. The powdery CS gas settled down in a heavy fog. It stuck to the skin and burned. A couple of girls began vomiting. In some classrooms, the gas seeped thickly through the windows as the helicopter thumped at the choking air outside.

At the university's Cowell Hospital, the heavy, burning CS fumes sought out some of the victims of earlier clashes, most of them suffering from shotgun wounds. Hospital officials found that patients were being overcome before doctors and nurses could ventilate the rooms. Asthmatics suffered severely. Some ran the risk of permanent setbacks.

Many observers sought a reason for the aerial gas attack and found none.

A spokesman for Major General Bernard Nurre, commander of the 49th Infantry Brigade, said that the gas was dropped because troops in the plaza were "endangered" by dissidents tossing chairs and furniture out of the student government building. Newsmen at the scene didn't remember seeing any such acts. Dissidents flatly called the general a liar.

The following day, dissidents and growing numbers of their supporters were becoming increasingly angry. Pamphlets were passed calling for the formation of a new park on land owned by a shopping center in downtown Berkeley, west and slightly north of the campus.

A fiery noon rally was followed by the customary march. The demonstrators walked off the campus at the west end. No sweat this time—the Guardsmen were not around.

Authorities can read pamphlets too, and there were "spies" in the ranks of the more than 2,000 demonstrators. Berkeley police were waiting at the shopping center. They used prowl cars and small squads of men to herd the crowd south down Shattuck and into the main business section. Some of the demonstrators looked nervously at the helicopter as it flew low, following the line of march.

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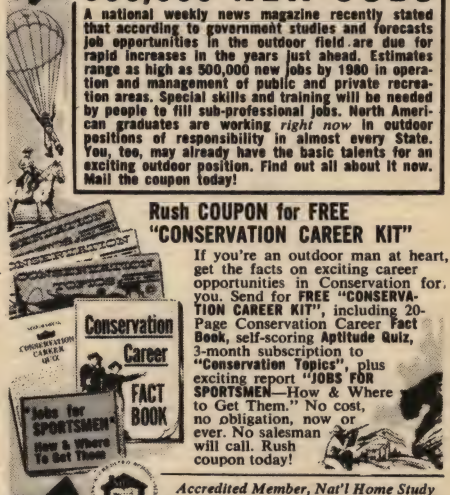

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one of the march leaders said as he walked back through the crowd, his head turning to one side, then the other. "Get into the stores and shop for something. Get off the street!"

"Oh, bull!" someone said. "Get into the street, make 'em come after us!"

The smarter leaders faded away and were gone as the march—by this time more of a stampede—reached Shattuck and Center Streets.

Suddenly, three sides of the two-block area containing the bulk of the demonstration were closed off by lines of Guardsmen. Up Center Street, a platoon of sheriff's deputies waited to go into action, their riot clubs clutched in their hands.

The crowd stopped. Like confused cattle, they surged first one way, then the other. The only open escape route seemed to be up Center Street, and they started to trot directly into the trap.

Behind the crowd, Guardsmen went into stores and pulled out demonstrators and innocent shoppers, shoving them into the street and herding them along with the others.

At the Bank of America parking lot, the demonstrators met the deputies and backed off, turning sideways into an empty lot. They were in the trap now, and the Guardsmen moved up quickly to seal it. . . .

More than 400 demonstrators and a few bewildered afternoon shoppers sat down in the late afternoon sunshine to await their turn to be arrested. In the back of the crowd, a young man stuffed some pills down an open drainage hole. A blonde girl wearing tweedy eastern campus clothing took the film from her camera and slipped it under her sweater to a personal hiding place. A couple of fraternity types tossed a Frisbee around, until it bounced off a Guardsman's shoulder and sailed beyond the ring of bayonets that held the demonstrators penned inside.

A young man in a madras shirt stood up to read a quotation that sounded ominously contemporary in its warnings about student dissent and the breakdown in law and order. It turned out to have been written by Adolf Hitler.

One by one, the demonstrators were arrested, stood up for preliminary mug shots, and put in lines for the busses to the prison farm at Santa Rita, a 40-minute ride away. The ride had a spirit of camarderie about it. Some of the prisoners jovially compared this bust to one held late the previous year at San Francisco State College. They were all expecting a few hours in jail, a little rough language from the guards and, maybe later, a fine. No big thing.

"Jesus," somebody said as one bus rolled deeper into the prison farm and finally stopped, "they've got everybody face down on the ground—like bodies!"

The 50 captives on the bus crowded to the left side and tried to peer through the one-inch crack in the frosted windows. But there wasn't time. The guards were already screaming for everyone to move out of the bus. Clubs were used on the stragglers.

Indeed, the earlier arrivals were laid out in long rows on the graveled asphalt at the center of a compound bordered on three sides by barracks and on the fourth by a barbed-wire fence.

"Get down on your stomachs!" a fat guard with a bandaged hand bellowed.

A couple of the new arrivals saw a hefty orange-shirted young man kneeling on gravel. A guard was shouting at him. "What did you call me, you little shit? Am I a punk? *Am* I?" The guard landed sharp blows with his club on the young man's shoulder and back.

"What are you looking at, creep?" a guard screamed at someone watching the clubbing. The offending witness let out an audible *"ooofff!"* as the guard's club knocked the air out of the observer's lungs.

For four hours, the prisoners lay on their stomachs, heads turned to one side, while the guards shouted at them.

"Any of you creeps try to escape, just remember—we shoot to kill here!"

"Don't move your goddam legs!" (This order was enforced with a blow from a club to the back of a knee.)

The night fog moved in, a harbinger of another hardship. Some of the prisoners, in short-sleeved shirts, shivered in the cold.

"You think *this* is cold, creeps? We'll let you stay out here all night and freeze to death. Maybe that will teach you to stay out of Berkeley!"

It was 10 PM before the prisoners were moved into a barracks to be booked. The guards ordered that the doors and windows be kept open. It stayed cold.

None of the 452 persons arrested—including more than 100 girls, who were taken to another section of the prison farm and treated more humanely—got out in less than 15 hours.

Sheriff Frank I. Madigan admitted to some excesses by his men. "The guards take a very dim view of the situation," he reported. "They have a feeling that these prisoners should be treated like the Viet Cong."

Partly because of this treatment, all charges against those arrested were later dismissed.

In Berkeley, the situation had eased slightly with the founding of "People's Park Annex" on Bay Area Rapid Transit land west of the campus. It became a safety valve of sorts. Rock bands played nightly. Wine and pot were passed around again. Two fire pits burned late, and in the tents set up for transients, people got turned on to one another again.

There were still a few skirmishes left to fight. Somebody cut the People's Park fence with wire cutters a couple of times, and police made fast arrests. Rolls of sod were laid down one day on the Haste Street pavement in front of the old park, and girls danced on it topless, tantalizing the Guardsmen. "Go ahead—fight *that*, baby!"

The Guardsmen gawked, but the incident passed peacefully. The worst was over.

On Memorial Day, 50,000 people marched in support of the park, and in protest against the tactics used by the police. Berkeley streets were jammed with marchers in a festive mood, as the deputies kept shotguns nearby on Sheriff Madigan's orders. But the National Guard already had been recalled.

Graduation was coming. Summer vacation was at hand. A new generation of Berkeleyites would be along in the fall.

In June, the university Board of Regents announced plans to build a $3,500,000 residential housing complex on the People's Park site. There still is no pressing need for more university housing.

The fence around the park came down to allow workmen to build two temporary asphalt-covered courts—for tennis and for basketball. At one side, sod was laid for a small soccer field. The still-ragged grove of trees remained.

In July, San Francisco architectural firm commissioned to design the new student housing announced that it would not do so unless the university listened to votes by 85% of the faculty senate, and seven out of every 10 residents of Berkeley's south campus, who said they wanted at least part of the land reserved for a user-developed park.

And veterans of the battle for People's Park wore their grins like campaign badges. A whole new generation would be back on campus in the fall—and they weren't coming to watch the football games. ▲

MAN'S MAGAZINE

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Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters look like spark plugs merely because they have to be screwed into the spark plug socket. But what they do is far different. Here's how to prove it:

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4. **Remove plugs and install Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters (a 10-minute job).**
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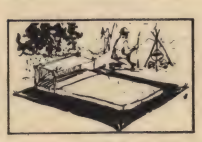

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Sexual Hell

(*Continued from page* 26)

He flushed. "Then you had to go and get frigid about it, so I couldn't do anything when we went to bed. Hell, I'm the one who ought to be sore—not you!"

She stared at him. "You don't remember going to Junie's room after we put the lights out?"

"*Junie's room!* What *for?*"

"You don't remember getting into her bed and offering her $10 for a French job?"

Joel Bates stared at his wife incredulously. "Are you *nuts?* I would never do a thing like that to a kid—my own sister-in-law!"

"No?" she snarled. "And I suppose you didn't try to force her, either? Maybe I just dreamed that she yelled for help, and that I rushed in and found you sitting on her chest trying to make her to do it!"

He sprang for her throat, hands outstretched. "*Liar!* You're lying, you bitch!"

She fled from the bed. "Don't you dare touch me! I've had it with you, with your soft prick. Either you're gonna go for help for your booze habit, or I'm gonna have you put away. Junie will testify what you done. *They'll put you away!*"

He seized the alarm clock and hurled it at her. It missed her head by an inch. She ran into the living room, picked up the phone and started dialing. Frightened, he chased after her and forced the phone back into the cradle. "All right, all right," he said hoarsely. "You win. Only for God's sake keep your mouth shut. I swear I don't remember a thing. I must have been out of my mind. Tell Junie I'm sorry. Tell her it'll never happen again."

So 31-year-old Joel Bates, a curly-haired six-footer, consulted me for help. Married nine years and the father of two small boys, he was struggling under the mortgage of a development home. Alcoholism was cutting heavily into the $165 a week he made driving a fork-lift in a factory, and he had already been warned about drinking on the job.

He had been a beer man until three years earlier, when he had joined a poker game where whiskey was bought out of the kitty. "I got to like the way it made me feel," he told me. "The other guys used to lap it up, so I figured what the hell, I was paying for my share. I might as well get it. Pretty soon I was belting it at home, too."

His personality began to change. Formerly neat and orderly, he became sloppy and ungroomed. Ordinarily quiet, he now babbled foolishly or became argumentative. When his wife accused him of secret drinking, he would deny it indignantly, then drunkenly try to compel her to admit he was sober. Liquor also intensified his sex cravings.

"I was always wanting to tear off a piece," he explained. "But I began having trouble. Sometimes I would get hard—then when I put it in I'd get soft. Sometimes I couldn't even get hard at all, even when Gladys agreed to work me up. After awhile she got sick of trying. She'd say, 'If you can't get it up, you don't really want it much. Stop forcing it.' But I did want it. I *needed* it."

"Did you also have trouble ejaculating?"

He nodded sheepishly. "It's the damndest thing. Before I hit the booze, my main problem was holding back. Now, even if I can get it up, I have to go like hell trying to come before I go soft. Most of the time I don't make it. Each time I kid myself that next time is going to be okay. But it never is. Gladys is disgusted. She could help but she won't. According to her, if a man is a man and does it right, a woman only has to let him."

The more his sex failures worried him, the more he drank. And the more he drank, the worse his sexual performance became, and the colder his wife grew. So he drank still more, and his impotence grew worse. As the vicious cycle spiraled downward, his sexual cravings intensified, mocking his inability to be gratified.

"Did you try sex with another woman?" I asked.

He hesitated. "Once. I picked up a dame in a bar. We were both smashed. She took me to her place, undressed me and climbed on top. I couldn't do a thing. She kept saying, 'Hey, I wanna slide down a mountain. Make me a mountain.' I couldn't even make her an anthill. She got so insulted she finally told me to get the hell out and make room for a man who knew to use his thing." He shook his head. "That night was rock-bottom. I went to another bar and woke up in the morning in some alley."

Desperately needing a scapegoat to ease his own shame and guilt, he began to blame his wife. "I kept yelling that the whole damn thing was her fault because she wouldn't work me up and nagged me about drinking. I felt she never appreciated me, but was always ready to squawk if things didn't go her way. Girls I used to date thought I was pretty hot stuff, and I never had no trouble coming with *them*!"

Three weeks before the incident with his young sister-in-law, he had been so desperate for sexual relief that he had waited until his wife was asleep, then had surreptitiously begun intercourse with her from behind.

"I was just getting somewhere," he related, "when suddenly she jerks away, reaches her hand behind her, and shoves me back. I got mad. *Man,* was I mad! She needed a lesson in who was the man in the house, and I gave it to her. I kicked her ass out of bed. Then I pulled her up by the hair and told her if she ever did that to me again, I'd break every bone in her body!"

He had absolutely no recollection of his attempt to force his wife's sister to perform fellatio. 'Not remembering a thing about it scared the hell out of me," he confessed. "So did my wife's threat to call the cops. I'm ready to do anything to get off the booze. I never want to get myself in a spot like that again. And I know it's the booze that's making my sex life hell. It's like that old gag: Hell is where they give you a bottle of fine bourbon and a gorgeous blonde on your lap; only the bottle's got a hole in it and the blonde hasn't!"

Joel Bates' motivation to conquer his alcoholism was strong enough to make him accept a conditioning therapy that combined the use of an aversion technique with psychological re-education — along with supportive therapy with Alcoholics Anonymous. I enlisted his wife's help in encouraging him and cooperating sexually to strengthen his resistance to compulsive drinking. He dropped out of the Friday night poker club when she promised to make each Friday night "specialty night" in bed, for as long and often as he wished.

She kept her pledge and he was able to keep his. His sexual prowess soon returned.

The National Council on Alcoholism reveals that in an American population of 75,000,000 drinkers, there are 5,000,000 alcoholics. Most live in the kind of sexual hell that made Joel Bates desperate enough to seek my help.

Only a small minority are down-and-out derelicts sprawled in slum streets. Most are hard to distinguish from your next-door neighbors and fellow workers because of their craftiness in concealing their compulsive drinking.

Dr. Ruth Fox, of the New York City Medical Society on Alcoholism, explains the difference between the social drinker and the alcoholic: "If a patient is *unable* to stop drinking after two or three drinks, he is almost certainly an alcoholic. While the alcoholic can abstain totally for varying periods of time, he is unable to drink moderately. For him it is all or nothing."

The effect of alcoholism on sexuality is poorly understood. Liquor is not the stimulant it is generally assumed to be, but a depressant. A drink or two makes you feel gay and daring because alcohol depresses or numbs your inhibitions, letting repressed or controlled sex desires come to the surface. In large quantities its effect on the physiology of the sex organs is anesthetic, interfering with performance.

In an experiment with male dogs, Doctor W. Horsley Gantt, of Johns Hopkins Medical School, found that the larger the dose of alcohol, the more difficulty dogs had in getting erections and ejaculating. Very large doses made erection and ejaculation impossible. Dr. Gantt then experimented with both male and female graduate students. He reported that they "showed a more marked disturbance under... alcohol than did our dogs; our canine friends carry their liquor much better."

Too much alcohol, as even Shakespeare knew, "provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance." An alcoholic once admitted to me, "I wouldn't give a damn if the booze just took away the desire to screw. But when you've got a bad sex itch without the wherewithal to scratch it, frustration can drive you right up the wall!"

New studies at Cleveland's Center of Alcoholism reveal that most alcoholics live in a sexual hell.

"Rare, indeed," reports Director of Casework Herman E. Krimmel, "is the spouse of an alcoholic who does not report deterioration or complete abandonment of sexual activity... The alcoholic male who wants a sexual relationship but is incapable of achieving it is a tortured man."

Wounded at the core of his masculinity, he seeks to blame his wife rather than the bottle. "He often has a burning desire for vengeance on a world that he feels has treated him shabbily, notes Doctor Ruth Fox. "Those nearest him—the ones he needs most—are usually the chief targets for his venom."

Liquor distorts his image of himself. Alcoholics often imagine themselves as delightful companions; they are incensed when their families register shock, shame or disgust at their sodden condition. Feeling neglected and unloved, they cling harder to the solace of the bottle.

Despairing of growing impotence, many withdraw sexually from their wives. Some seek sexual experiences with other women. Soon these efforts, too, may become humiliating and be given up for either low-grade masturbation or paid-for fellatio. Some men are driven into deviations like voyeurism, exhibitionism or sex crimes against juveniles.

The Cleveland Center of Alcoholism tells of one alcoholic who masturbated in front of his wife, partly to punish her,

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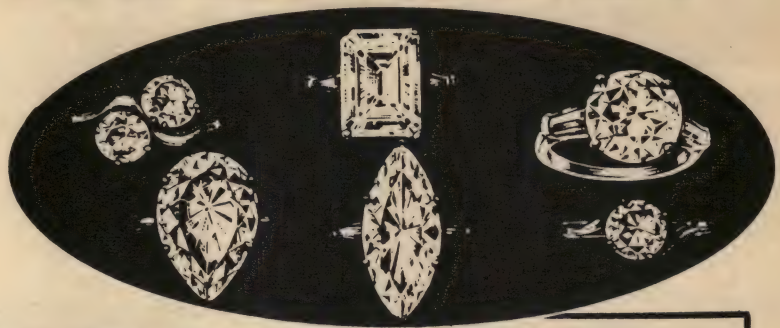

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100 years ago, 50 years ago, even 20 years ago, there was no substitute for diamonds. There were paste, zircons, and a few laboratory-made stones of uncertain quality, but nothing that could actually pass as a genuine diamond. Now that situation has changed dramatically! Just as the cultured pearl can't be told from the genuine pearl, so the Diagem can't be told from the diamond, and knowledgeable people everywhere are taking advantage of that fact!

Those magnificent diamond earrings your friend's wife was wearing the other day may actually have been Diagems! That beautiful ring your best friend was wearing may have been a Diagem as well! More people — especially among the wealthy — are wearing Diagems than you would begin to suspect, but they're not telling, and unless they do, there is no way you could possibly know.

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The prospective mother-in-law was unimpressed by her daughter's choice of a beau. When the young couple showed her the magnificent engagement ring, Momma softened a bit. After all, anyone who could afford an $1800 ring couldn't be all bad. The actual cost of that ring? Less than $80, but to this day Momma hasn't the slightest inkling!

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partly in a defiant demonstration of his "virility." Another went around the house naked in front of his teen-age daughters. A third ripped off his wife's clothes and shoved her out of the house nude.

In 1964 three Massachusetts psychiatrists published a report on 37 cases of wife-beating. Almost all were products of alcoholism, involving wives made frigid by unsatisfactory intercourse. The usual pattern was for the husband to insist upon his conjugal rights after one drink too many, beating his wife when she either refused him or derided his attempt.

Alcoholic blackouts are common. One New Haven husband lost his wife, children and home because of a besotted sex episode with a Puerto Rican prostitute in New York.

"I didn't know what the hell I was doing in New York when I woke up the next morning in some Times Square hotel room," he admitted to me. "I didn't remember getting on or off a train. I didn't remember meeting any woman. I didn't remember making out. Yet there was a private detective on my tail, and my wife had photos of me in bed with some young whore I swear I never saw before!"

Part of the sexual hell of male alcoholics is an insane jealously that makes them drink even harder. As they grow less and less able to achieve or maintain erection, they often become convinced that their wives must be unfaithful.

"When I asked some of these patients how they knew that their wives had other men," reported Doctor A. A. Brill, pioneer in the psychiatric treatment of alcoholics, "they frequently admitted that they had no direct evidence, but that they were nevertheless sure of it because they were not sufficiently stimulated by their wives. As one of them expressed it: 'If she did not run around with other men, she would be in need of sex and then would be anxious to excite me sexually.'"

Some therapists view alcoholism as an attempt to escape from secret fears about homosexuality. But a study of 300 alcoholics by the Oregon Alcohol Education Committee found this theory dubious. The sex problem involved was not latent homosexuality, reported Edward M. Scott, but disrupted heterosexuality, reported Edward M. Scott, but disrupted heterosexuality. Some individuals become alcoholic because of frustrations in bed; others become frustrated in bed because they are alcoholic.

Not all alcoholics commit sex crimes, but most sex criminals are alcoholic. A study at Sing Sing found that out of 102 sex criminals studied, over half were alcoholics.

"The tendencies which get these men into trouble with the law," noted a New York State report, "can seemingly be held in check when they are sober, but when they have had too much to drink, impulsive antisocial behavior occurs. The extensive alcoholic consumption so often found among offenders is a means of release from intense anxiety and a vicarious gratification of other deeper needs.

A typical case is the Sing Sing prisoner sentenced to eight years' imprisonment for taking three little girls to his tenement room and forcing them into sex play.

When drunk he had frequently twisted his wife's arms and struck her. "At bedtime," she revealed in court, "he would spit in my face." Branding him a sex pervert, she testified, "Being a coward, he didn't dare do it until he was drunk." To avoid his advances, his young stepdaughter had had to leave home.

"I couldn't help myself," he testified in his own behalf. "My not being able to do sex put me in a spot when I tried, especially with young girls. I sure would never have touched them little kids if I hadn't been drinking so hard."

In its report on sex offenders, the Institute for Sex Research observed, "The extent to which alcohol accompanied aggressions against children is striking." Alcoholism was involved in two-thirds of the cases. It was also a major factor in two-fifths of the next highest group of sex crimes — rape of adult females.

Doctor Frank S. Caprio, Washington psychiatrist, examined one policeman charged with housebreaking and rape.

"He had been drinking on the night of the crime," Dr. Caprio reported. "Entering the home of a young couple, he locked the husband in a closet and forced the wife to carry out 'unnatural acts.' He then released the husband from the closet and ordered him to participate . . . The defendant had very little knowledge of what took place—an amnesia associated with acute alcoholic intoxication."

The compulsive drinker not only finds himself suffering from behavioral changes in his sex life, but may also undergo a physical sex deterioration as well. Dr. Nathaniel Shafer, Beth Israel Hospital internist, points out that when alcoholism becomes acute, "the patient's testicles and penis may become smaller as a result of increased amounts of feminizing hormones in the body. He may even develop enlargement of the breasts, with loss of body hair." Such developments unquestionably add to the alcoholic's anguish and despair.

Alcoholism is a sexual hell for women, too, and more and more are becoming secret compulsive drinkers. Bored, lonely and frustrated housewives have even more opportunity to become alcoholics than men, who have to hold down jobs. "There are just as many women drunks in the suburbs as men, perhaps even more," says Mrs. Thomas Delaney, founder of the East Orange, New Jersey, alcoholism information center.

Because of the greater shame and stigma attached to drunkenness in women, female alcoholics are often more ingenious than men in concealing their addiction. One recovered lady alcoholic told me she used to hide whiskey in large boxes of sanitary pads, sure that her husband would never find it there.

Other women have crawled around the house on all fours when drunk, to avoid falling and incurring suspicious bruises. Claiming she was sensitive to light, one woman perpetually wore sunglasses to conceal her bloodshot eyes. An alcoholic young mother kept a fifth stashed under the mattress of her baby's stroller, taking nips in the park while bending over the baby and pretending to take care of it. Many wives buy liquor out of the household budget.

Sexual promiscuity often accompanies female alcoholism. One woman wrote in wry verse: "I can take one martini. / Two at the very most. / Three put me under the table, / And four put me under the host." The female alcoholic, like the male, is subject to blackouts which fill her with misgivings and dismay. When she cannot account for what happened at a man's apartment or at a party, she concludes that she has misbehaved sexually, or been raped while too drunk to realize it or resist.

"You can't imagine the agony I go through after the drinking parties our crowd throws every week," one 28-year-old wife told me wretchedly. "Afterwards I can't remember a damn thing, but often my genitals are wet, and my husband is out snoring the minute we get home, so I know it isn't him. All I can say is—thank God for the Pill!"

She found it humiliating to know that some men in their circle had possessed her sexually, and even more so that she couldn't even remember which ones. When she met one of their male neighbors after a party at which she vaguely recalled being alone with him in one bedroom, she reproached him for having taken advantage of her intoxicated condition.

"Are you kidding?" he replied scornfully. "I was coming in for my coat and saw you about to pass out. I caught you, pushed some coats aside on the bed and put you down to sleep it off. You were safe enough with me, baby. In your condition you were about as sexy as a full garbage pail!"

Alcoholic amnesia is occasionally

feigned by the wife who doesn't want to admit responsibility for a sex episode, but often it is a frighteningly real phenomenon.

"Over and over," reports Dr. Caprio, "I have heard almost the identical words: 'I went up to his apartment... I still don't know how it happened, but when I woke up, it was morning, and I was in the bedroom, without any clothes on. I don't know if we had relations or not. I don't even know if I am pregnant. What should I do?"

Some wives drink because they are frigid, in a frantic effort to shake off their inhibitions against sexual response. Others become frigid *because* they drink. Matters go from bad to worse when a wife's alcoholism makes her repellent to her husband, who doesn't enjoy making love to her when she is stupified with alcohol. It is often at this point that she tries another man or men, seeking both the elusive orgasm and a reassurance that she is sexually desirable.

Many women alcoholics lose all self-respect and sense of values, even blackmailing their husbands in an offer to barter sex for liquor. "It costs a fifth to get in," one wife notified her husband. "And that's dirt cheap compared to what it would cost you outside."

Some women cruise around looking for men willing to increase their alcoholic stupor. Doctor Benjamin Karpman, chief psychotherapist of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D.C., tells of one alcoholic woman who went out on a date and left her escort after a bar fight. "I started toward the highway," she related, "for the purpose, I suppose, of stopping a car and trying to find a drink." She flagged down a car with four men who promised her drinks in their cabin.

"Someone opened the door and I went into the cabin. No lights were turned on. I was thrown onto a bed suddenly and unexpectedly. One man held my arms back, stretched over my head. Another man (or maybe two men) held my ankles and pulled my legs apart as far as possible." One man stood between her legs and raped her. "All of this time I was moaning, telling them to stop, begging, pleading and threatening that they would be sorry. Another man took his place (I was still being held and stretched) and did the same."

Dr. Karpman observed, "This incident ... is, of course, entirely the aftermath of alcoholism."

Some wives become alcoholic brooding over a husband's infidelity. They may begin drinking in order to work up courage to take revenge by their own adultery. Frequently disillusioned by their sexual experiences with other men, and despising themselves for what they have become, they drink even harder and often end up attempting suicide.

Former screen star Barbara Payton revealed that she became an alcoholic trying to relax after long and hard work at the studios. Alcoholism started her spiraling downward into a life of sexual promiscuity, then prostitution.

"It's when you're starting to slip that one night you might say to yourself, 'Whats' a whore?'" she confessed. "Because when the big money stops coming in, but you're still living the same way ... money means paying the rent, food, clothes and drink. And that last item is the most important."

The private sexual hell of the woman alcoholic is even more degrading than the man's because society condemns her fall more harshly. This is true of almost any society. Doctor George Devereux reveals that the Mohave Indians, for example, take it for granted that a drunken woman expects and deserves serial rape. Even her husband will take his place in the lineup of the gang rape as a sign of his own contempt for her.

"Sex for the alcoholic is often an unqualified disaster," observes the Cleveland Center of Alcoholism. "It can hardly be otherwise. A marriage in which one partner is an alcoholic is precarious at best and hell at worst."

There is hope for most alcoholics, male or female, who acknowledge that they *are* suffering from the disease, and are as incapable of controlling their drinking as a drug addict of controlling his habit. Alcoholics Anonymous has had great success with over 500,000 such sufferers, who now help other alcoholics through 8,000 local branches. (For information: write Box 459, Grand Central Annex, New York, N.Y. 10017.)

The medical approach to treating alcoholism is offered by hospitals, clinics, sanitoriums and private therapists. Sedatives are used to relieve anxiety, reduce tension and tranquilize emotions. Tonics restore health. A psychological distaste for liquor is created by anti-alcohol drugs, shock conditioning or hypnotherapy. Psychotherapy unearths and treats the reasons for escape into drinking. Hypnotherapy can help erase the craving for alcohol.

Recovery from alcoholism generally restores sexual vigor to its pre-alcoholic level, providing the illness has not gone untreated too long. But much depends on the marriage partner's understanding and sympathy. "One of the reasons many men fall off the wagon after they seem to have been cured of the disease is that their wives refuse to resume sexual relations with them," reports Doctor Ruth Fox. "The women were so disgusted by their husbands' behavior while they were drinking that they want no part of them, or they were so disappointed in them as sexual partners that they don't want to go through the frustrating experience again."

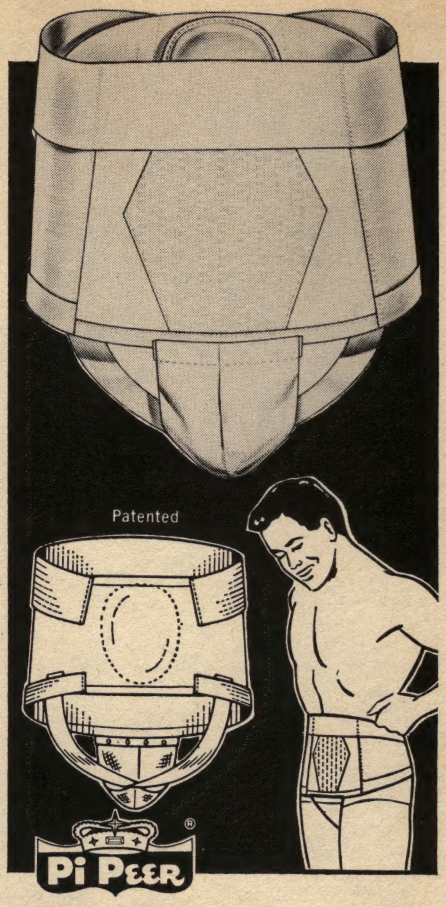
A simple understanding of the physiological effects of alcohol can help you avoid the trap that plunges so many unwary social drinkers into the sexual hell of 5,000,000 alcoholics. Doctor Marvin Block, of the American Medical Association Committee on Alcoholism, explains:

"The average man achieves an optimum stage when he has a shot glass or about an ounce of whiskey. At this point he feels relaxed and a few of his inhibitions are removed. The average human being can metabolize a half-ounce to an ounce of alcohol per hour. If this rate is maintained, the rosy feeling can be continued. But in an attempt to insure this feeling, many are inclined to take another drink before the last is completely burned up. To hurry the intake raises the concentration of alcohol."

He adds, "The drinker who uses judgment allows his body to utilize the drink he has consumed before he takes another. But the alcoholic continues to drink, unable to control his compulsion." When drinking socially, therefore, it makes sense to nurse your Scotch-and-soda for a solid hour before ordering a second, no matter how many men with you have.

If you have to, plead doctor's orders.

Don't envy the drinker who belts them down one after the other. Sooner or later—probably sooner if not already—he'll be paying for them with declining erotic powers. ▲



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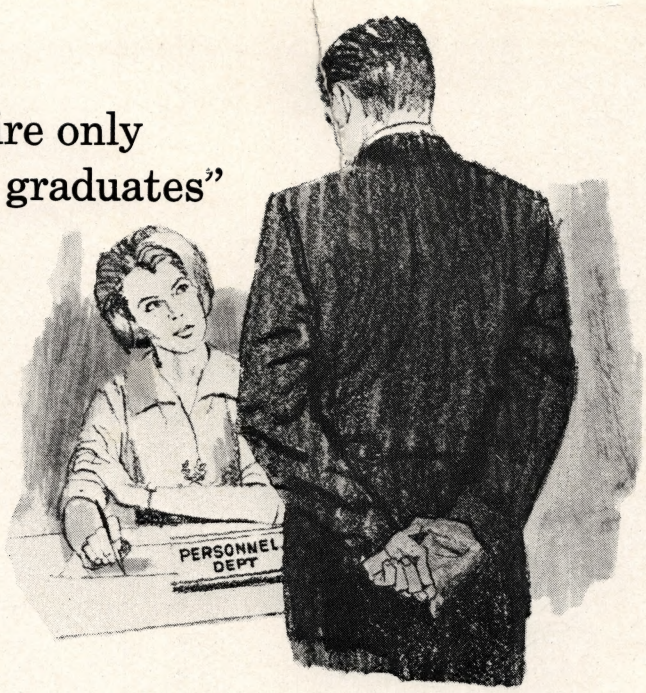

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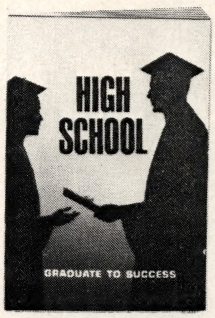

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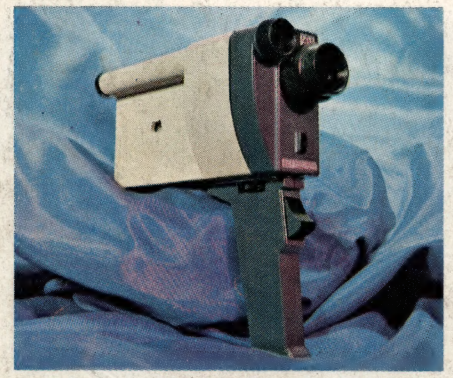

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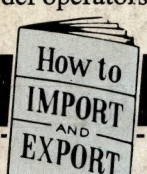

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